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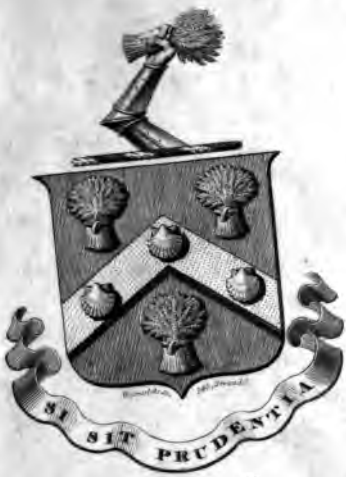

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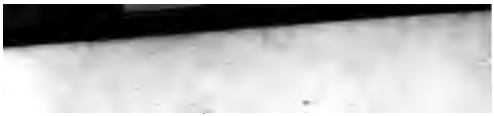

THE

RAMBLER.

BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.
HOR.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR BELL & BRADFUTE, JAMES M'CLIESH, AND WILLIAM BLACKWOOD;
GILBERT & HODGES, DUBLIN; AND S. CAMPBELL, NEW YORK.

1806.

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THE

RAMBLER.

N°52. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1751.

——Quoties flenti Theseius heros
Siste modum, dixit; neque enim fortuna querenda
Sola tua est: similes aliorum respice casus
Mitius ista feres.

OVID.

How oft in vain, the son of Theseus said,
The stormy sorrows be with patience laid;
Nor are thy fortunes to be wept alone;
Weigh other's woes, and learn to bear thy own.

CATCOTT.

AMONG the various methods of consolation, to which the miseries inseparable from our present state have given occasion, it has been, as I have already remarked, recommended by some writers to put the sufferer in mind of heavier pressures, and more excruciating calamities, than those of which he has himself reason to complain.

This has, in all ages, been directed and practised; and, in conformity to this custom, Lipsius, the great *modern* master of the Stoick philosophy,

has, in his celebrated treatise on steadiness of mind, endeavoured to fortify the breast against too much sensibility of misfortune by enumerating the evils which have in former ages fallen upon the world, the devastation of wide extended regions, the sack of cities, and massacre of nations. And the common voice of the multitude uninstructed by precept, and unprejudiced by authority, which, in questions that relate to the heart of man, is, in my opinion, more decisive than the learning of Lipsius, seems to justify the efficacy of this procedure; for one of the first comforts which one neighbour administers to another, is a relation of the like infelicity, combined with circumstances of greater bitterness.

But this medicine of the mind is like many remedies applied to the body, of which, though we see the effects, we are unacquainted with the manner of operation, and of which, therefore, some, who are unwilling to suppose any thing out of the reach of their own sagacity, have been inclined to doubt whether they have really those virtues for which they are celebrated, and whether their reputation is not the mere gift of fancy, prejudice, and credulity.

Consolation, or comfort, are words which, in their proper acceptation, signify some alleviation of that pain to which it is not in our power to afford the proper and adequate remedy; they imply rather an augmentation of the power of bearing, than a diminution of the burden. A prisoner is relieved by him that sets him at liberty, but receives comfort from such as suggest considerations by which he is made patient under the in-

convenience of confinement. To that grief which arises from a great loss, he only brings the true remedy who makes his friend's condition the same as before; but he may be properly termed a comforter, who by persuasion extenuates the pain of poverty, and shews, in the style of Hesiod, that *half is more than the whole.*

It is, perhaps, not immediately obvious, how it can lull the memory of misfortune, or appease the throbbings of anguish, to hear that others are more miserable; others, perhaps, unknown, or wholly indifferent, whose prosperity raises no envy, and whose fall can gratify no resentment. Some topicks of comfort arising, like that which gave hope and spirit to the captive of Sesostris, from the perpetual vicissitudes of life, and mutability of human affairs, may as properly raise the dejected as depress the proud, and have an immediate tendency to exhilarate and revive. But how can it avail the man who languishes in the gloom of sorrow, without prospect of emerging into the sunshine of cheerfulness, to hear that others are sunk yet deeper in the dungeon of misery, shackled with heavier chains, and surrounded with darker desperation?

The solace arising from this consideration seems indeed the weakest of all others, and is perhaps never properly applied, but in cases where there is no place for reflections of more speedy and pleasing efficacy. But even from such calamities life is by no means free; a thousand ills incurable, a thousand losses irreparable, a thousand difficulties insurmountable, are known, or will be known, by all the sons of men. Native deformity cannot be rectified, a dead friend cannot return, and the

hours of youth trifled away in folly or lost in sickness cannot be restored.

Under the oppression of such melancholy, it has been found useful to take a survey of the world, to contemplate the various scenes of distress in which mankind are struggling round us, and acquaint ourselves with the *terribiles visu formæ*, the various shapes of misery, which make havock of terrestrial happiness, range all corners almost without restraint, trample down our hopes at the hour of harvest, and when we have built our schemes to the top, ruin their foundations.

The first effect of this meditation is, that it furnishes a new employment for the mind, and engages the passions on remoter objects; as kings have sometimes freed themselves from a subject too haughty to be governed and too powerful to be crushed, by posting him in a distant province, till his popularity has subsided or his pride been repressed. The attention is dissipated by variety, and acts more weakly upon any single part, as that torrent many be drawn off to different channels, which, pouring down in one collected body, cannot be resisted. This species of comfort is, therefore, unavailing in severe paroxysms of corporal pain, when the mind is every instant called back to misery, and in the first shock of any sudden evil; but will certainly be of use against encroaching melancholy, and a settled habit of gloomy thoughts.

It is further advantageous, as it supplies us with opportunities of making comparisons in our own favour. We know that very little of the pain or pleasure which does not begin and end in our senses, is otherwise than relative; we are rich or *poor, great* or little, in proportion to the number

that excel us, or fall below us in any of these respects; and therefore, a man, whose uneasiness arises from reflection on any misfortune that throws him below those with whom he was once equal, is comforted by finding that he is not yet the lowest.

There is another kind of comparison, less tending towards the vice of envy, very well illustrated by an old poet, whose system will not afford many reasonable motives to content. "It is," says he, "pleasing to look from shore upon the tumults of "a storm, and to see a ship struggling with the "billows; it is pleasing, not because the pain of "another can give us delight, but because we have a "stronger impression of the happiness of safety." Thus when we look abroad, and behold the multitudes that are groaning under evils heavier than those which we have experienced, we shrink back to our own state, and instead of repining that so much must be felt, learn to rejoice that we have not more to feel.

By this observation of the miseries of others, fortitude is strengthened, and the mind brought to a more extensive knowledge of her own powers. As the heroes of action catch the flame from one another, so they to whom Providence has allotted the harder task of suffering with calmness and dignity, may animate themselves by the remembrance of those evils which have been laid on others, perhaps naturally as weak as themselves, and bear up with vigour and resolution against their own oppressions, when they see it possible that more severe afflictions may be borne.

There is still another reason why, to many minds, the relation of other men's infelicity may

give a lasting and continual relief. Some, not well instructed in the measures by which Providence distributes happiness, are perhaps misled by divines, who, as Bellarmine makes temporal prosperity one of the characters of the true church, have represented wealth and ease as the certain concomitants of virtue, and the unfailing result of the divine approbation. Such sufferers are dejected in their misfortunes, not so much for what they feel, as for what they dread; not because they cannot support the sorrows, or endure the wants of their present condition, but because they consider them as only the beginnings of more sharp and lasting pains. To these mourners it is an act of the highest charity to represent the calamities which not only virtue has suffered, but virtue has incurred; to inform them that one evidence of a future state is the uncertainty of any present reward for goodness; and to remind them, from the highest authority, of the distresses and penury of men *of whom the world was not worthy*.

N° 53. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1750.

Φειδὸ των κλεινων. *Epigram Vet.*

Husband thy possessions.

THERE is scarcely among the evils of human life, any so generally dreaded as poverty. Every other species of misery, those who are not much accustomed to disturb the present moment with reflection can easily forget, because it is not always forced upon their regard: but it is impossible to pass a day or an hour in the confluxes of men, without seeing how much indigence is exposed to contumely, neglect, and insult: and, in its lowest state, to hunger and nakedness; to injuries against which every passion is in arms, and to wants which nature cannot sustain.

Against other evils the heart is often hardened by true or by false notions of dignity and reputation: thus we see dangers of every kind faced with willingness, because bravery, in a good or bad cause, is never without its encomiasts and admirers. But in the prospect of poverty, there is nothing but gloom and melancholy; the mind and body suffer together; its miseries bring no alleviations; it is a state in which every virtue is obscured, and in which no conduct can avoid reproach: a state in which cheerfulness is insensibility, and dejection sullenness; of which the hardships are without honour, and the labours without reward.

Of these calamities there seems not to be wanting a general conviction; we hear on every side the

noise of trade, and see the streets thronged with numberless multitudes, whose faces are clouded with anxiety, and whose steps are hurried by precipitation, from no other motive than the hope of gain: and the whole world is put in motion, by the desire of that wealth, which is chiefly to be valued as it secures us from poverty; for it is more useful for defence than acquisition, and is not so much able to procure good as to exclude evil.

Yet there are always some whose passions or follies lead them to a conduct opposite to the general maxims and practice of mankind; some who seem to rush upon poverty, with the same eagerness with which others avoid it; who see their revenues hourly lessened, and the estates which they inherit from their ancestors mouldering away, without resolution to change their course of life; who persevere against all remonstrances, and go forward with full career, though they see before them the precipice of destruction.

It is not my purpose, in this paper, to expostulate with such as ruin their fortunes by expensive schemes of buildings and gardens, which they carry on with the same vanity that prompted them to begin, chusing, as it happens in a thousand other cases, the remote evil before the lighter, and deferring the shame of repentance till they incur the miseries of distress. Those for whom I intend my present admonitions, are the thoughtless, the negligent, and the dissolute; who, having by the viciousness of their own inclinations, or the seducements of alluring companions, been engaged in habits of expence, and accustomed to move in a certain round of pleasures disproportioned to their

ı, are without power to extricate them-
om the inchantments of custom, avoid
because they know it will be painful, and
, from day to day and from month to
to anticipate their revenues, and sink every
per in the gulphs of usury and extortion.
folly has less claim to pity, because it can-
imputed to the vehemence of sudden pas-
ɔr can the mischief which it produces be
ed as the effect of any single act, which
desire might execute before there could be
an appeal to reason. These men are ad-
towards misery by soft approaches, and
ng themselves not by the violence of a blow,
vhen once given, can never be recalled, but
w poison, hourly repeated and obstinately
d.

conduct is so absurd when it is examined
ınprejudiced eye of rational judgment, that
but experience could evince its possibility;
urd as it is, the sudden fall of some families,
sudden rise of others, prove it to be com-
nd every year sees many wretches reduced
mpt and want, by their costly sacrifices to
and vanity.

the fate of almost every passion, when it has
he bounds which nature prescribes, to coun-
s own purpose. Too much rage hinders the
from circumspection, too much eagerness of
urts the credit of the trader, too much ar-
kes away from the lover that easiness of ad-
ith which ladies are delighted. Thus ex-
ıce, though dictated by vanity aud incited
ıptuousness, seldom procures ultimately
plause or pleasure.

If praise be justly estimated by the character o those from whom it is received, little satisfactio will be given to the spendthrift by the encomium which he purchases. For who are they that ani mate him in his pursuits, but young men thought less and abandoned like himself, unacquainted witl all on which the wisdom of nations has impresse the stamp of excellence, and devoid alike of know ledge and of virtue ? By whom is this profusio praised, but by wretches who consider him as sub servient to their purposes, Sirens that entice hin to shipwreck, and Cyclops that are gaping t devour him ?

Every man whose knowledge, or whose virtue can give value to his opinions, looks with scorn or pity, neither of which can afford much grati fication to pride, on him whom the panders of lux ury have drawn into the circle of their influence and whom he sees parcelled out among the differen ministers of folly, and about to be torn to piece by tailors and jockeys, vintners and attorneys, wh at once rob and ridicule him, and who are secretl triumphing over his weakness, when they presen new incitements to his appetite, and heighten hi desires by counterfeited applause.

Such is the praise that is purchased by prodiga lity. Even when it is yet not discovered to b false, it is the praise only of those whom it is re proachful to please, and whose sincerity is corrupte by their interest : men who live by the riots whic they encourage, and who know that whenever thei pupil grows wise, they shall lose their power. Ye with such flatteries, if they could last, might the cray ings of vanity, which are seldom very delicate, b

satisfied; but the time is always hastening forward when this triumph, poor as it is, shall vanish, and when those who now surround him with obsequiousness and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, shall turn upon him with insolence, and reproach him with the vices prompted by themselves.

And as little pretensions has the man who squanders his estate by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleasure than are obtained by others. To make any happiness sincere, it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting; since whatever we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude and uneasiness, and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be imbittered. How can he then be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conscious that a very short time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more excesses, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profuseness?

It appears evident that frugality is necessary even to complete the pleasure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial expence, there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation and affected lavishness, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it, or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavour at once to *spend idly and to* save meanly; having neither

firmness to deny their passions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, & poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.

Among these men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very seldom the tranquillity of cheerfulness; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot, and consider it as the first business of the night to stupify recollection, and lay that reason asleep with disturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken satisfaction is of short continuance, and must be expiated by a long series of misery and regret. In a short time the creditor grows impatient, the last acre is sold, the passions and appetites still continue their tyranny, with incessant calls for their usual gratifications, and the remainder of life passes away in vain repentance or impotent desire.

N° 54. SATURDAY SEPT. 22, 1750.

Truditur dies die,
Novæque pergunt interire lunæ;
Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus, et sepulchri
Immemor struis domos. HOR.

Day presses on the heels of day,
And moons increase to their decay;
But you, with thoughtless pride elate,
Unconscious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to rise,
When lo! thy tomb forgotten lies. FRAN.

TO THE RAMBLER.

I HAVE *lately* been called, from a mingled life of *business* and amusement, to attend the last

hours of an old friend; an office which has filled me, if not with melancholy, at least with serious reflections, and turned my thoughts towards the contemplation of those subjects, which, though of the utmost importance, and of indubitable certainty, are generally secluded from our regard, by the jollity of health, the hurry of employment, and even by the calmer diversions of study and speculation; or if they become accidental topicks of conversation and argument, yet rarely sink deep into the heart, but give occasion only to some subtilties of reaoning, or elegancies of declamation, which are heard, applauded, and forgotten.

It is, indeed, not hard to conceive how a man accustomed to extend his views through a long concatenation of causes and effects, to trace things from their origin to their period, and compare means with ends, may discover the weakness of human schemes; detect the fallacies by which mortals are deluded; shew the insufficiency of wealth, honours, and power, to real happiness; and please himself, and his auditors, with learned lectures on the vanity of life.

But though the speculatist may see and shew the folly of terrestrial hopes, fears, and desires, every hour will give proofs that he never felt it. Trace him through the day or year, and you will find him acting upon principles which he has in common with the illiterate and unenlightened, angry and pleased like the lowest of the vulgar, pursuing with the same ardour, the same designs, grasping, with all the eagerness of transport, those riches which he knows he cannot keep, and swelling with the applause which he has gained by proving *that applause is of no* value.

The only conviction that rushes u
and takes away from our appetites an
power of resistance, is to be found,
received it, at the bed of a dying fri
ter this school of wisdom is not the
lege of geometricians: the most su
portant precepts require no uncomm
ties, nor laborious preparation; the
ed without the aid of eloquence, an
without skill in analytick science.
can utter them, and every understar
ceive them. He that wishes in ear
just sentiments concerning his conditi
be intimately acquainted with the w
instructions on every side. He that
ter behind the scene, which every art
ployed to decorate, and every passi
illuminate, and wishes to see life stri
ornaments which make it glitter
and exposed in its natural meanness
and nakedness, may find all the delu
in the chamber of disease; he will t
ty divested of her robes, power de
sceptre, and hypocrisy without her

The friend whom I have lost was
for genius, and, like others of the s
ficiently pleased with acceptance
Being caressed by those who have p
riches in their disposal, he considere
the direct road of advancement, an
the flame of ambition by approache
But in the midst of his hopes, his pr
gaieties, he was seized by a ling
which, from its first stage, he knew t

Here was an end of all his visions of greatness and happiness; from the first hour that his health declined, all his former pleasures grew tasteless. His friends expected to please him by those accounts of the growth of his reputation, which were formerly certain of being well received; but they soon found how little he was now affected by compliments, and how vainly they attempted, by flattery, to exhilarate the languor of weakness, and relieve the solicitude of approaching death. Whoever would know how much piety and virtue surpass all external goods might here have seen them weighed against each other, where all that gives motion to the active, and elevation to the eminent, all that sparkles in the eye of hope, and pants in the bosom of ambition, at once became dust in the balance, without weight and without regard. Riches, authority, and praise lose all their influence when they are considered as riches which to-morrow shall be bestowed upon another, authority which shall this night expire for ever, and praise, which however merited, or however sincere, shall after a few moments, be heard no more.

In those hours of seriousness and wisdom, nothing appeared to raise his spirits, or gladden his heart, but the recollection of acts of goodness, nor to excite his attention, but some opportunity for the exercise of the duties of religion. Every thing that terminated on this side of the grave was received with coldness and indifference, and regarded rather in consequence of the habit of valuing it, than from any opinion that it deserved value; it had little *more prevalence* over his mind than a

bubble that was now broken, a dream from which he was awake. His whole powers were engrossed by the consideration of another state, and all conversation was tedious, that had not some tendency to disengage him from human affairs, and to open his prospects into futurity.

It is now past, we have closed his eyes, and heard him breathe the groan of expiration. At the sight of this last conflict, I felt a sensation never known to me before; a confusion of passions, an awful stillness of sorrow, a gloomy terror without a name. The thoughts that entered my soul were too strong to be diverted and too piercing to be endured: but such violence cannot be lasting, the storm subsided in a short time, I wept, retired, and grew calm.

I have from that time frequently revolved in my mind, the effects which the observation of death produces, in those who are not wholly without the power and use of reflection; for by far the greater part it is wholly unregarded, their friends and their enemies sink into the grave without raising any uncommon emotion, or reminding them that they are themselves on the edge of the precipice, and that they must soon plunge into the gulph of eternity.

It seems to me remarkable that death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad. Those virtues which once we envied, as Horace observes, because they eclipsed our own, can now no longer obstruct our reputation, and we have therefore no interest to suppress their praise. That wickedness, which we feared for its malignity, is now become impotent, and the man whose name filled us with alarm, and rage

and indignation, can at last be considered only with pity or contempt.

When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favours unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish for his return, not so much that we may receive, as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood.

There is not, perhaps, to a mind well instructed a more painful occurrence, than the death of one whom we have injured without reparation. Our crime seems now irretrievable, it is indelibly recorded, and the stamp of fate is fixed upon it. We consider, with the most afflictive anguish, the pain which we have given, and now cannot alleviate, and the losses which we have caused, and now cannot repair.

Of the same kind are the emotions which the death of an emulator or competitor produces. Whoever had qualities to alarm our jealousy, had excellence to deserve our fondness, and to whatever ardour of opposition interest may inflame us, no man ever outlived an enemy, whom he did not then wish to have made a friend. Those who are versed in literary history know that the elder Scaliger was the redoubted antagonist of Carden and Erasmus; yet at the death of each of his great rivals he relented, and complained that they were snatched away from him before their reconciliation was completed.

Tune etiam moreris? Ah! quid me linquis, Erasme,
Ante meus quam sit conciliatus amor?

Art thou too fall'n! ere anger could subside
And love return, has great Erasmus died!

Such are the sentiments with which we finally review the effects of passion, but which we sometimes delay till we can no longer rectify our errors. Let us therefore make haste to do what we shall certainly at last wish to have done; let us return the caresses of our friends, and endeavour by mutual endearments to heighten that tenderness which is the balm of life. Let us be quick to repent of injuries while repentance may not be a barren anguish, and let us open our eyes to every rival excellence, and pay early and willingly those honours which justice will compel us to pay at last.

ATHANATUS.

N° 55. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1750.

Maturo propior desine funeri
Inter ludere virgines.
Et stellis maculam spargere candidis:
Non siquid Pholoen satis
Et te, Chlore, decet.——

Now near to death that comes but slow,
Now thou art stepping down below;
Sport not amongst the blooming maids,
But think on ghosts and empty shades:
What suits with Pholoe in her bloom,
Gray Chloris, will not thee become;
A bed is different from a tomb.

CREECH.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I HAVE been but a little time conversant in the world, yet I have already had frequent oppor-

tunities of observing the little efficacy of remonstrance and complaint, which, however extorted by oppression, or supported by reason, are detested by one part of the world as rebellion, censured by another as peevishness, by some heard with an appearance of compassion, only to betray any of those sallies of vehemence and resentment, which are apt to break out upon encouragement, and by others passed over with indifference and neglect, as matters in which they have no concern, and which, if they should endeavour to examine or regulate, they might draw mischief upon themselves.

Yet since it is no less natural for those who think themselves injured to complain, than for others to neglect their complaints, I shall venture to lay my case before you, in hopes that you will enforce my opinion, if you think it just, or endeavour to rectify my sentiments, if I am mistaken. I expect at least, that you will divest yourself of partiality, and that whatever your age or solemnity may be, you will not, with the dotard's insolence, pronounce me ignorant and foolish, perverse and refactory, only because you perceive that I am young.

My father dying when I was but ten years old, left me, and a brother two years younger than myself, to the care of my mother, a woman of birth and education, whose prudence or virtue he had no reason to distrust. She felt, for some time, all the sorrow which nature calls forth, upon the final separation of persons dear to one another; and as her grief was exhausted by its own violence, it subsided into tenderness for me and my brother, and the year of mourning was spent in caresses, consolations and instruction, in celebration of my father's

virtues, in professions of perpetual regard to his memory, and hourly instances of such fondness as gratitude will not easily suffer me to forget.

But when the term of this mournful felicity was expired, and my mother appeared again without the ensigns of sorrow, the ladies of her acquaintance began to tell her, upon whatever motives, that it was time to live like the rest of the world; a powerful argument, which is seldom used to women without effect. Lady Giddy was incessantly relating the occurrences of the town, and Mrs. Gravely told her privately, with great tenderness, that it began to be publickly observed how much she over-acted her part, and that most of her acquaintance suspected her hope of procuring another husband to be the true ground of all that appearance of tenderness and piety.

All the officiousness of kindness and folly was buried to change her conduct. She was at one time alarmed with censure, and at another fired with praise. She was told of balls, where others shone only because she was absent; of new comedies, to which all the town was crowding; and of many ingenious ironies, by which domestick diligence was made contemptible.

It is difficult for virtue to stand alone against fear on one side, and pleasure on the other; especially when no actual crime is proposed, and prudence itself can suggest many reasons for relaxation and indulgence. My mamma was at last persuaded to accompany Mrs. Giddy to a play. She was received with a boundless profusion of compliments, and attended home by a very fine gentleman. Next day she was with less difficulty pre-

on to play at Mrs. Gravely's, and came
ay and lively; for the distinctions that had
id her awakened her vanity, and good luck
pt her principles of frugality from giving
turbance. She now made her second en-
into the world, and her friends were sufficiently
ndustrious to prevent any return to her for-
e; every morning brought messages of in-
n, and every evening was passed in places of
on, from which she for some time complained
e had rather be absent. In a short time she
to feel the happiness of acting without con-
of being unaccountable for her hours, her
es, and her company; and learned, by de-
to drop an expression of contempt, or pity,
mention of ladies whose husbnnds were sus-
of restraining their pleasures or their play,
nfessed that she loved to go and come as she
l.

s still favoured with some incidental pre-
nd transient endearments, and was now and
ndly kissed for smiling like my papa: but
rt of her morning was spent in comparing
inion of her maid and milliner, contriving
riation in her dress, visiting shops, and send-
mpliments; and the rest of the day was too
for visits, cards, plays, and concerts.
now began to discover that it was impossible
cate children properly at home. Parents
not have them always in their sight; the
of servants was contagious; company pro-
boldness and spirit; emulation excited in-
; and a large school was naturally the first
nto *the open* world. A thousand other

reasons she alleged, some of little force in thei selves, but so well seconded by pleasure, vanit and idleness, that she soon overcame all the r maining principles of kindness and piety, a both I and my brother were dispatched to boar ing-schools.

How my mamma spent her time when she w thus disburdened I am not able to inform you, b I have reason to believe that trifles and amusemer took still faster hold of her heart. At first, she sited me at school, and afterwards wrote to m but in a short time, both her visits and her lett were at an end, and no other notice was taken me than to remit money for my support.

When I came home, at the vacation, I fou myself coldly received, with an observation, " th " this girl will presently be a woman." I w after the usual stay, sent to school again, and ov heard my mother say, as I was a-going, " We " now I shall recover."

In six months more I came again, and with t usual childish alacrity, was running to my mothe embrace, when she stopt me with exclamations the suddenness and enormity of my growth, h ing, she said, never seen any body shoot up much at my age. She was sure no others gi spread at that rate, and she hated to have ch dren look like women before their time. I v disconcerted, and retired without hearing a thing more than, " Nay, if you are angry, n " dam Steeple, you may walk off."

When once the forms of civility are violat there remains little hope of return to kindness decency. My mamma made this appearance

resentment a reason for continuing her malignity, and poor Miss Maypole, for that was my appellation, was never mentioned or spoken to but with some expression of anger or dislike.

She had yet the pleasure of dressing me like a child, and I know not when I should have been thought fit to change my habit, had I not been rescued by a maiden sister of my father, who could not bear to see women in hanging-sleeves, and therefore presented me with brocade for a gown, for which I should have thought myself under great obligations, had she not accompanied her favour with some hints that my mamma might now consider her age, and give me her ear-rings, which she had shewn long enough in publick places.

I now left the school, and came to live with my mamma, who considered me as an usurper that had seized the rights of a woman before they were due, and was pushing her down the precipice of age, that I might reign without a superior. While I am thus beheld with jealousy and suspicion, you will readily believe that it is difficult to please. Every word and look is an offence. I never speak, but I pretend to some qualities and excellencies which it is criminal to possess; if I am gay, she thinks it early enough to coquette; if I am grave, she hates a prude in bibs; if I venture into company, I am in haste for a husband; if I retire to my chamber, such matron-like ladies are lovers of contemplation. I am on one pretence or other generally excluded from her assemblies, nor am I ever suffered to visit at the same place with my mamma. Every one wonders why she does not *bring Miss more into* the world, and when she

comes home in vapours, I am certain that sl heard either of my beauty or my wit, and (nothing for the ensuing week but taun menaces, contradiction and reproaches.

Thus I live in a state of continual persec only because I was born ten years too soor cannot stop the course of nature or of tim am unhappily a woman before my mother c lingly cease to be a girl. I believe you contribute to the happiness of many families, any arguments or persuasions, you could mothers ashamed of rivalling their childr you could shew them, that though they m fuse to grow wise, they must inevitably grov and that the proper solaces of age are not r and compliments, but wisdom and devotion those who are so unwilling to quit the wor soon be driven from it; and that it is the their interest to retire while there yet ren few hours for nobler employments.

I am,

SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1750.

leat res ludicra, si me
negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
HOR.

l the stage; for humbly I disclaim
nd purſuits of pleasure or of fame,
ft sink in shame, or swell with pride,
gay palm is granted or denied.
FRANCIS.

G is more unpleasing than to find
:e has been received when none was
and that pain has been given to those
not guilty of any provocation. As the
of society is mutual beneficence, a good
ays uneasy when he finds himself acting
on to the purposes of life; because tho'
ience may easily acquit him of *malice*
of settled hatred or contrivances of mis-
he seldom can be certain, that he has
by negligence or indolence; that he
en hindered from consulting the common
y too much regard to his own ease, or
indifference to the happiness of others.
t necessary, that, to feel this uneasiness,
should be extended to any great diffusion
ity, or melted by uncommon warmth of
:e; for that prudence which the world
ad a quick sensibilty of private interest,
:t us to shun needless enmities; since
) man whose kindness we may not some
, or by whose malice we may not some

I have therefore frequently looked with wonder, and now and then with pity, at the thoughtlessness with which some alienate from themselves the affection of all whom chance, business, or inclination, brings in their way. When we see a man pursuing some darling interest, without much regard to the opinion of the world, we justly consider him as corrupt and dangerous, but are not long in discovering his motives; we see him actuated by passions which are hard to be resisted, and deluded by appearances which have dazzled stronger eyes. But the greater part of those who set mankind at defiance by hourly irritation, and who live but to infuse malignity and multiply enemies, have no hopes to foster, no designs to promote, nor any expectations of attaining power by insolence, or of climbing to greatness by trampling on others. They give up all the sweets of kindness, for the sake of peevishness, petulance, or gloom; and alienate the world by neglect of the common forms of civility, and breach of the established laws of conversation.

Every one must, in the walks of life, have met with men of whom all speak with censure, though they are not chargeable with any crime, and whom none can be persuaded to love, though a reason can scarcely be assigned why they should be hated; and who, if their good qualities and actions sometimes force a commendation, have their panegyrick always concluded with confessions of disgust;—'he is a good man, but I cannot like him.' Surely such persons have sold the esteem of the world at too low a price, since they have lost one of the rewards of virtue, without gaining the profits of wickedness.

This ill œconomy of fame is sometimes the effect of stupidity. Men whose perceptions are languid and sluggish, who lament nothing but loss of money, and feel nothing but a blow, are often at a difficulty to guess why they are encompassed with enemies, though they neglect all those arts by which men are endeared to one another. They comfort themselves that they have lived irreproachably; that none can charge them with having endangered his life, or diminished his possessions; and therefore conclude that they suffer by some invincible fatality, or impute the malice of their neighbours to ignorance or envy. They wrap themselves up in their innocence, and enjoy the congratulations of their own hearts, without knowing or suspecting that they are every day deservedly incurring resentments, by withholding from those with whom they converse that regard, or appearance of regard, to which every one is entitled by the customs of the world.

There are many injuries which almost every man feels, though he does not complain, and which, upon those whom virtue, elegance, or vanity, have made delicate and tender, fix deep and lasting impressions; as there are many arts of graciousness and conciliation, which are to be practised without expence, and by which those may be made our friends, who have never received from us any real benefit. Such arts, when they include neither guilt nor meanness, it is surely reasonable to learn; for who would want that love which is so easily to be gained? And such injuries are to be avoided; for who would be hated without profit?

Some, indeed, there are, for whon
of ignorance or negligence cannot
because it is apparent that they are nc
less of pleasing, but studious to offenc
contrive to make all approaches to tl
and vexatious, and imagine that they
themselves by wasting the time of othe
attendance, by mortifying them with
teazing them with affronts.

Men of this kind are generally t
among those that have not mingled m
ral conversation, but spent their live:
obsequiousness of dependents and th
parasites; and by long consulting onl
inclination, have forgotten that others l
to the same deference.

Tyranny thus avowed, is indeed an
of pride, by which all mankind is so mu
that it is never quietly endured, exc
who can reward the patience which t
and insolence is generally surrounded o
whose baseness inclines them to think
supportable that produces gain, ar
laugh at scurrility and rudeness with
table and an open purse.

But though all wanton provocatior
temptuous insolence are to be diligen
there is no less danger in timid con
tame resignation. It is common for s
ful tempers, to give themselves up i
the direction of the bold, the turbul
overbearing; of those whom they
lieve wiser or better than themselves
from the best designs where opposit

encountered, and to fall off from virtue for fear of censure.

Some firmness and resolution is necessary to the discharge of duty; but it is a very unhappy state of life in which the necessity of such struggles frequently occurs; for no man is defeated without some resentment, which will be continued with obstinacy while he believes himself in the right, and exerted with bitterness, if even to his own conviction he is detected in the wrong.

Even though no regard be had to the external consequences of contrariety and dispute, it must be painful to a worthy mind to put others in pain, and there will be danger lest the kindest nature may be vitiated by too long a custom of debate and contest.

I am afraid that I may be taxed with insensibility by many of my correspondents, who believe their contributions unjustly neglected. And indeed when I sit before a pile of papers, of which each is the production of laborious study, and the offspring of a fond parent, I, who know the passions of an author, cannot remember how long they have lain in my boxes unregarded, without imagining to myself the various changes of sorrow, impatience, and resentment, which the writers must have felt in this tedious interval.

These reflections are still more awakened, when, upon perusal, I find some of them calling for a place in the next paper, a place which they have never yet obtained; others writing in a style of superiority and haughtiness, as secure of deference, and above fear of criticism; others humbly offering their weak assistance with softness and submission, *which they believe* impossible to be resisted;

of contempt, which he that refuses them
cur; others applying privately to the boo
for their interest and solicitation, every
different ways endeavouring to secure the
publication. I cannot but consider my
placed in a very incommodious situation, v
am forced to repress confidence, which it i
ing to indulge, to repay civilities with
ances of neglect, and so frequently to offen
by whom I never was offended.

I know well how rarely an author, fire
the beauties of his new composition, conta
raptures in his own bosom, and how natur
imparts to his friends his expectations of re
and as I can easily conceive the eagernes
which a new paper is snatched up, by on
expects to find it filled with his own prod
and perhaps has called his companions t
the pleasure of a second perusal, I grieve
disappointment which he is to feel at the f
spection. His hopes however do not yet
him: he is certain of giving lustre the ne
The next day comes, and again he pant
expectation, and having dreamed of laure
Parnassus, casts his eyes upon the barren pa
which he has doomed never more to be deli

For such cruelty what atonement can be
for such calamities what alleviation can be
I am afraid that the mischief already don
be without reparation, and all that deserv
care is prevention for the future. Let th
the next friendly contributor, whoever he
serve the cautions of Swift, and write secr
his own chamber, without communicati

design to his nearest friend, for the nearest friend will be pleased with an opportunity of laughing. Let him carry it to the post himself, and wait in silence for the event. If it is published and praised, he may then declare himself the author: if it be suppressed, he may wonder in private without much vexation; and if it be censured, he may join in the cry, and lament the dulness of the writing generation.

N° 57. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2. 1750.

Non intelligunt homines quam magnum vectigal sit parsimonia. TULL.

The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM always pleased when I see literature made useful, and scholars descending from that elevation, which, as it raises them above common life, must likewise hinder them from beholding the ways of men otherwise than in a cloud of bustle and confusion. Having lived a life of business, and remarked how seldom any occurrences emerge for which great qualities are required, I have learned the necessity of regarding little things, and though I do not pretend to give laws to the legislators of mankind, or to limit the range of those powerful minds that carry light and heat throu[gh]

all the regions of knowledge, yet I have long thought, that the greatest part of those who lose themselves in studies, by which I have not found that they grow much wiser, might, with more advantage both to the publick and themselves, apply their understandings to domestick arts, and store their minds with axioms of humble prudence and private œconomy.

Your late paper on frugality was very elegant and pleasing, but, in my opinion, not sufficiently adapted to common readers, who pay little regard to the musick of periods, the artifice of connection, or the arrangement of the flowers of rhetorick; but require a few plain and cogent instructions, which may sink into the mind by their own weight.

Frugality is so necessary to the happiness of the world, so beneficial in its various forms to every rank of men, from the highest of human potentantes, to the lowest labourer or artificer; and the miseries which the neglect of it produces are so numerous and so grievous, that it ought to be recommended with every variation of address, and adapted to every class of understanding.

Whether those who treat morals as a science will allow frugality to be numbered among the virtues, I have not thought it necessary to inquire. For I, who draw my opinions from a careful observation of the world, am satisfied with knowing, what is abundantly sufficient for practice, that if it be not a virtue, it is at least a quality which can seldom exist without some virtues, and without which few virtues can exist. Frugality *may be* termed the daughter of Prudence, the

sister of Temperance, and the parent of Liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption; it will almost always produce a passive compliance with the wickedness of others; and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure.

If there are any who do not dread poverty as dangerous to virtue, yet mankind seem unanimous enough in abhorring it as destructive to happiness; and all to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary arts of contracting expence; for without frugality none can be rich, and with it very few would be poor.

To most other acts of virtue or exertions of wisdom, a concurrence of many circumstances is necessary; some previous knowledge must be attained, some uncommon gifts of nature possessed, or some opportunity produced by any extraordinary combination of things; but the mere power of saving what is already in our hands, must be easy of acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Bacon may shew, that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances will every day prove, that the meanest may practise it with success.

Riches cannot be within the reach of great numbers, because to be rich is to possess more than is commonly placed in a single hand; and, if many could obtain the sum which now makes a man wealthy, the name of wealth must then be *transferred to still* greater accumulation. But I

am not certain that it is equally impossi exempt the lower classes of mankind from po because though whatever be the wealth c community, some will always have least, a that has less than any other is comparatively yet I do not see any co-active necessity that should be without the indispensable conveni of life; but am sometimes inclined to im that, casual calamities excepted, there migh universal prudence, be procured an uni exemption from want; and that he who s happen to have least, might notwithstanding enough.

But without entering too far into specul which I do not remember that any politica culator has attempted, and in which the mos spicacious reasoner may be easily bewildered evident that they to whom Providence has all no other care but of their own fortune and own virtue, which make far the greater p mankind, have sufficient incitements to pe frugality: since, whatever might be its g effect upon provinces or nations, by whic never likely to be tried, we know with cert that there is scarcely any individual enterin world, who, by prudent parsimony, may no sonably promise himself a cheerful competer the decline of life.

The prospect of penury in age is so gloom terrifying, that every man who looks befor must resolve to avoid it; and it must be av generally by the science of sparing. For, th in every age there are some, who by bold a

tures, or by favourable accidents, rise suddenly to riches, yet it is dangerous to indulge hopes of such rare events: and the bulk of mankind must owe their affluence to small and gradual profits, below which their expence must be resolutely reduced.

You must not therefore think me sinking below the dignity of a practical philosopher, when I recommend to the consideration of your readers, from the statesman to the apprentice, a position replete with mercantile wisdom, *A penny saved is two-pence got;* which may, I think, be accommodated to all conditions, by observing not only that they who pursue any lucrative employment will save time when they forbear expence, and that the time may be employed to the increase of profit; but that they who are above such minute considerations, will find, by every victory over appetite or passion, new strength added to the mind, will gain the power of refusing those solicitations by which the young and vivacious are hourly assaulted, and in time set themselves above the reach of extravagance and folly.

It may, perhaps, be inquired by those who are willing rather to cavil than to learn, what is the just measure of frugality? and when expence, not absolutely necessary, degenerates into profusion? To such questions no general answer can be returned; since the liberty of spending, or necessity of parsimony, may be varied without end by different circumstances. It may, however, be laid down as a rule never to be broken, that *a man's voluntary expence should not exceed his revenue*—a maxim so obvious and incontrovertible, that the civil *law ranks the* prodigal with the madman, and

debars them equally from the conduct of their affairs. Another precept arising from the for and indeed included in it, is yet necessary t distinctly impressed upon the warm, the fanc and the brave; *Let no man anticipate uncer profits.* Let no man presume so spend upon ho to trust his own abilities for means of deliver from penury, to give a loose to his present des and leave the reckoning to fortune or to virtu

To these cautions, which, I suppose, are least among the graver part of mankind, un puted, I will add another, *Let no man squa against his inclination.* With this precept it be, perhaps, imagined easy to comply; yet if t whom profusion has buried in prisons, or dr into banishment, were examined, it would be fc that very few were ruined by their own ch or purchased pleasure with the loss of their esta but that they suffered themselves to be b away by the violence of those with whom t conversed, and yielded reluctantly to a thou prodigalities, either from a trivial emulatio wealth and spirit, or a mean fear of contempt ridicule; an emulation for the prize of folly the dread of the laugh of fools.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

SOPHRC

N° 58. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6. 1750.

——Improbæ
Crescunt divitiæ, tamen
Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

HOR.

But, while in heaps his wicked wealth ascends,
He is not of his wish possess'd;
There's something wanting still to make him bless'd.

FRANCIS.

AS the love of money has been, in all ages, one of the passions that have given great disturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topick more copiously treated by the ancient moralists than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. They who are acquainted with these authors need not be told how riches incite pity, contempt, or reproach, whenever they are mentioned; with what numbers of examples the danger of large possessions is illustrated; and how all the powers of reason and eloquence have been exhausted in endeavours to eradicate a desire, which seems to have intrenched itself too strongly in the mind to be driven out, and which, perhaps, had not lost its power, even over those who declaimed against it, but would

have broken out in the poet or the sage, if it had been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of its proper object.

Their arguments have been, indeed, so unsuccessful, that I know not whether it can be shewn, that by all the wit and reason which this favourite cause has called forth, a single convert was ever made; that even one man has refused to be rich, when to be rich was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happiness of a narrow fortune; or disburdened himself of wealth, when he had tried its inquietudes, merely to enjoy the peace, and leisure, and security, of a mean and unenvied state.

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raising themselves to honours and to wealth, and rejected the kindest offers of fortune; but, however their moderation may be boasted by themselves, or admired by such as only view them at a distance, it will be, perhaps, seldom found that they value riches less, but that they dread labour or danger more than others: they are unable to rouse themselves to action, to strain in the race of competition, or to stand the shock of contest; but though they, therefore, decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheless wish themselves aloft, and would willingly enjoy what they dare not seize.

Others have retired from high stations, and voluntarily condemned themselves to privacy and obscurity. But, even these will not afford many occasions of triumph to the philosopher; for they have commonly either quitted that only which they *thought* themselves unable to hold, and prevented

disgrace by resignation: or they have been induced to try new measures by general inconstancy, which always dreams of happiness in novelty, or by a gloomy disposition, which is disgusted in the same degree with every state, and wishes every scene of life to change as soon as it is beheld. Such men found high and low stations equally unable to satisfy the wishes of a distempered mind, and were unable to shelter themselves in the closest retreat from disappointment, solicitude, and misery.

Yet though these admonitions have been thus neglected by those who either enjoyed riches, or were able to procure them, it is not rashly to be determined that they are altogether without use; for since far the greatest part of mankind must be confined to conditions comparatively mean, and placed in situations, from which they naturally look up with envy to the eminences before them, those writers cannot be thought ill employed that have administered remedies to discontent almost universal, by shewing that what we cannot reach may very well be forborne, that the inequality of distribution at which we murmur, is for the most part less than it seems, and that the greatness which we admire at a distance, has much fewer advantages, and much less splendour, when we are suffered to approach it.

It is the business of moralists to detect the frauds of fortune, and to shew that she imposes upon the careless eye, by a quick succession of shadows, which will shrink to nothing in the gripe; that she disguises life in extrinsick ornaments, which serve only for show, and are laid aside in the hours of

solitude and of pleasure; and that when greatness aspires either to felicity or wisdom, it shakes off those distinctions which dazzle the gazer and awe the supplicant.

It may be remarked, that they whose condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious instruction, and who collect all their ideas by their own eyes, and digest them by their own understandings, seem to consider those who are placed in ranks of remote superiority, as almost another and higher species of beings. As themselves have known little other misery than the consequences of want, they are with difficulty persuaded that where there is wealth there can be sorrow, or that those who glitter in dignity, and glide along in affluence, can be acquainted with pains and cares like those which lie heavy upon the rest of mankind.

This prejudice is, indeed, confined to the lowest meanness and the darkest ignorance; but it is so confined only because others have been shewn its folly and its falsehood, because it has been opposed in its progress by history and philosophy, and hindered from spreading its infection by powerful preservatives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth, though it has not been able to extinguish avarice or ambition, or suppress that reluctance with which a man passes his days in a state of inferiority, must, at least, have made the lower conditions less grating and wearisome; and has consequently contributed to the general security of life, by hindering that *fraud* and violence, rapine and circumvention, *which must* have been produced by an unbounded

eagerness of wealth, arising from an unshaken conviction, that to be rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himself incited, by some violent impulse of passion, to pursue riches as the chief end of being, must surely be so much alarmed by the successive admonitions of those whose experience and sagacity have recommended them as the guides of mankind, as to stop and consider whether he is about to engage in an undertaking that will reward his toil, and to examine, before he rushes to wealth, through right and wrong, what it will confer when he has acquired it; and this examination will seldom fail to repress his ardour and retard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itself; it is not useful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchase, which, if we suppose it put to its best use by those that possess it, seems not much to deserve the desire or envy of a wise man. It is certain that, with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure, nor block up the passages of anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury, or promoted by softness. With respect to the mind, it has rarely been observed, that wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery, or laying diligence asleep, confirm error and harden stupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatness, for nothing can make that great, which the degree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a *hot-bed, but can* never become an oak. Even

royalty itself is not able to give that dignity it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble though it may elevate the strong. The world been governed in the name of kings, whose tence has scarcely been perceived by any n feets beyond their own palaces.

When therefore the desire of wealth is t hold of the heart, let us look round and see l operates upon those whose industry or fortu obtained it. When we find them oppressed their own abundance, luxurious without ple idle without ease, impatient and querulous in selves, and despised or hated by the rest of kind, we shall soon be convinced that if th wants of our condition are satisfied, there re little to be sought with solicitude, or desired eagerness.

№ 59. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9. 1750.

Est aliquid fatale malum per verba levare,
Hoc querulam Halcyonenque Progne facit:
Hoc erat in solo quare Pæantias antro
Vox fatigaret Lemnia saxa sua.
Strangulat inclusus dolor atque exæstuat intus,
Cogitur et vires multiplicare suas.

OVID.

Complaining oft, gives respite to our grief;
From hence the wretched Progne sought relief,
Hence the Pæantian chief his fate deplores,
And vents his sorrow to the Lemnian shores;
In vain by secrecy we would assuage
Our cares; conceal'd they gather tenfold rage.

F. LEWIS.

It is common to distinguish men by the names of animals which they are supposed to resemble. Thus a hero is frequently termed a lion, and a statesman a fox, an extortioner gains the appellation of vulture, and a fop the title of monkey. There is also among the various anomalies of character, which a survey of the world exhibits, a species of beings in human form, which may be properly marked out as the screech-owls of mankind.

These screech-owls seem to be settled in an opinion that the great business of life is to complain, and that they were born for no other purpose *than to disturb* the happiness of others, to lessen *the little* comforts, and shorten the short

pleasures of our condition, by painful remembrances of the past, or melancholy prognosticks of the future; their only care is to crush the rising hope, to damp the kindling transport, and allay the golden hours of gaiety with the hateful dross of grief and suspicion.

To those, whose weakness of spirits, or timidity of temper, subjects them to impressions from others, and who are apt to suffer by fascination, and catch the contagion of misery, it is extremely unhappy to live within the compass of a screech-owl's voice; for it will often fill their ears in the hour of dejection, terrify them with apprehensions, which their own thoughts would never have produced, and sadden, by intruded sorrows, the day which might have been passed in amusements or in business; it will burden the heart with unnecessary discontents, and weaken for a time that love of life, which is necessary to the vigorous prosecution of any undertaking.

Though I have, like the rest of mankind, many failings and weaknesses, I have not yet, by either friends or enemies, been charged with superstition; I never count the company which I enter, and I look at the new moon indifferently over either shoulder. I have, like most other philosophers, often heard the cuckoo without money in my pocket, and have been sometimes reproached as fool-hardy for not turning down my eyes when a raven flew over my head. I never go home abruptly because a snake crosses my way, nor have any particular dread of a climacterical year; yet *I confess* that, with will my scorn of old women *and their* tales, I consider it as an unhappy day

happen to be greeted, in the morning, by
us the screech-owl.
ve now known Suspirius fifty-eight years
ir months, and have never yet passed an hour
im in which he has not made some attack
ıy quiet. When we were first acquainted,
at topick was the misery of youth without
; and whenever we walked out together he
l me with a long enumeration of pleasures,
as they were beyond the reach of my for-
were without the verge of my desires, and
I should never have considered as the ob-
a wish, had not his unseasonable representa-
)laced them in my sight.
)ther of his topicks is, the neglect of merit,
hich he never fails to amuse every man whom
i not eminently fortunate. If he meets with
g officer, he always informs him of gentlemen
personal courage is unquestioned, and
military skill qualifies them to command
, that have, notwithstanding all their merit,
old with subaltern commissions. For a
in the church, he is always provided with a
for life. The lawyer he informs of many
f great parts and deep study, who have never
n opportunity to speak in the courts: And
g Serenus the physician, "Ah, doctor,"
:, "what! a-foot still, when so many block-
ls are rattling in their chariots? I told you
n years ago that you would never meet with
uragement, and I hope you will now take
: notice, when I tell you, that your Greek,
your diligence, and your honesty, will never
)le you to live like yonder apothecary, who

" prescribes to his own shop, and laughs at
" physician."

Suspirius has, in his time, intercepted fifteen
thors in their way to the stage; persuaded nine
thirty merchants to retire from a prosperous tr
for fear of bankruptcy, broke off an hundred
thirteen matches by prognostications of unhap
ness, and enabled the small-pox to kill ninet
ladies, by perpetual alarms of the loss of beauty

Whenever my evil stars bring us together,
never fails to represent to me the folly of my p
suits, and informs me that we are much older th
when we began our acquaintance, that the infirm
ties of decrepitude are coming fast upon me, th
whatever I now get I shall enjoy but a little tim
that fame is to a man tottering on the edge of t
grave of very little importance, and that the ti
is at hand when I ought to look for no oth
pleasures than a good dinner and an easy chair.

Thus he goes on in his unharmonious stra
displaying present miseries, and foreboding mo
νυκτικοραξ ἀδυ θανατηφορος, every syllable is load
with misfortune, and death is always brought ne
er to the view. Yet, what always raises my r
sentment and indignation, I do not perceive th
his mournful meditations have much effect up
himself. He talks, and has long talked of ca
mities, without discovering, otherwise than by t
tone of his voice, that he feels any of the ev
which he bewails or threatens, but has the sam
habit of uttering lamentations, as others of telli
stories, and falls into expressions of condolence f
past, or apprehensions of future mischiefs, as all m
studious of their ease have recourse to those subje

upon which they can most fluently or copiously discourse.

It is reported of the Sybarites, that they destroyed all their cocks, that they might dream out their morning dreams without disturbance. Though I would not so far promote effeminacy as to propose the Sybarites for an example, yet since there is no man so corrupt or foolish, but something useful may be learned from him, I could wish that in imitation of a people not often to be copied, some regulations might be made to exclude screech-owls from all company, as the enemies of mankind, and confine them to some proper receptacle, where they may mingle sighs at leisure, and thicken the gloom of one another.

Thou prophet of evil, says Homer's Agamemnon, *thou never foretellest me good, but the joy of thy heart is to predict misfortunes*. Whoever is of the same temper might there find the means of indulging his thoughts, and improving his vein of denunciation; and the flock of screech-owls might hoot together without injury to the rest of the world.

Yet, though I have so little kindness for this dark generation, I am very far from intending to debar the soft and tender mind from the privilege of complaining, when the sigh rises from the desire not of giving pain, but of gaining ease. To hear complaints with patience, even when complaints are vain, is one of the duties of friendship; and though it must be allowed that he suffers most like a hero that hides his grief in silence,

Spem vultu simulat, premit alto corde dolorem.
His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart. DRYD.

yet, it cannot be denied that he who complain
like a man, like a social being, who looks for
from his fellow-creatures. Pity is to many o
unhappy a source of comfort in hopeless distres
as it contributes to recommend them to themsel
by proving that they have not lost the regar
others; and Heaven seems to indicate the duty e
of barren compassion, by inclining us to weep f
evils which we cannot remedy.

N° 60. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13. 175

Quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.

HOR.

Whose works the beautiful and base contain,
Of vice and virtue more instructive rules,
Than all the sober sages of the schools.

FRANCIS.

All joy or sorrow for the happiness or cal
mities of others is produced by an act
the imagination that realises the event howev
fictitious, or approximates it however remote, b
placing us, for a time, in the condition of hi
whose fortune we contemplate; so that we fe
while the deception lasts, whatever motions wou
be excited by the same good or evil happening
ourselves.

Our passions are therefore more strongly move
in proportion as we can more readily adopt the pai
or pleasure proposed to our minds, by recognisi

them as once our own, or considering them as naturally incident to our state of life. It is not easy for the most artful writer to give us an interest in happiness or misery, which we think ourselves never likely to feel, and with which we have never yet been made acquainted. Histories of the downfal of kingdoms and revolutions of empires, are read with great tranquillity; the imperial tragedy pleases common auditors only by its pomp of ornament and grandeur of ideas; and the man whose faculties have been engrossed by business, and whose heart never fluttered but at the rise or fall of the stocks, wonders how the attention can be seized, or the affection agitated, by a tale of love.

Those parallel circumstances, and kindred images, to which we readily conform our minds, are, above all other writings, to be found in the narratives of the lives of particular persons; and therefore no species of writing seems more worthy of cultivation than biography, since none can be more delightful or more useful, nor can more certainly enchain the heart by irresistible interest or more widely diffuse instruction to every diversity of condition.

The general and rapid narratives of history, which involve a thousand fortunes in the business of a day, and complicate innumerable incidents in one great transaction, afford few lessons applicable to private life, which derives its comforts and its wretchedness from the right or wrong management of things, which nothing but their frequency makes considerable, *Parva si non fiunt quotidie*, says Pliny, and which can have no place in those relations which never descend below the consultation

of senates, the motions of armies, and the sch of conspirators.

I have often thought that there has rarely p a life of which a judicious and faithful nar would not be useful. For, not only every has, in the mighty mass of the world, great r bers in the same condition with himself to w his mistakes and miscarrages, escapes and ex ents, would be of immediate and apparent but there is such an uniformity in the state of considered apart from adventitious and sepa decorations and disguises, that there is scarce possibility of good or ill, but is common to hu kind. A great part of the time of those wh placed at the greatest distance by fortune, o temper, must unavoidably pass in the same ma and though, when the claims of nature are sa ed, caprice, and vanity, and accident, begi produce discriminations and pecularities, yet eye is not very heedful or quick, which cannot cover the same causes still terminating thei fluence in the same effects, though sometime celerated, sometimes retarded or perplexed by tiplied combinations. We are all prompted by same motives, all deceived by the same fallacie animated by hope, obstructed by danger, ent led by desire, and seduced by pleasure.

It is frequently objected to relations of part lar lives, that they are not distinguished by striking or wonderful vicissitudes. The sch who passed his life among his books, the merc who conducted only his own affairs, the pr whose sphere of action was not extended be *that of his* duty, are considered as no proper

jects of publick regard, however they might have excelled in their several stations, whatever might have been their learning, integrity, and piety. But this notion arises from false measures of excellence and dignity, and must be eradicated by considering, that in the esteem of uncorrupted reason, what is of most use is of most value.

It is, indeed, not improper to take honest advantages of prejudice, and to gain attention by a celebrated name; but the business of the biographer is often to pass slightly over those performances and incidents, which produce vulgar greatness, to lead the thoughts into domestick privacies, and display the minute details of daily life, where exterior appendages are cast aside, and men excel each other only by prudence and by virtue. The account of Thuanus is, with great propriety, said by its author to have been written, that it might lay open to posterity the private and familiar character of that man, *cujus ingenium et candorem ex ipsius scriptis sunt olim semper miraturi*, whose candour and genius will to the end of time be by his writings preserved in admiration.

There are many invisible circumstances which, whether we read as inquirers after natural or moral knowledge, whether we intend to enlarge our science, or increase our virtue, are more important than publick occurrences. Thus Sallust, the great master of nature, has not forgot, in his account of Cataline, to remark, that his walk was now quick and again slow, as an indication of a mind revolving something with violent commotion. Thus the story of Melancthon affords a striking lecture on the value of time, by informing us that

when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that the day might not run out in the idleness of suspense; and all the plans and enterprizes of De Witt are now of less importance to the world, than that part of his personal character which represents him as careful of his health, and negligent of his life.

But biography has often been allotted to writers who seem very little acquainted with the nature of their task, or very negligent about the performance. They rarely afford any other account than might be collected from publick papers, but imagine themselves writing a life, when they exhibit a chronological series of actions or preferments; and so little regard the manners or behaviour of their heroes, that more knowledge may be gained of a man's real character, by a short conversation with one of his servants, than from a formal and studied narrative, begun with his pedigree, and ended with his funeral.

If now and then they condescend to inform the world of particular facts, they are not always so happy as to select the most important. I know not well what advantage posterity can receive from the only circumstance by which Tickell has distinguished Addison from the rest of mankind, the irregularity of his pulse; nor can I think myself overpaid for the time spent in reading the life of Malherb, by being enabled to relate, after the learned biographer, that Malherb had two predominant opinions; one, that the looseness of a single woman might destroy all her boast of ancient descent; the other, that the French beggars made use very improperly and barbarously of the

oble Gentleman, because either word in-
ıe sense of both.

are, indeed, some natural reasons why
ratives are often written by such as were
y to give much instruction or delight, and
t accounts of particular persons are barren
ess. If a life be delayed till interest and
at an end, we may hope for impartiality,
t expect little intelligence; for the inci-
ich give excellence to biography are of a
ınd evanescent kind, such as soon escape
ory, and are rarely transmitted by tradi-
We know how few can pourtray a living
ance, except by his most prominent and
le particularities, and the grosser features
nd; and it may be easily imagined how
this little knowledge may be lost in im-
t, and how soon a succession of copies will
esemblance of the original.

biographer writes from personal know-
d makes haste to gratify the publick curio-
e, is danger lest his interest, his fear, his
, or his tenderness, overpower his fidelity,
ıt him to conceal, if not to invent. There
who think it an act of piety to hide the
failings of their friends, even when they
ınger suffer by their detection; we there-
whole ranks of characters adorned with
panegyrick, and not to be known from one
ıut by intrinsick and casual circumstances.
e remember," says Hale, "when I find
inclined to pity a criminal, that there is
ıe a pity due to the country." If we
ırd to the memory of the dead, there is

yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue, and to truth.

N° 61. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1750.

Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret
Quem nisi mendosum et mendacem?

HOR.

False praise can charm, unreal shame controul——
Whom but a vicious or a sickly soul?

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

IT is extremely vexatious to a man of eager and thirsty curiosity to be placed at a great distance from the fountain of intelligence, and not only never to receive the current of report till it has satiated the greatest part of the nation, but at last to find it mudded in its course, and corrupted with taints or mixtures from every channel through which it flowed.

One of the chief pleasures of my life is to hear what passes in the world, to know what are the schemes of the politick, the aims of the busy, and the hopes of the ambitious; what changes of publick measures are approaching; who is likely to be crushed in the collision of parties; who is climbing to the top of power, and who is tottering on the precipice of disgrace. But as it is very common for us to desire most what we are the least *qualified to obtain*, I have suffered this appetite of *news to outgrow* all the gratifications which my

present situation can afford it; for being placed in a remote country, I am condemned always to confound the future with the past, to form prognostications of events no longer doubtful, and to consider the expediency of schemes already executed or defeated. I am perplexed with a perpetual deception in my prospects, like a man pointing his telescope at a remote star, which before the light reaches his eye, has forsaken the place from which it was emitted.

The mortification of being thus always behind the active world in my reflections and discoveries, is exceedingly aggravated by the petulance of those whose health, or business, or pleasure, brings them hither from London. For, without considering the insuperable disadvantages of my condition, and the unavoidable ignorance which absence must produce, they often treat me with the utmost superciliousness of contempt, for not knowing what no human sagacity can discover; and sometimes seem to consider me as a wretch scarcely worthy of human converse, when I happen to talk of the fortune of a bankrupt, or propose the healths of the dead, when I warn them of mischiefs already incurred, or wish for measures that have been lately taken. They seem to attribute to the superiority of their intellects what they only owe to the accident of their condition, and think themselves indisputably intitled to airs of insolence and authority, when they find another ignorant of facts, which, because they echoed in the streets of London, they suppose equally publick in all other places, and known where they could *neither be seen*, related, nor conjectured.

To this haughtiness they are indeed too encouraged by the respect which they re amongst us, for no other reason than that t come from London. For no sooner is the ar of one of these disseminators of knowledge kn in the country, than we crowd about him fi every quarter, and by innumerable enquiries flat him into an opinion of his own importance. H sees himself surrounded by multitudes, who pro pose their doubts, and refer their controversies t him, as to a being descended from some nobler re gion, and he grows on a sudden oraculous an infallible, solves all difficulties, and sets all objec tions at defiance.

There is, in my opinion, great reason for sus pecting, that they sometimes take advantage o this reverential modesty, and impose upon rustic understandings with a false show of universal in telligence; for I do not find that they are willing to own themselves ignorant of any thing, or that they dismiss any enquirer without a positive and de cisive answer. The court, the city, the park, and exchange, are to those men of unbounded obser vation equally familiar, and they are alike ready to tell the hour at which stocks will rise, or the ministry be changed.

A short residence at London entitles a man to knowledge, to wit, to politeness, and to a despo tick and dictatorial power of prescribing to the rude multitude, whom he condescends to honour with a biennial visit; yet I know not well upon what motives I have lately found myself inclined to cavil at this prescription, and to doubt whether

it be not, on some occasions, proper to withhold our veneration, till we are more authentically convinced of the merits of the claimant.

It is well remembered here, that, about seven years ago, one Frolick, a tall boy, with lank hair, remarkable for stealing eggs, and suckling them, was taken from the school in this parish, and sent up to London to study the law. As he had given amongst us no proofs of a genius designed by nature for extraordinary performances, he was, from the time of his departure, totally forgotten, nor was there any talk of his vices or virtues, his good or his ill fortune, till last summer a report burst upon us, that Mr. Frolick was come down in the first post-chaise which this village had seen, having travelled with such rapidity that one of his postilions had broke his leg, and another narrowly escaped suffocation in a quicksand; but that Mr. Frolick seemed totally unconcerned, for such things were never heeded at London.

Mr. Frolick next day appeared among the gentlemen at their weekly meeting on the bowling-green, and now were seen the effects of a London education. His dress, his language, his ideas, were all new, and he did not much endeavour to conceal his contempt of every thing that differed from the opinions, or practice, of the modish world. He shewed us the deformity of our skirts and sleeves, informed us where hats of the proper size were to be sold, and recommended to us the reformation of a thousand absurdities in our clothes, our cookery, and our conversation. When any of his phrases were unintelligible, he could not suppress the joy of confessed superiority, but fre-

quently delayed the explanation, that *he* enjoy his triumph over our barbarity.

When he is pleased to entertain us with a he takes care to crowd into it names of squares, and buildings, with which he kn are unacquainted. The favourite topicks discourse are the pranks of drunkards, a tricks put upon country gentlemen by port link-boys. When he is with ladies h them of the innumerable pleasures to wh can introduce them; but never fails to hin much they will be deficient, at their first in the knowledge of the town. What i *know the town* he has not indeed hitherto in us, though there is no phrase so frequent mouth, nor any science which he appears t of so great a value, or so difficult attainmen

But my curiosity has been most engaged recital of his own adventures and atchiev I heave hard of the union of various chara single persons, but never met with such stellation of great qualities as this man's n affords. Whatever has distinguished the whatever has elevated the wit; whatever l deared the lover, are all concentered in M lick, whose life has, for seven years, bee gular interchange of intrigues, dangers, an geries, and who has distinguished himself i character that can be feared, envied, or ad

I question whether all the officers of th navy can bring together from all their jour collection of so many wonderful escapes man has known upon the Thames, on wh has been a thousand and a thousand times

point of perishing, sometimes by the terrors of foolish women in the same boat, sometimes by his own acknowledged imprudence in passing the river in the dark, and sometimes by shooting the bridge, under which he has rencountered mountainous waves and dreadful cataracts.

Nor less has been his temerity by land, nor fewer his hazards. He has reeled with giddiness on the top of the monument; he has crossed the street amidst the rush of coaches; he has been surrounded by robbers without number; he has headed parties at the play-house; he has scaled the windows of every toast of whatever condition; he has been hunted for whole winters by his rivals; he has slept upon bulks, he has cut chairs, he has bilked coachmen; he has rescued his friends from the bailiffs, has knocked down the constable, has bullied the justice, and performed many other exploits, that have filled the town with wounder and with merriment.

But yet greater is the fame of his understanding than his bravery; for he informs us, that he is, at London, the established arbitrator of all points of honour, and the decisive judge of all performances of genius; that no musical performer is in reputation till the opinion of Frolick has ratified his pretensions; that the theatres suspend their sentence till he begins the clap or hiss, in which all are proud to concur; that no publick entertainment has failed or succeeded, but because he opposed or favoured it; that all controversies at the gaming-table are referred to his determination; that he adjusts the ceremonial at every

assembly, and prescribes every fashion of or of dress.

With every man whose name occur papers of the day, he is intimately acq and there are very few posts, either in the army, of which he has not more or less in the disposal. He has been very frequen sulted both upon when and peace; but th not yet come that the nation shall kn much it is indebted to the genius of Froli

Yet, notwithstanding all these declar cannot hitherto persuade myself to see t Frolick has more wit, or knowledge, or than the rest of mankind, or that any un enlargement of his faculties has happene time of his absence. For when he talk jects known to the rest of the company, no advantage over us, but by catches of tion, briskness of interrogation, and pe contempt; and therefore if he has stu world with his name, and gained a plac first ranks of humanity, I cannot but c that either a little understanding confers at London, or that Mr. Frolick think worthy of the exertion of his powers, o faculties are benumbed by rural stupidity magnetick needle loses its animation in t climes.

I would not, however, like many hast sophers, search after the cause till I am c the effect; and therefore, I desire to be i whether you have yet heard the great nam Frolick. If he is celebrated by other than his own, I shall willingly propagate hi

if he has swelled among us with empty sts, and hoonurs conferred only by himself, I ll treat him with rustick sincerity, and drive as an impostor from this part of the kingdom, ome region of more credulity.

I am, &c.

RURICOLA.

62. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1750.

Nunc ego Triptolemi cuperem conscendere currus,
Misit in ignotam qui rude semen humum:
Nunc ego Medeæ vellem frœnare dracones,
Quos habuit fugiens arva, Corinthe, tua;
Nunc ego jactandas optarem sumere pennas,
Sive tuas, Perseu; Dædale, sive tuas.

OVID.

Now would I mount his car, whose bounteous hand
First sow'd with teeming seed the furrow'd land:
Now to Medæa's dragons fix my reins,
That swiftly bore her from Corinthian plains;
Now on Dædalian waxen pinions stray,
Or those which wafted Perseus on his way.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

IR.

AM a young woman of a very large fortune, ich, if my parents would have been persuad- to comply with the rules and customs of the lite part of mankind, might long since have ised me to the highest honours of the female

world: but so strangely have they hi
trived to waste my life, that I am r
borders of twenty, without having e
but at our monthly assembly, or been t
among a few gentlemen of the neighb
seen any company in which it was w
distinguished.

My father having impaired his pa
soliciting a place at court, at last grew v
to cease his pursuit, and to repair the c
of expensive attendance, and neglig
affairs, married a lady much older th
who had lived in the fashionable world
considered as an encumbrance upon
pleasure, and, as I can collect from in
formations, retired from gay assembli
enough to escape the mortification c
neglect.

She was, however, still rich, and yet
led; my father was too distressfully eml
think much on any thing but the mea
cation; and though it is not likely that
the delicacy which polite conversation
produce in understandings not remark
tive, yet he was contented with a matel
he might be set free from inconveni
would have destroyed all the pleasure
nation, and taken from softness and
power of delighting.

As they were both somewhat disg
their treatment in the world, and marr
without any dislike of each other, yet
for the sake of setting themselves fre
pendance on caprice or fashion, they s

into the country, and devoted their lives to rural business and diversions.

They had not much reason to regret the change of their situation; for their vanity, which had so long been tormented by neglect and disappointment, was here gratified with every honour that could be paid them. Their long familiarity with publick life made them the oracles of all those who aspired to intelligence or politeness. My father dictated politicks, my mother prescribed the mode; and it was sufficient to entitle any family to some consideration, that they were known to visit at Mrs. Courtly's.

In this state they were, to speak in the style of novelists, made happy by the birth of your correspondent. My parents had no other child; I was therefore not brow-beaten by a saucy brother, or lost in a multitude of co-heiresses, whose fortunes being equal, would probably have conferred equal merit, and procured equal regard; and as my mother was now old, my understanding and my person had fair play, my inquiries were not checked, my advances towards importance were not repressed, and I was soon suffered to tell my own opinions, and early accustomed to hear my own praises.

By these accidental advantages I was much exalted above the young ladies with whom I conversed, and was treated by them with great deference. I saw none who did not seem to confess my superiority, and to be held in awe by the splendour of my appearance; for the fondness of my father made himself pleased to see me dressed,

and my mother had no vanity nor expences to hinder her from concurring with his inclinations.

Thus, Mr. Rambler, I lived without much desire after any thing beyond the circle of our visits; and here I should have quietly continued to portion out my time among my books, and my needle, and my company, had not my curiosity been every moment excited by the conversation of my parents, who, whenever they sit down to familiar prattle, and endeavour the entertainment of each other, immediately transport themselves to London, and relate some adventure in a hackney-coach, some frolick at a masquerade, some conversation in the Park, or some quarrel at an assembly, display the magnificence of a birth-night, relate the conquests of maids of honour, or give a history of diversions, shows, and entertainments, which I had ever known but from their accounts.

I am so well versed in the history of the gay world, that I can relate, with great punctuality, the lives of all the last race of wits and beauties; can enumerate, with exact chronology, the whole succession of celebrated singers, musicians, tragedians, comedians, and harlequins; can tell to the last twenty years all the changes of fashions; and am, indeed, a complete antiquary with respect to head-dresses, dances, and operas.

You will easily imagine, Mr. Rambler, that I could not hear these narratives for sixteen years together, without suffering some impression, and wishing myself nearer to those places where every hour brings some new pleasure, and life is diversified with an unexhausted succession of felicity.

I indeed often asked my mother, why she left a place which she recollected with so much delight, and why she did not visit London once a-year, like some other ladies, and initiate me in the world by shewing me its amusements, its grandeur, and its variety. But she always told me that the days which she had seen were such as would never come again; that all diversion is now degenerated; that the conversation of the present age is insipid; that their fashions are unbecoming, their customs absurd and their morals corrupt; that there is no ray left of the genius which enlightened the times that she remembers; that no one who had seen or heard the ancient performers, would be able to bear the bunglers of this despicable age; and that there is now neither politeness, nor pleasure, nor virtue in the world. She therefore assures me, that she consults my happiness by keeping me at home, for I should now find nothing but vexation and disgust, and she should be ashamed to see me pleased with such fopperies and trifles, as take up the thoughts of the present set of young people.

With this answer I was kept quiet for several years, and thought it no great inconvenience to be confined to the country, till last summer a young gentleman and his sister came down to pass a few months with one of our neighbours. They had generally no great regard for the country ladies, but distinguished me by a particular complaisance, and as we grew intimate, gave me such a detail of the elegance, the splendour, the mirth, the happiness of the town, that I am resolved to be no longer buried in ignorance and obscurity, but to share with *the other* wits the joy of being ad-

mired, and divide with others beauties the empire of the world.

I do not find, Mr. Rambler, upon a deliberate and impartial comparison, that I am excelled by Belinda in beauty, in wit, in judgment, in knowledge, or in any thing but a kind of gay, lively familiarity, by which she mingles with strangers as with persons long acquainted, and which enables her to display her powers without any obstruction hesitation, or confusion. Yet she can relate a thousand civilities paid to her in publick, can produce, from a hundred lovers, letters filled with praises, protestations, extasies, and despair; has been handed by dukes to her chair; has been the occasion of innumerable quarrels; has paid twenty visits in an afternoon; been invited to six balls in an evening, and been forced to retire to lodgings in the country from the importunity of courtship and the fatigue of pleasure.

I tell you, Mr. Rambler, I will stay here no longer. I have at last prevailed upon my mother to send me to town, and shall set out in three weeks on the grand expedition. I intend to live in publick, and to crowd into the winter every pleasure which money can purchase, and every honour which beauty can obtain.

But this tedious interval how shall I endure? Cannot you alleviate the misery of delay by some pleasing description of the entertainments of the town? I can read, I can talk, I can think of nothing else; if you will not soothe my impatience, heighten my ideas, and animate my hopes, you may write for those who have more leisure, but are *not to* expect any longer the honour of being read

by those eyes which are now intent only on conquest and destruction.

RHODOCLIA.

N° 63. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1750.

——Habebat sæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem servos; modo reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens: modo sit mihi mensa tripes, et
Concha salis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, queat.

HOR.

Now with two hundred slaves he crowds his train;
Now walks with ten. In high and haughty strain
At morn, of kings and governors he prates;
At night,—"A frugal table, O ye fates;
"A little shell the sacred salt to hold,
"And clothes, tho' coarse, to keep me from the cold."

FRANCIS

IT has been remarked, perhaps, by every writer, who has left behind him observations upon life, that no man is pleased with his present state, which proves equally unsatisfactory, says Horace, whether fallen upon by chance, or chosen with deliberation; we are always disgusted with some circumstance or other of our situation, and imagine the condition of others more abundant in blessings, or less exposed to calamities.

This universal discontent has been generally mentioned with great severity of censure, as unrea-

sonable in itself, since of two, equally env
each other, both cannot have the larger sh
happiness, and as tending to darken life wit
necessary gloom, by withdrawing our minds
the contemplation and enjoyment of that hap
which our state affords us, and fixing our atte
upon foreign objects, which we only beho
depress ourselves, and increase our misery by inj
rious comparisons.

When this opinion of the felicity of others pre
dominates in the heart, so as to excite resolutions
obtaining, at whatever price, the condition to whic
such transcendent privileges are supposed to be an
nexed; when it bursts into action, and produce
fraud, violence, and injustice, it is to be pursue
with all the rigour of legal punishments. Bu
while operating only upon the thoughts, it disturb
none but him who has happened to admit it, and
however it may interrupt content, makes no attac
on piety or virtue, I cannot think it so far crimin
or ridiculous, but that it may deserve some pity
and admit some excuse.

That all are equally happy or miserable, I sup
pose none is sufficiently enthusiastical to maintain
because though we cannot judge of the conditio
of others, yet every man has found frequent viciss
tudes in his own state, and must therefore be con
vinced that life is susceptible of more or less fel
city. What then shall forbid us to endeavour th
alteration of that which is capable of being im
proved, and to grasp at augmentations of good
when we know it possible to be increased, an
believe that any particular change of situation wi
increase it?

e that finds himself uneasy may reasonably
:fforts to rid himself from vexation, all man-
ave a sufficient plea for some degree of rest-
, and the fault seems to be little more than
ch temerity of conclusion in favour of some-
ıot yet experienced, and too much readiness
:ve, that the misery which our own passions
petites produce, is brought upon us by ac-
l causes and external efficients.

indeed, frequently discovered by us, that
ıplained too hastily of peculiar hardships, and
:d ourselves distinguished by embarrassments
h other classes of men are equally intangled.
:en change a lighter for a greater evil, and
rselves restored again to the state from which
ught it desirable to be delivered. But this
dge, though it is easily gained by the trial,
t always attainable any other way; and that
ınnot justly be reproached, which reason
ıot obviate, nor prudence avoid.

:ake a view at once distinct and comprehen-
human life, with all its intricacies of com-
ı and varieties of connexion, is beyond the
of mortal intelligences. Of the state with
practice has not acquainted us, we snatch a
:, we discern a point, and regulate the rest by
, and by fancy. In this inquiry every
te prejudice, every innate desire, is busy to
us. We are unhappy, at least less happy
ır nature seems to admit; we necessarily
the melioration of our lot; what we desire
reasonable seek, and what we seek we are
ly eager to believe that we have found.
nfidence is often disappointed, but our

reason is not convinced, and there is no mi
does not hope for something which he has
though perhaps his wishes lie unactive, bec
foresees the difficulty of attainment; as a
the numerous students of Hermetic philosop
one appears to have desisted from the task o
mutation from conviction of its impossibili
from weariness of toil, or impatience of delay
broken body, or exhausted fortune.

Irresolution and mutability are often the fault
men, whose views are wide, and whose imaginat
is vigorous and excursive, because they cannot c
fine their thoughts within their own boundarie
action, but are continually ranging over all
scenes of human existence, and consequently
often apt to conceive that they fall upon new
gions of pleasure, and start new possibilities of h
piness. Thus they are busied with a perpet
succession of schemes, and pass their lives in altern
elation and sorrow, for want of that calm and
movable acquiescence in their condition, by wh
men of slower understanding are fixed for eve
a certain point, or led on in the plain beaten tra
which their fathers and grand-sires have trod bef
them.

Of two conditions of life equally inviting to
prospect, that will always have the disadvant
which we have already tried; because the e
which we have felt we cannot extenuate;
though we have, perhaps from nature, the po
as well of aggravating the calamity which we f
as of heightening the blessing we expect, ye
those meditations which we indulge by choi
and which are not forced upon the mind by

cessity, we have always the art of fixing our regard upon the more pleasing images, and suffer hope to dispose the lights by which we look upon futurity.

The good and ill of different modes of life are sometimes so equally opposed, that perhaps no man ever yet made his choice between them upon a full conviction and adequate knowledge; and therefore fluctuation of will is not more wonderful, when they are opposed to the election, than oscillations of a beam charged with equal weights. The mind no sooner imagines itself determined by some prevalent advantage, than some convenience of equal weight is discovered on the other side, and the resolutions which are suggested by the nicest examination, are often repented as soon as they are taken.

Eumenes, a young man of great abilities, inherited a large estate from a father, long eminent in conspicuous employments. His father, harassed with competitions, and perplexed with multiplicity of business, recommended the quiet of a private station with so much force, that Eumenes for some years resisted every motion of ambitious wishes; but being once provoked by the sight of oppression, which he could not redress, he began to think it the duty of an honest man to enable himself to protect others, and gradually felt a desire of greatness, excited by a thousand projects of advantage to his country. His fortune placed him in the senate, his knowledge and eloquence advanced him at court, and he possessed that authority and influence which he had resolved to exert for the happiness of mankind.

He now became acquainted with greatness, and

was in a short time convinced, that as the power of doing well is enlarg ations to do ill are multiplied and felt himself every moment in danger seduced or driven from his honest pu times a friend was to be gratified, a rival to be crushed, by means which could not approve. Sometimes he comply with the prejudices of the sometimes with the schemes of the was by degrees wearied with perpetu unite policy and virtue, and went l ment as the shelter of innocence, p he could only hope to benefit mankir less example of private virtue. I some years in tranquillity and ben finding that corruption increased, and in government prevailed, he thought summoned to posts of publick trust new evidence of his own weakness ag him to retire.

Thus men may be made inconst and by vice, by too much or too little inconstancy, however dignified by its ways to be avoided, because life al small time for inquiry and experimer steadily endeavours at excellence, in ployment, will more benefit mankin hesitates in chusing his part till he i performance. The traveller that res a rough and winding path, will soo end of his journey, than he that is ing his direction, and wastes the hou in looking for smoother ground an

ages.

N° 64. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1750.

Idem velle, et idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia est.
SALLUST.

To live in friendship is to have the same desires and the same aversions.

When Socrates was building himself a house at Athens, being asked by one that observed the littleness of the design, why a man so eminent would not have an abode more suitable to his dignity? he replied, that he should think himself sufficiently accommodated, if he could see that narrow habitation filled with real friends. Such was the opinion of this great master of human life, concerning the infrequency of such an union of minds as might deserve the name of friendship, that among the multitudes whom vanity or curiosity, civility or veneration, crowded about him, he did not expect, that very spacious apartments would be necessary to contain all that should regard him with sincere kindness, or adhere to him with steady fidelity.

So many qualities are indeed requisite to the possibility of friendship, and so many accidents must concur to its rise and its continuance, that the greatest part of mankind content themselves with-

out it, and supply its place
terest and dependence.

Multitudes are unqualifi
warm reciprocation of bene
capacitated for any other
perpetual attention to their i
subjection to their passion
superinduce inability to den
by superior motives the im
mediate gratification, and a
will imagine all advantages
tion as they are communica

But not only this hateful
tion, but many varieties of
sistent with common degree
friendship from the heart.
their benevolence, and defe
ousness nor liberality, are n
soon attracted by new obje
offence, and alienated with
are soft and flexible, easily
or whispers, ready to catch
bious circumstance, and to li
which envy and flattery shal
opinion of every confident
the impulse of the last bre
tient of contradiction, mor
by their own judgment tha
better or a safer way to the
dined to consider counsel a
want of confidence, and to
no other terms than unreser
plicit compliance. Some a
equally careful to conceal g

and pleased with producing effects by invisible means, and shewing their design only in its execution. Others are universally communicative, alike open to every eye, and equally profuse of their own secrets and those of others, without the necessary vigilance of caution, or the honest arts of prudent integrity, ready to accuse without malice, and to betray without treachery. Any of these may be useful to the community, and pass through the world with the reputation of good purposes and uncorrupted morals, but they are unfit for close and tender intimacies. He cannot properly be chosen for a friend, whose kindness is exhaled by its own warmth, or frozen by the first blast of slander; he cannot be a useful counsellor, who will hear no opinion but his own; he will not much invite confidence whose principal maxim is to suspect; nor can the candour and frankness of that man be much esteemed, who spreads his arms to human-kind, and makes every man, without distinction, a denizen of his bosom.

That friendship may be at once fond and lasting, there must not only be equal virtue on each part, but virtue of the same kind; not only the same end must be proposed, but the same means must be approved by both. We are often, by superficial accomplishments and accidental endearments, induced to love those whom we cannot esteem; we are sometimes, by great abilities, and incontestible evidence of virtue, compelled to esteem those whom we cannot love. But friendship compounded of esteem and love, derives from one its tenderness, and its permanence from the other; and therefore *requires* not only that its candidates

should gain the judgme
attract the affections ; th
be firm in the day of dis
of jollity ; not only usefu
ing in familiar life ; th
cheerfulness as well as c
the gloom of fear and of

To this mutual compl
site an uniformity of opi
tive and conspicuous pri
parties in government, a
which every day operate
mon business of life F
ness has, perhaps been
tinue between men emin
yet such friends are to
digies than examples; a
to regulate our conduct
leap a precipice, becaus
and escaped with life.

It cannot but be extr
private kindness in the m
in which will necessaril
incidents, extending thei
and privacy. Men enga
motives, in contrary pa
with different eyes upon
most every question u
When such occasions of
ply is to betray our caus
ship by ceasing to dese
lose the happiness and di
live in perpetual constrai
betray: and who shall

friends shall yield, where neither believes himself mistaken, and both confess the importance of the question? What then remains but contradiction and debate? and from those what can be expected but acrimony and vehemence, the insolence or weariness of contest, and an extinction of benevolence? Exchange of endearments and intercourse of civility may continue, indeed, as boughs may for a while be verdant, when the root is wounded; but the poison of discord is infused, and though the countenance may preserve its smile, the heart is hardening and contracting.

That man will not be long agreeable, whom we see only in times of seriousness and severity; and therefore to maintain the softness and serenity of triumph, the vexation of defeat, and in time, a benevolence, it is necessary that friends partake each others pleasures as well as cares, and be led to the same diversions by similitude of taste. This is, however, not to be considered as equally indispensable with conformity of principles, because any man may honestly, according to the precepts of Horace, resign the gratifications of taste to the humour of another, and friendship may well deserve the sacrifice of pleasure, though not of conscience.

It was once confessed to me, by a painter, that no professor of his art ever loved another. This declaration is so far justified by the knowledge of life, as to damp the hopes of warm and constant friendship between men whom their studies have made competitors, and whom every favourer and every censurer are hourly inciting against each other. *The utmost* expectation that experience

tcan warrant, is, that they should forbear open hostilities and secret machinations, and when th whole fraternity is attacked, be able to unite against a common foe. Some, however, though few, may perhaps be found, in whom emulation has not been able to overpower generosity, who are distinguished from lower beings by nobler motives than the love of fame, and can preserve the sacred flame of friendship from the gusts of pride and the rubbish of interest.

Friendship is seldom lasting but between equals, or where the superiority on one side is reduced by some equivalent advantage on the other. Benefits which cannot be repaid, and obligations which cannot be discharged, are not commonly found to increase affection; they excite gratitude indeed, and heighten veneration, but commonly take away that easy freedom, and familiarity of intercourse, without which, though there may be fidelity, and zeal, and admiration, there cannot be friendship. Thus imperfect are all earthly blessings; the great effect of friendship is beneficence, yet by the first act of uncommon kindness it is endangered, like plants that bear their fruit and die. Yet this consideration ought not to restrain bounty or repress compassion; for duty is to be preferred before convenience, and he that loses part of the pleasures of friendship by his generosity, gains in its place the gratulation of his conscience.

N° 65. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1750.

——Garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas.——

The cheerful sage, when solemn dictates fail,
Conceals the moral counsel in a tale.

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades

as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresisitibly pleasant. He did not however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence, without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the musick of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and *give way to* every sensation that might soothe or *divert him.* He listened to every echo, he mount-

ed every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him;

the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills,

——χειμερίοι ποταμοὶ κατ' ὀρέσφι ῥεύηϊσ
Ἐς μισγάγκειαν συμβαλλέειν ὄβριμον ὕδωρ,
Τοῦδέ τε τηλόσε δῦσιν ἐν ὑλήεντι νάπῃσ ποιμήν.

Work'd into sudden rage by winter showers;
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours:
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distresed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought "hither; I have been now twenty years an in-"habitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw "man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and "follies, the dangers and escapes of this day, sink "*deep into* thy heart. Remember, my son, that

n life is the journey of a day. We rise
e morning of youth, full of vigour and full
pectation; we set forward with spirit and
, with gaiety and with diligence, and
l on a while in the straight road of piety
ds the mansions of rest. In a short time
emit our fervour, and endeavour to find
mitigation of our duty, and some more
means of obtaining the same end. We
relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to
rrified with crimes at a distance, but rely
our own constancy, and venture to ap-
h what we resolve never to touch. We
enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the
s of security. Here the heart softens, and
nce subsides; we are then willing to in-
whether another advance cannot be made,
hether we may not, at least, turn our eyes
the gardens of pleasure. We approach
with scruple and hesitation; we enter
, but enter timorous and trembling, and
s hope to pass through them without
g the road of virtue, which we, for a while,
in our sight, and to which we propose to
n. But temptation succeeds temptation,
one compliance prepares us for another;
time lose the happiness of innocence, and
e our disquiet with sensual gratifications.
legrees we let fall the remembrance of our
al intention, and quit the only adequate
t of rational desire. We entangle ourselves
usiness, immerge ourselves in luxury, and
throug hthe labyrinths of inconstancy, till
arkness of old age begins to invade us, and

" disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We " then look back upon our lives with horror, with " sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too " often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the " way of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who " shall learn from thy example not to despair, but " shall remember, that though the day is past, " and their strength is wasted, there yet remains " one effort to be made; that reformation is never " hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; " that the wanderer may at length return after all " his errors; and that he who implores strength " and courage from above, shall find danger and " difficulty give way before him. Go now, my " son, to thy repose, commit thyself to the care " of Omnipotence, and when the morning calls " again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy " life."

N° 66. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1750.

Pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remota
Erroris nebula.

——— How few
Know their own good; or knowing it, pursue?
How void of reason are our hopes and fears?

DRYD.

THE folly of human wishes and pursuits has always been a standing subject of mirth and declamation, and has been ridiculed and lamented

from age to age; till perhaps the fruitless repetition of complaints and censures may be justly numbered among the subjects of censure and complaint.

Some of these instructors of mankind have not contented themselves with checking the overflows of passion, and lopping the exuberance of desire, but have attempted to destroy the root as well as the branches; and not only to confine the mind within bounds, but to smooth it for ever by a dead calm. They have employed their reason and eloquence to persuade us, that nothing is worth the wish of a wise man, have represented all earthly good and evil as indifferent, and counted among vulgar errors the dread of pain and the love of life.

It is almost always the unhappiness of a victorious disputant, to destroy his own authority by claiming too many consequences, or diffusing his proposition to an indefensible extent. When we have heated our zeal in a cause, and elated our confidence with success, we are naturally inclined to pursue the same train of reasoning, to establish some collateral truth, to remove some adjacent difficulty, and to take in the whole comprehension of our system. As a prince, in the ardour of acquisition, is willing to secure his first conquest by the addition of another, add fortress to fortress and city to city, till despair and opportunity turn his enemies upon him, and he loses in a moment the glory of a reign.

The philosophers having found an easy victory over those desires which we produce in ourselves, and which terminate in some imaginary state of

happiness unknown and unattainable, proceeded
make farther inroads upon the heart, and attacl
at last our senses and our instincts. They contin
to war upon nature with arms, by which only fc
could be conquered; they therefore lost the t
phies of their former combats, and were conside
no longer with reverence or regard.

Yet it cannot be with justice denied, that th
men have been very useful monitors, and have l
many proofs of strong reason, deep penetrati
and accurate attention to the affairs of life, wh
it is now for business to separate from the foam
a boiling imagination, and to apply judiciously
our own use. They have shewn that most of
conditions of life, which raise the envy of
timorous, and rouse the ambition of the daring,
empty shows of felicity, which, when they beco
familiar, lose their power of delighting, and tl
the most prosperous and exalted have very few
vantages over a meaner and more obscure fortu
when their dangers and solicitudes are balan
against their equipage, their banquets, and tl
palaces.

It is natural for every man uninstructed to m
mur at his condition, because, in the general inf
city of life, he feels his own miseries, with
knowing that they are common to all the rest of
species; and therefore, though he will not be l
sensible of pain by being told that others are eq
ly tormented, he will at least be freed from
temptation of seeking by perpetual changes t
ease which is no where to be found; and thou
his disease still continues, he escapes the hazard
exasperating it by remedies.

The gratifications which affluence of wealth, extent of power, and eminence of reputation confer, must be always, by their own nature, confined to a very small number; and the life of the greater part of mankind must be lost in empty wishes and painful comparisons, were not the balm of philosophy shed upon us, and our discontent at the appearances of an unequal distribution soothed and appeased.

It seemed, perhaps, below the dignity of the great masters of moral learning to descend to familiar life, and caution mankind against that petty ambition which is known among us by the name of vanity; which yet had been an undertaking not unworthy of the longest beard and most solemn austerity. For though the passions of little minds, acting in low stations, do not fill the world with bloodshed and devastations, or mark, by great events, the periods of time, yet they torture the breast on which they seize, infect those that are placed within the reach of their influence, destroy private quiet and private virtue, and undermine insensibly the happiness of the world.

The desire of excellence is laudable, but is very frequently ill-directed. We fall by chance, into some class of mankind, and without consulting nature or wisdom, resolve to gain their regard by those qualities which they happen to esteem. I once knew a man remarkably dim-sighted, who, by conversing much with country gentlemen, found himself irresistably determined to sylvan honours. His great ambition was to shoot flying, and he therefore spent whole days in the woods pursuing game;

which before he was near enough to see them, his approach frighted away.

When it happens that the desire tends to objects which produce no competition, it may be overlooked with some indulgence, because, however fruitless or absurd, it cannot have ill effects upon the morals. But most of our enjoyments owe their value to the peculiarity of possession, and when they are rated at too high a value, give occasion to stratagems of malignity, and incite opposition, hatred and defamation. The contest of two rural beauties for preference and distinction, is often sufficiently keen and rancorous to fill their breasts with all those passions which are generally thought the curse only of senates, of armies, and of courts; and the rival dancers of an obscure assembly have their partisans and abettors, often not less exasperated against each other, than those who are promoting the interests of rival monarchs.

It is common to consider those whom we find infected with an unreasonable regard for trifling accomplishments, as chargeable with all the consequences of their folly, and as the authors of their own unhappiness: but, perhaps, those whom we thus scorn or detest have more claim to tenderness than has been yet allowed them. Before we permit our severity to break loose upon any fault or error, we ought surely to consider how much we have countenanced or promoted it. We see multitudes busy in the pursuit of riches, at the expence of wisdom and of virtue; but we see the rest of mankind approving their conduct, and inciting their eagerness, by paying that regard and *deference* to wealth which wisdom and virtue can

only deserve. We see women universally jealous of the reputation of their beauty, and frequently look with contempt on the care with which they study their complexions, endeavour to preserve or to supply the bloom of youth, regulate every ornament, twist their hair into curls, and shade their faces from the weather. We recommend the care of their nobler part, and tell them how little addition is made by all their arts to the graces of the mind. But when was it known that female goodness or knowledge was able to attract that officiousness, or inspire that ardour, which beauty produces whenever it appears? And with what hope can we endeavour to persuade the ladies, that the time spent at the toilet is lost in vanity, when they have every moment some new conviction, that their interest is more effectually promoted by a ribband well disposed, than by the brightest act of heroick virtue!

In every instance of vanity it will be found, that the blame ought to be shared among more than it generally reaches; all who exalt trifles by immoderate praise, or instigate needless emulation by invidious incitements, are to be considered as perverters of reason and corrupters of the world: and since every man is obliged to promote happiness and virtue, he should be careful not to mislead unwary minds, by appearing to set too high a value upon things by which no real excellence is conferred.

N° 67. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1750.

Αἱ δ' ἐλπίδες βόσκουσι φυγάδας, ὡς λόγος,
Καλῶς βλέπουσιν ὄμμασι, μέλλουσι δέ.

EURIP.

Exiles, the proverb says, subsist on hope,
Delusive hope still points to distant good,
To good that mocks approach.

THERE is no temper so generally indulged as hope; other passions operate by starts on particular occasions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the first power of comparing our actual with our possible state, and attends us through every stage and period, always urging us forward to new acquisitions, and holding out some distant blessings to our view, promising us either relief from pain, or increase of happiness.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be unsupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of this general blessing; or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises

what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.

I was musing on this strange inclination which every man feels to deceive himself, and considering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay prospect of futurity, when falling asleep, on a sudden I found myself placed in a garden, of which my sight could descry no limits. Every scene about me was gay and gladsome, light with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of spring, and all the choir of nature was singing in the groves. When I had recovered from the first raptures, with which the confusion of pleasure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that, at a small distance from me, there were brighter flowers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all the power of melody. The trees about me were beautiful with verdure, and fragrant with blossoms; but I was tempted to leave them by the sight of ripe fruits, which seemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked hastily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the field faded at my approach, the fruit fell before I reached it, the birds flew, still singing before me, and though I pressed onward with great celerity, I was still in sight of pleasures of which I could not yet gain the possession, and

which seemed to mock my diligence, and t
as I advanced.

Though I was confounded with so many
nations of joy and grief, I yet persisted to g
ward, in hopes that these fugitive delights wo
time be overtaken. At length I saw an innu
able multitude of every age and sex, who seeme
to partake of some general felicity; for
cheek was flushed with confidence, and ever
sparkled with eagerness; yet each appeare
have some particular and secret pleasure, and
few were willing to communicate their inten
or extend their concern, beyond themselves.
of them seemed, by the rapidity of their m
too busy to gratify the curiosity of a stranger
therefore I was content for a while to gaze
them, without interrupting them with trouble
inquiries. At last I observed one man worn
time, and unable to struggle in the crowd
therefore, supposing him more at leisure, I l
to accost him; but he turned from me with a
and told me he must not be disturbed, for the
hour of projection was now come, when Me
should lose his wings, and slavery should no l
dig the mine for gold.

I left him, and attempted another, whose
ness of mien, and easy movement, gave me r
to hope for a more agreeable reception; b
told me, with a low bow, that nothing w
make him more happy than an opportun
serving me, which he could not now want,
place which he had been twenty years soli
would be soon vacant. From him I had rec
to the next, who was departing in haste to

possession of the estate of an uncle, who by the course of nature could not live long. He that followed was preparing to dive for treasure in a new-invented bell; and another was on the point of discovering the longitude.

Being thus rejected wheresoever I applied myself for information, I began to imagine it best to desist from inquiry, and try what my own observation would discover: but seeing a young man, gay and thoughtless, I resolved upon one more experiment, and was informed that I was in the garden of HOPE, the daughter of DESIRE, and that all those whom I saw thus tumultuously bustling round me were incited by the promises of HOPE, and hasting to seize the gifts which she held in her hand.

I turned my sight upward, and saw a goddess in the bloom of youth sitting on a throne: around her lay all the gifts of fortune, and all the blessings of life were spread abroad to view; she had a perpetual gaiety of aspect, and every one imagined that her smile, which was impartial and general, was directed to himself, and triumphed in his own superiority to others, who had conceived the same confidence from the same mistake.

I then mounted an eminence, from which I had a more extensive view of the whole place, and could with less perplexity consider the different conduct of the crowds that filled it. From this station I observed, that the entrance into the garden of HOPE was by two gates, one of which was kept by REASON, and the other by FANCY. REASON was surly and scrupulous, and seldom turned the key without many interrogatories, and long hesitation; but FANCY was a kind and gentle portress, she held

her gate wide open, and welcomed a
the district under her superintende
the passage was crowded by all those
feared the examination of REASON, or
jected by her.

From the gate of REASON there v
the throne of HOPE, by a craggy, s
winding path, called the *Streight o*
which those who entered with the perm
guard endeavoured to climb. But t
surveyed the way very cheerfully befor
to rise, and marked out the several sti
progress, they commonly found une
stacles, and were obliged frequently to
sudden, where they imagined the wa
even. A thousand intricacies embarra
thousand slips threw them back, anc
pitfals impeded their advance. So forr
the dangers, and so frequent the misca
many returned from the first attemp
fainted in the midst of the way, and
small number were led up to the sumn
by the hand of FORTITUDE. Of tl
greater part, when they had obtair
which HOPE had promised them, r
labour which it cost, and felt in thei
regret of disappointment; the rest retir
prize, and were led by WISDOM to tl
CONTENT.

Turning then towards the gate of
could find no way to the seat of
though she sat full in view, and held
with an air of invitation, which filled
with rapture, the mountain was, on th

cessibly steep, but so channelled and shaded, that none perceived the impossibility of ascending it, but each imagined himself to have discovered a way to which the rest were strangers. Many expedients were indeed tried by this industrious tribe, of whom some were making themselves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But with all their labour, and all their artifices, they never rose above the ground, or quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of HOPE, but continued still to gaze at a distance, and laughed at the slow progress of those whom they saw toiling in the *Streight of Difficulty*.

Part of the favourites of FANCY, when they had entered the garden, without making, like the rest, an attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the vale of IDLENESS, a calm and undisturbed retirement, from whence they could always have HOPE in prospect, and to which they pleased themselves with believing that she intended speedily to descend. These were indeed scorned by all the rest; but they seemed very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were resolved to expect at ease the favour of the goddess.

Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to answer all my questions, and willing to communicate their mirth: but turning round I saw two dreadful monsters entering the vale, one of whom I knew to be AGE, and the other WANT. Sport and revelling were now at an end, and an universal shriek of affright and distress burst out, and awakened me.

N° 68. SATURDAY, NOV. 10, 1

Vivendum recte, cum propter plurima, tunc i
Præcipue causis ut linguas mancipiorum
Contemnas ; nam lingua mali pars pessima s
JU

Let us live well: were it alone for this
The baneful tongues of servants to despise:
Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds.
NER

THE younger Pliny has very justly observe
of actions that deserve our attention, th
splendid are not always the greatest.
and wonder, and applause, are not
but by external and adventitious circum
often distinct and separate from virtue and h
Eminence of station, greatness of effect, and
favours of fortune, must concur to place ex
in publick view; but fortitude, diligen
patience, divested of theirs how, glide unol
through the crowd of life, and suffer ar
though with the same vigour and constan
without pity and without praise.

This remark may be extended to all
life. Nothing is to be estimated by its effe
common eyes and common ears. A th
miseries make silent and invisible inroads o
kind, and the heart feels innumerable

which never break into complaint. Perhaps likewise, our pleasures are for the most part equally secret, and most are borne up by some private satisfaction, some internal consciousness, some latent hope, some peculiar prospect, which they never communicate, but reserve for solitary hours and clandestine meditation.

The main of life is, indeed, composed of small incidents and petty occurrences; of wishes for objects not remote, and grief for disappointments of no fatal consequence; of insect vexations which sting us and fly away, impertinencies which buzz a while about us, and are heard no more; of meteorous pleasures which dance before us and are dissipated; of compliments which glide off the soul like other musick, and are forgotten by him that gave and him that received them.

Such is the general heap out of which every man is to cull his own condition: for, as the chemists tell us, that all bodies are resolvable into the same elements, and that the boundless variety of things arises from the different proportions of a very few ingredients; so a few pains and a few pleasures are all the materials of human life, and of these the proportions are partly allotted by Providence, and partly left to the arrangement of reason and of choice.

As these are well or ill disposed, man is for the most part happy or miserable. For very few are involved in great events, or have their thread of life entwisted with the chain of causes on which armies or nations are suspended; and even those who seem wholly busied in publick affairs, and elevated *above low* cares or trivial pleasures, pass

the chief part of their time in familiar and domestick scenes; from these they come into publick life, to these they are every hour recalled by passions not to be suppressed; in these they have the reward of their toils, and to these at last they retire.

The great end of prudence is, to give cheerfulness to those hours, which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate; those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises, which he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.

It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

Every man must have found some whose lives, in every house but their own, was a continual series of hypocrisy, and who concealed under fair appearance bad qualities, which, whenever they thought themselves out of the reach of censure, broke out from their restraint, like winds imprisoned in their caverns, and whom every one had reason to love, but they whose love a wise man is chiefly solicitous to procure. And there are others who, without any show of general goodness, and without the attractions by which popularity is conci-

liated, are received among their own families as bestowers of happiness, and reverenced as instructors, guardians, and benefactors.

The most authentick witnesses of any man's character are those who know him in his own family, and see him without any restraint or rule of conduct, but such as he voluntarily prescribes to himself. If a man carries his virtue with him into his private apartments, and takes no advantage of unlimited power or probable secrecy; if we trace him through the round of his time, and find that his character, with those allowances which mortal frailty must always want, is uniform and regular, we have all the evidence of his sincerity, that one man can have with regard to another: and indeed, as hypocrisy cannot be its own reward, we may, without hesitation, determine that his heart is pure.

The highest panegyrick, therefore, that private virtue can receive, is the praise of servants. For, however vanity or insolence may look down with contempt on the suffrage of men undignified by wealth and unenlightened by education, it very seldom happens that they commend or blame without justice. Vice and virtue are easily distinguished. Oppression, according to Harrington's aphorism, will be felt by those that cannot see it; and perhaps, it falls out very often that, in moral questions, the philosophers in the gown and in the livery differ not so much in their sentiments, as in their language, and have equal power of discerning right, though they cannot point it out to others with equal address.

There are very few faults to be committed in solitude, or without some agents, partners, confederates, or witnesses; and therefore, the servant must commonly know the secrets of a master, who has any secrets to entrust; and failings, merely personal, are so frequently exposed by that security which pride and folly generally produce, and so inquisitively watched by that desire of reducing the inequalities of condition, which the lower orders of the world will always feel, that the testimony of a menial domestick can seldom be considered as defective for want of knowledge. And though its impartiality may be sometimes suspected, it is at least as credible as that of equals, where rivalry instigates censure, or friendship dictates palliation.

The danger of betraying our weakness to our servants, and the impossibility of concealimg it from them, may be justly considered as one motive to a regular and irreproachable life; for no condition is more hateful or despicable, than his who has put himself in the power of his servant; in the power of him whom, perhaps, he has first corrupted by making him subservient to his vices, and whose fidelity he therefore cannot enforce by any precepts of honesty or reason. It is seldom known, that authority, thus acquired, is possessed without insolence, or that the master is not forced to confess, by his tameness or forbearance, that he has enslaved himself by some foolish confidence. And his crime is equally punished, whatever part he takes, by the choice to which he is reduced; and he is from that fatal hour, in which he sacri*ficed his dig*nity to his passions, in perpetual dread

of insolence or defamation; of a controller at home, or an accuser abroad. He is condemned to purchase, by continual bribes, that secrecy which bribes never secured, and which, after a long course of submission, promises, and anxieties, he will find violated in a fit of rage, or in a frolick of drunkenness.

To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence; an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its horrors and solicitudes; and to make it yet more shameful and detestable, it is doomed often to stand in awe of those, to whom nothing could give influence or weight, but their power of betraying.

N° 69. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1750.

Flet quoque, ut in speculo rugas adspexit anilis,
Tyndaris; et secum, cur sit bis rapta, requirit
Tempus edax rerum, tuque invidiosa vetustas
Omnia destruitis: vitiataque dentibus aevi
Paulatim lenta consumitis omnia morte.

OVID.

The dreadful wrinkles when poor Helen spy'd,
Ah! why this second rape?—with tears she cry'd.
Time, thou devourer, and thou envious age,
Who all destroy with keen corroding rage,
Beneath your jaws, whate'er hath pleased or please,
Must sink, consum'd by swift or slow degrees.

ELPHINSTON.

An old Greek epigrammatist, intending to shew *the miseries that* attend the last stage of man,

imprecates upon those who are so f
wish for long life, the calamity of c
grow old from century to century.
that no adventitious or foreign pain w
that decrepitude itself was an epitome
is dreadful, and nothing could be a
curse of age, but that it should be e
yound its natural limits.

The most indifferent or negligent s
indeed scarcely retire without heavin
from a view of the last scenes of the
life, in which he finds those who in
parts of the drama were distinguishe
sition of conduct, contrariety of desig
militude of personal qualities, all invo
common distress, and all struggling w
which they cannot hope to overcome.

The other miseries, which way-lay
through the world, wisdom may esca
titude may conquer: by caution and
tion we may steal along with very littl
or incommode us; by spirit and vig
force a way, and reward the vexation
the pleasures of victory. But a time
when our policy and bravery shall
useless; when we shall all sink into
and sadness, without any power of rec
from the pleasures that have formerly
or any prospect of emerging into a se
sion of the blessings that we have lost

The industry of man has, indee
wanting in endeavours to procure
these hours of dejection and melanc
*gild the dread*ful gloom with artificial

most usual support of old age is wealth. He whose possessions are large, and whose chests are full, imagines himself always fortified against invasions on his authority. If he has lost all other means of government, if his strength and his reason fail him, he can at last alter his will; and therefore all that have hopes must likewise have fears, and he may still continue to give laws to such as have not ceased to regard their own interest.

This is, indeed, too frequently the cidadel of the dotard, the last fortress to which age retires, and in which he makes the stand against the upstart race and siezes his domains, disputes his commands, and cancels his prescriptions. But here, though there may be safety, there is no pleasure; and what remains is but a proof that more was once possessed.

Nothing seems to have been more universally dreaded by the ancients than orbity, or want of children; and indeed, to a man who has survived all the companions of his youth, all who have participated his pleasures and his cares, have been engaged in the same events, and filled their minds with the same conceptions, this full-peopled world is a dismal solitude. He stands forlorn and silent, neglected or insulted, in the midst of multitudes, animated with hopes which he cannot share, and employed in business which he is no longer able to forward or retard; nor can he find any to whom his life or his death are of importance, unless he has secured some domestick gratifications, some tender employments, and endeared himself

to some whose interest and gratitude may them to him.

So different are the colours of life, as we forward to the future, or backward to the and so different the opinions and sentiments this contrariety of appearance naturally pro that the conversation of the old and young generally with contempt or pity on either side a young man entering the world, with full hope and ardour of pursuit, nothing is so un ing as the cold caution, the faint expecta the scrupulous diffidence which experienc disappointments certainly infuse; and the old wonders in his turn that the world never can wiser, that neither precepts nor testimonie cure boys of their credulity and sufficiency that not one can be convinced that snares ar for him, till he finds himself entangled.

Thus one generation is always the scor wonder of the other, and the notions of the ol young are like liquors of different gravity an ture which never can unite. The spirits of sublimed by health and volatilised by passion leave behind them the phlegmatick sedime weariness and deliberation, and burst out in ter and enterprise. The tenderness therefore nature infuses, and which long habits of t cence confirm, is necessary to reconcile suc position; and an old man must be a fathe bear with patience those follies and absur which he will perpetually imagine himself t in the schemes and expectations, the pleasure the sorrows, of those who have not yet been ha *ed by time* and chilled by frustration.

Yet it may be doubted, whether the pleasure of seeing children ripening into strength, be not overbalanced by the pain of seeing some fall in the blossom, and others blasted in their growth; some shaken down by storms, some tainted with cankers, and some shrivelled in the shade; and whether he that extends his care beyond himself, does not multiply his anxieties more than his pleasures, and weary himself to no purpose, by superintending what he cannot regulate.

But though age be to every other of human beings sufficiently terrible, it is particularly to be dreaded by fine ladies, who have had no other end or ambition than to fill up the day and the night with dress, diversions, and flattery, and who, having made no acquaintance with knowledge or with business, have constantly caught all their ideas from the current prattle of the hour, and been indebted for all their happiness to compliments and treats.

With these ladies, age begins early, and very often lasts long; it begins when their beauty fades, when their mirth loses its sprightliness, and their motion its ease. From that time all which gave them joy vanishes from about them; they hear the praises bestowed on others, which used to swell their bosoms with exultation. They visit the seats of felicity and endeavour to continue the habit of being delighted. But pleasure is only received when we believe that we give it in return. Neglect and petulance inform them that their power and their value are past; and what then remains but a tedious and comfortless uniformity of

time, without any motion of the heart or ex of the reason!

Yet, however age may discourage us by i pearance from considering it in prospect, we all by degrees certainly be old; and therefo ought to inquire, what provision can be against that time of distress? what happiness stored up against the winter of life? and ho may pass our latter years with serenity and fulness?

If it has been found by the experience of kind, that not even the best seasons of life ar to supply sufficient gratifications; without a pating uncertain felicities, it cannot surely b posed, that old age, worn with labours, ha with anxieties, and tortured with diseases, s have any gladness of its own, or feel any sat tion from the contemplation of the present. the comfort that can now be expected must called from the past, or borrowed from the fu the past is very soon exhausted, all the eve actions of which the memory can afford pl are quickly recollected; and the future lie yond the grave, where it can be reached on virtue and devotion.

Piety is the only proper and adequate rel decaying man. He that grows old without gious hopes, as he declines into imbecillity, an pains and sorrows incessantly crowding upon falls into a gulph of bottomless misery, in every reflection must plunge him deeper, and he finds only new gradations of anguish and pices of horror.

N° 70. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17. 1750.

——*Argentea proles,*
Auro deterior, fulvo pretiosior ære.

OVID.

Succeeding times a silver age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.

DRYDEN.

HESIOD, in his celebrated distribution of mankind, divides them into three orders of intellects. "The first place," says he, "belongs to him that can by his own power discern what is right and fit, and penetrate to the remoter motives of action. The second is claimed by him that is willing to hear instruction, and can perceive right and wrong when they are shewn him by another; but he that has neither acuteness nor docility, who can neither find the way by himself, nor will be led by others, is a wretch without use or value."

If we survey the moral world, it will be found, that the same division may be made of men, with regard to their virtue. There are some whose principles are so firmly fixed, whose conviction is so constantly present to their minds, and who have raised in themselves such ardent wishes for the approbation of God, and the happiness with which he has promised to reward obedience and perseverance, that they rise above all other cares and considerations, and uniformly examine every action and desire, by comparing it with the divine com-

mands. There are others in a kind of equ
between good and ill, who are moved on th
part by riches or pleasure, by the gratificati
passion and the delights of sense; and, o
other, by laws of which they own the oblig
and rewards of which they believe the realit
whom a very small addition of weight turns
way. The third class consists of beings imm
in pleasure, or abandoned to passion, withou
desire of higher good, or any effort to extend
thoughts beyond immediate and gross satisfa

The second class is so much the most num
that it may be considered as comprising the
body of mankind. Those of the last are no
many, and those of the first are very few
neither the one nor the other fall much und
consideration of the moralist, whose precep
intended chiefly for those who are endeavour
go forward up the steeps of virtue, not for
who have already reached the summit, or
who are resolved to stay for ever in their p
situation.

To a man not versed in the living world, h
customed to judge only by speculative reaso
scarcely credible that any should be in this
of indifference, or stand undetermined and
gaged, ready to follow the first call to eithe
It seems certain, that either a man must l
that virtue will make him happy, and resolve
fore to be virtuous, or think that he may be
without virtue, and therefore cast off all ca
for his present interest. It seems impossibl
conviction should be on one side, and pract
the other; and that he who has seen the

ıld voluntarily shut his eyes, that he may
ith more tranquillity. Yet all these ab-
are every hour to be found; the
ıd best men deviate from known and
dged duties, by inadvertency or surprise;
t are good no longer than while tempta-
way, than while their passions are without
nts, and their opinions are free from the
ction of any other motive.

ıg the sentiments which almost every man
as he advances into years, is the expec-
uniformity of character. He that with-
ıaintance with the power of desire, the co-
distress, the complications of affairs, or the
partial influence, has filled his mind with
llence of virtue, and having never tired his
ın in any encounters with hope or fear, be-
able to stand firm whatever shall oppose it,
lways clamorous against the smallest failure,
exact the utmost punctualities of right,
onsider every man that fails in any part of
, as without conscience and without merit;
ıy of trust or love, of pity or regard; as
ıy whom all should join to drive out of
as a pest which all should avoid, or as a
hich all should trample.

not but by experience, that we are taught
ibility of retaining some virtues, and reject-
ers, or of being good or bad to a particular
For it is very easy to the solitary reasoner
e, that the same arguments by which the
fortified against one crime are of equal
ainst all, and the consequence very natur-
ows, that he whom they fail to move on any

occasion, has either never considered them, by some fallacy taught himself to evade the dity; and that therefore, when a man is l to be guilty of one crime, no farther evide needful of his depravity and corruption.

Yet such is the state of all moral virtue, is always uncertain and variable, sometimes e ing to the whole compass of duty, and som shrinking into a narrow space, and fortifyin a few avenues of the heart, while all the rest open to the incursions of appetite, or given the dominion of wickedness. Nothing the is more unjust than to judge of men by too an acquaintance and too slight inspection; often happens, that in the loose, and thougl and dissipated, there is a secret radical v which may shoot out by proper cultivation; the spark of heaven, though dimmed and obs ed, is yet not extinguished, but may, by the b of counsel and exhortation, be kindled into a l

To imagine that every one who is not com ly good is irrecoverably abandoned, is to su that all are capable of the same degrees of lence; it is indeed to exact from all, that perfe which none ever can attain. And since the p virtue is consistent with some vice, and the virt the greatest number with almost an equal pr tion of contrary qualities, let none too hastily clude, that all goodness is lost, though it ma a time be clouded and overwhelmed; for minds are the slaves of external circumstances conform to any hand that undertakes to n them, roll down any torrent of custom in v

they happen to be taught, or bend to any importunity that bears hard against them.

It may be particularly observed of women, that they are for the most part good or bad, as they fall among those who practise vice or virtue; and that neither education nor reason gives them much security against the influence of example. Whether it be that they have less courage to stand against opposition, or that their desire of admiration makes them sacrifice their principles to the poor pleasure of worthless praise, it is certain, whatever be the cause, that female goodness seldom keeps its ground against laughter, flattery, or fashion.

For this reason, every one should consider himself as entrusted, not only with his own conduct, but with that of others; and as accountable, not only for the duties which he neglects, or the crimes that he commits, but for that negligence and irregularity which he may encourage or inculcate.—Every man, in whatever station, has, or endeavours to have, his followers, admirers, and imitators; and with care, he ought to avoid not only crimes, but the appearance of crimes, and not only to practise virtue, but to applaud, countenance, and support it. For it is possible that for want of attention we may teach others faults from which ourselves are free, or by a cowardly desertion of a cause which we ourselves approve, may pervert those who fix their eyes upon us, and, having no rule of their own to guide their course, are easily misled by the aberrations of that example which they chuse for their direction.

N° 71. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 17

Vivere quod propero pauper, nec inutilis annis
Da veniam, properat vivere nemo satis.

MART.

True, Sir, I haste to live, your pardon give,
For tell me, who makes haste enough to live?

LEWIS.

MANY words and sentences are so frequen heard in the mouths of men, that a suppe cial observer is inclined to believe, that they m contain some primary principle, some great rule action, which it is proper always to have pres to the attention, and by which the use of ev hour is to be adjusted. Yet, if we consider conduct of those sententious philosophers, it often be found, that they repeat these aphoris merely because they have somewhere heard the because they have nothing else to say, or beca they think veneration gained by such appearan of wisdom, but that no ideas are annexed to words, and that according to the old blunde the followers of Aristotle, their souls are mere pi or organs, which transmit sounds, but do not derstand them.

Of this kind is the well known and well att ed position, that life is short, which may be he among mankind by an attentive auditor, m *times* a day, but which never yet within my re

of observation left any impression upon the mind: and perhaps, if my readers will turn their thoughts back upon their old friends, they will find it difficult to call a single man to remembrance, who appeared to know that life was short till he was about to lose it.

It is observable that Horace, in his account of the characters of men, as they are diversified by the various influence of time, remarks, that the old man is *dilator, spe longus*, given to procrastination, and inclined to extend his hopes to a great distance. So far are we generally from thinking what we often say of the shortness of life, that at the time when it is necessarily shortest, we form projects which we delay to execute, indulge such expectations as nothing but a long train of events can gratify, and suffer those passions to gain upon us, which are only excusable in the prime of life.

These reflections were lately excited in my mind, by an evening's conversation with my friend *Prospero*, who at the age of fifty-five, has bought an estate, and is now contriving to dispose and cultivate it with uncommon elegance. His great pleasure is to walk among stately trees, and lie musing in the heat of noon under their shade; he is therefore maturely considering how he shall dispose his walks and his groves, and has at last determined to send for the best plans from *Italy*, and forbear planting till the next season.

Thus is life trifled away in preparations to do what never can be done, if it be left unattempted till all the requisites which imagination can suggest are gathered together. Where our design terminates *only in our own* satisfaction, the mistake is

of no great importance; for the pleasure of expecting enjoyment, is often greater than that of obtaining it, and the completion of almost every wish is found a disappointment; but when many ages are interested in an undertaking, when any design is formed, in which the improvement or security of mankind is involved, nothing is more unworthy either of wisdom or benevolence, than to delay from time to time, or to forget how much every day that passes over us takes away from our power and how soon an idle purpose to do an action sinks into a mournful wish that it had once been done.

We are frequently importuned by the bacchanalian writers, to lay hold on the present hour, to catch the pleasures within our reach, and remember that futurity is not at our command.

Soon fades the rose; once past the fragrant hour,
The loiterer finds a bramble for a flow'r.

Το ρόδον απαλαζει βαιον χρονον. ην δε παρελθης,
Ζητων ευρησεις ουδε ρόδον αλλα βατον.

But surely these exhortations may, with equal propriety, be applied to better purposes; it may be at least inculcated, that pleasures are more safely postponed than virtues, and that greater loss is suffered by missing an opportunity of doing good than an hour of giddy frolick and noisy merriment.

When Baxter had lost a thousand pounds, which he had laid up for the erection of a school, he used frequently to mention the misfortune as an incitement to be charitable while God gives the power

of bestowing, and considered himself as culpable in some degree for having left a good action in the hands of chance, and suffered his benevolence to be defeated for want of quickness and diligence.

It is lamented by Hearne, the learned antiquary of Oxford, that this general forgetfulness of the fragility of life, has remarkably infected the students of monuments and records; as their employment consists first in collecting, and afterwards in arranging or abstracting what libraries afford them, they ought to amass no more than they can digest; but when they have undertaken a work, they go on searching and transcribing, call for new supplies, when they are already overburdened, and at last leave their work unfinished. *It is*, says he, *the business of a good antiquary, as of a good man, to have mortality always before him.*

Thus, not only in the slumber of sloth, but in the dissipation of ill directed industry, is the shortness of life generally forgotten. As some men lose their hours in laziness, because they suppose, that there is time enough for the reparation of neglect; others busy themselves in providing that no length of life may want employment; and it often happens, that sluggishness and activity are equally surprised by the last summons, and perish not more differently from each other, than the fowl that received the shot in her flight, from her that is killed upon the bush.

Among the many improvements made by the last centuries in human knowledge, may be numbered the exact calculations of the value of life; but whatever may be their use in traffick, they seem very little to have advanced morality. They

have hitherto been rather applied to the acquisition of money, than of wisdom; the computer refers none of his calculations to his own tenure, but persists, in contempt of probability, to fortel old age to himself, and believes that he is marked out to reach the utmost verge of human existence, and see thousands and ten thousands fall into the grave.

So deeply is this fallacy rooted in the heart, and so strongly guarded by hope and fear against the approach of reason, that neither science nor experience can shake it; and we act as if life were without end, though we see and confess its uncertainty and shortness.

Divines have, with great strength and ardour, shewn the absurdity of delaying reformation and repentance; a degree of folly indeed, which sets eternity to hazard. It is the same weakness, in proportion to the importance of the neglect, to transfer any care, which now claims our attention, to a future time; we subject ourselves to needless dangers from accidents which early diligence would have obviated, or perplex our minds by vain precautions, and make provision for the execution of designs, of which the opportunity, once missed, never will return.

As he that lives longest lives but a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to waste. The duties of life are commensurate to its duration, and every day brings its task, which if neglected is doubled on the morrow. But he that has already trifled away those months and years, in which he should have laboured, must remember *that he has now* only a part of that of which the

hole is little; and that since the few moments maining are to be considered as the last trust of aven, not one is to be lost.

o 72. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1750.

Omnis Aristippum decuit status, et color, et res,
Sectantem majora fere, presentibus æquum.

HOR.

Yet Aristippus ev'ry dress became;
In ev'ry various change of life the same;
And though he aim'd at things of higher kind,
Yet to the present held an equal mind.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOSE who exalt themselves into the chair of nstruction, without inquiring whether any will ubmit to their authority, have not sufficiently onsidered how much of human life passes in ittle incidents, cursory conversation, slight busi- ess, and casual amusements; and therefore they ave endeavoured only to inculcate the more wful virtues, without condescending to regard those etty qualities, which grow important only by heir frequency, and which, though they produce o single acts of heroism, nor astonish us by great vents, yet are every moment exerting their in- *luence upon us*, and make the draught of life

sweet or bitter by imperceptible instillations. They operate unseen and unregarded, as change of air makes us sick or healthy, though we breathe it without attention, and only know the particles that impregnate it by their salutary or malignant effects.

You have shewn yourself not ignorant of the value of those subaltern endowments, yet have hitherto neglected to recommend good humour to the world, though a little reflection will shew you that it is the *balm of being*, the quality to which all that adorns or elevates mankind must owe its power of pleasing. Without good-humour, learning and bravery can only confer that superiority which swells the heart of the lion in the desert, where he roars without reply, and ravages without resistance. Without good-humour, virtue may awe by its dignity, and amaze by its brightness; but must always be viewed at a distance, and will scarcely gain a friend or attract an imitator.

Good-humour may be defined a habit of being pleased; a constant and perennial softness of manner, easiness of approach, and suavity of disposition; like that which every man perceives in himself, when the first transports of a new felicity have subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses. Good-humour is a state between gaiety and unconcern; the act or emanation of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification of another.

It is imagined by many, that whenever they aspire to please, they are required to be merry, and to shew the gladness of their souls by flights of *pleasantry* and bursts of laughter. But though these

men may be for a time heard with applause and admiration, they seldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to easiness and good-humour, as the eye gazes awhile on eminences glittering with the sun, but soon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers.

Gaiety is to good-humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance; the one overpowers weak spirits, and the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy and despair. Good-humour boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.

It is well known that the most certain way to give any man pleasure, is to persuade him that you receive pleasure from him, to encourage him to freedom and confidence, and to avoid any such appearance of superiority as may overbear and depress him. We see many that, by this art only, spend their days in the midst of caresses, invitations, and civilities; and without any extraordinary qualities or attainments, are the universal favourites of both sexes, and certainly find a friend in every place. The darlings of the world will, indeed, be generally found such as excite neither jealousy nor fear, and are not considered as candidates for any eminent degree of reputation, but content themselves with common accomplishments, and endeavour rather to solicit kindness than to raise esteem; therefore, in assemblies and places of resort, it seldom fails to happen, that though at the entrance of *some* particular person every face bright-

ens with gladness, and every hand is extended in salutation, yet if you pursue him beyond the first exchange of civilities, you will find him of very small importance, and only welcome to the company, as one by whom all conceive themselves admired, and with whom any one is at liberty to amuse himself when he can find no other auditor or companion, as one with whom all are at ease, who will hear a jest without criticism, and a narrative without contradiction, who laughs with every wit, and yields to every disputer.

There are many whose vanity always inclines them to associate with those from whom they have no reason to fear mortification; and there are times in which the wise and knowing are willing to receive praise without the labour of deserving it, in which the most elevated mind is willing to descend, and the most active to be at rest. All therefore are at some hour or another fond of companions whom they can entertain upon easy terms, and who will relieve them from solitude, without condemning them to vigilance and caution. We are most inclined to love when we have nothing to fear, and he that encourages us to please ourselves, will not be long without preference in our affection to those whose learning holds us at the distance of pupils, or whose wit calls all attention from us, and leaves us without importance and without regard.

It is remarked by prince Henry, when he sees Falstaff lying on the ground, that *he could have better spared a better man.* He was well acquainted with the vices and follies of him whom he lamented; but while his conviction compelled him to do

justice to superior qualities, his tenderness still broke out at the remembrance of Falstaff, of the cheerful companion, the loud buffoon, with whom he had passed his time in all the luxury of idleness, who had gladded him with unenvied merriment, and whom he could at once enjoy and despise.

You may perhaps think this account of those who are distinguished for their good-humour not very consistent with the praises which I have bestowed upon it. But surely nothing can more evidently shew the value of this quality, than that it recommends those who are destitute of all other excellencies, and procures regard to the trifling, friendship to the worthless, and affection to the dull.

Good-humour is indeed generally degraded by the characters in which it is found; for being considered as a cheap and vulgar quality, we find it often neglected by those that, having excellencies of higher reputation and brighter splendour, perhaps imagine that they have some right to gratify themselves at the expence of others, and are to demand compliance, rather than to practise it. It is by some unfortunate mistake that almost all those who have any claim to esteem or love, press their pretensions with too little consideration of others. This mistake, my own interest, as well as my zeal for general happiness makes me desirous to rectify; for I have a friend, who, because he knows his own fidelity and usefulness, is never willing to sink into a companion; I have a wife whose beauty first subdued me, and whose wit confirmed her conquest, but whose beauty now serves no *other purpose* than to entitle her to tyranny,

and whose wit is only used to justify perverseness.

Surely nothing can be more unreasonable than to lose the will to please, when we are conscious of the power, or shew more cruelty than to chuse any kind of influence before that of kindness. He that regards the welfare of others should make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that considers the want which every man feels or will feel of external assistance, must rather wish to be surrounded by those that love him, than by those that admire his excellencies, or solicit his favours; for admiration ceases with novelty, and interest gains its end and retires. A man whose great qualities want the ornament of superficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted.

I am, &c.

PHILOMIDES.

N° 73. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1750.

Stulte quid heu votis frustra puerilibus optas
Quæ non ulla tulit, fertve, feretve dies.

OVID.

Why thinks the fool with childish hope to see
What neither is, nor was, nor e'er shall be?

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

If you feel any of that compassion which you recommend to others, you will not disregard a case which I have reason from observation to believe very common, and which I know by experience to be very miserable. And though the querulous are seldom received with great ardour of kindness, I hope to escape the mortification of finding that my lamentations spread the contagion of impatience, and produce anger rather than tenderness. I write not merely to vent the swelling of my heart, but to inquire by what means I may recover my tranquillity; and shall endeavour at brevity in my narrative, having long known that complaint quickly tires, however elegant or however just.

I was born in a remote county, of a family that boasts alliance with the greatest names in English history, and extends its claims of affinity to the *Tudors* and *Plantagenets*. My ancestors, by little and little, *wasted* their patrimony, till my father

had not enough left for the support of a family, without descending to the cultivation of his own grounds, being condemned to pay three sisters the fortunes allotted them by my grandfather, who is suspected to have made his will when he was incapable of adjusting properly the claims of his children, and who, perhaps without design, enriched his daughters by beggaring his son. My aunts being, at the death of their father, neither young nor beautiful, nor very eminent for softness of behaviour, were suffered to live unsolicited, and by accumulating the interest of their portions grew every day richer and prouder. My father pleased himself with foreseeing that the possessions of those ladies must revert at last to the hereditary estate, and that his family might lose none of its dignity, resolved to keep me untainted with a lucrative employment. Whenever therefore I discovered any inclination to the improvement of my condition, my mother never failed to put me in mind of my birth, and charged me to do nothing with which I might be reproached when I should come to my aunt's estate.

In all the perplexities or vexations which want of money brought upon us, it was our constant practice to have recourse to futurity. If any of our neighbours surpassed us in appearance, we went home and contrived an equipage, with which the death of my aunts was to supply us. If any purse-proud upstart was deficient in respect, vengeance was referred to the time in which our estate was to be repaired. We registered every act of civility and rudeness, inquired the number of dishes at every feast, and minuted the furniture of every

hat we might, when the hour of affluence
:ome, be able to eclipse all their splendour
)ass all their munificence.

i plans of elegance and schemes of pleasure
rose and set, and the year went round un-
l, while we were busied in laying out plan-
on ground not yet our own, and deliberat-
ther the manor-house should be rebuilt or
. This was the amusement of our leisure,
solace of our exigencies; we met together
:ontrive how our approaching fortune should
yed; for in this our conversation always
on whatever subject it began. We had
the collateral interests, which diversified
of others with joys and hopes, but had
ur whole attention to one event, which we
:ither hasten nor retard, and had no other
f curiosity, than the health or sickness of
s, of which we were careful to procure very
id early intelligence.

visionary opulence for a while soothed our
tion, but afterwards fired our wishes and
ited our necessities; and my father could
ays restrain himself from exclaiming, that
ture had so many lives as a cat and an old
At last, upon the recovery of his sister from
which she was supposed to have caught by
fire, he began to lose his stomach, and
)nths afterwards sunk into the grave.

nother, who loved her husband, survived
a little while, and left me the sole heir of
ds, their schemes, and their wishes. As I
enlarged my conceptions either by books
:rsation, I differed only from my father by

the freshness of my cheeks and the vigour of
step; and like him, gave way to no thoughts,
of enjoying the wealth which my aunts w
hoarding.

At length the eldest fell ill. I paid the civ
ties and compliments which sickness requires w
the utmost punctuality. I dreamed every night
escutcheons and white gloves, and inquired eve
morning at an early hour, whether there were a
news of my dear aunt. At last a messenger
sent to inform me that I must come to her with
the delay of a moment. I went and heard her
advice, but opening her will, found that she h
left her fortune to her second sister.

I hung my head; the younger sister threaten
to be married, and every thing was disappointm
and discontent. I was in danger of losing irrep
ably one third of my hopes, and was condemned
to wait for the rest. Of part of my terror I
soon eased; for the youth, whom his relatie
would have compelled to marry the old lady, afi
innumerable stipulations, articles and settlemen
run away with the daughter of his father's groo
and my aunt, upon this conviction of the perfi
of man, resolved never to listen more to amoro
addresses.

Ten years longer I dragged the shackles of e
pectation, without ever suffering a day to pass,
which I did not compute how much my chan
was improved of being rich to-morrow. At l
the second lady died, after a short illness, whi
yet was long enough to afford her time for t
disposal of her estate, which she gave to me aft
the death of her sister.

I was now relieved from part of my misery; a larger fortune, though not in my power, was certain and unalienable; nor was there now any danger, that I might at last be frustrated of my hopes by a fret of dotage, the flatteries of a chamber-maid, the whispers of a tale-bearer, or the officiousness of a nurse. But my wealth was yet in reversion, my aunt was to be buried before I could emerge to grandeur and pleasure; and there were yet, according to my father's observation, nine lives between me and happiness.

I however lived on, without any clamours of discontent, and comforted myself with considering, that all are mortal, and they who are continually decaying must at last be destroyed.

But let no man from this time suffer his felicity to depend on the death of his aunt. The good gentlewoman was very regular in her hours and simple in her diet, and in walking or sitting still, waking or sleeping, had always in view the preservation of her health. She was subject to no disorder but hypochondriac dejection; by which, without intention, she increased my miseries, for whenever the weather was cloudy, she would take her bed and send me notice that her time was come. I went with all the haste of eagerness, and sometimes received passionate injunctions to be kind to her maid, and directions how the last offices should be performed; but if before my arrival the sun happened to break out, or the wind to change, I met her at the door, or found her in the garden bustling and vigilant, with all the tokens of long life.

Sometimes, however, she fell into distempers, and was thrice given over by the doctor, yet she found means of slipping through the gripe of death, and after having tortured me three months at each time with violent alternations of hope and fear, came out of her chamber without any other hurt than the lose of flesh, which in a few weeks she recovered by broths and jellies.

As most have sagacity sufficient to guess at the desires of an heir, it was the constant practice of those who were hoping at second hand, and endeavoured to secure my favour against the time when I should be rich, to pay their court, by informing me that my aunt began to droop, that she had lately a bad night, that she coughed feebly, and that she could never climb May-hill; or at least, that the autumn would carry her off. Thus was I flattered in the winter with the piercing winds of March, and in summer with the fogs of September. But she lived through spring and fall, and set heat and cold at defiance, till after near half a century, I buried her on the fourteenth of last June, aged ninety-three years, five months, and six days.

For two months after her death I was rich, and was pleased with that obsequiousness and reverence which wealth instantaneously procures. But this joy is now past, and I have returned again to my old habit of wishing. Being accustomed to give the future full power over my mind, and to start away from the scene before me to some expected enjoyment, I deliver up myself to the tyranny of every desire which fancy suggests, and long for a thousand things which I am unable to procure. Money has much less power than is ascribed to it

y those that want it. I had formed schemes hich I cannot execute, I had supposed events hich do not come to pass, and the rest of my fe must pass in craving solicitude, unless you can nd some remedy for a mind, corrupted with an nveterate disease of wishing, and unable to think n any thing but wants, which reason tells me will ever be supplied.

I am &c.

CUPIDUS.

N° 74. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1750.

Risatur de lana sæpe caprina.

HOR.

For nought tormented, she for nought torments.

ELPHINSTON.

Men seldom give pleasure, where they are not pleased themselves; it is necessary, therefore, to cultivate an habitual alacrity and cheerfulness, that in whatever state we may be placed by Providence, whether we are appointed to confer or receive benefits, to implore or to afford protection, we may secure the love of those with whom we transact. For though it is generally imagined, that he who grants favours may spare any attention to his behaviour, and that usefulness will always procure friends; *yet it has been* found, that there is an art

of granting requests, an art very difficult of attainment; that officiousness and liberality may be so adulterated, as to lose the greater part of their effect; that compliance may provoke, relief may harass, and liberality distress.

No disease of the mind can more fatally disable it from benevolence, the chief duty of social beings, than ill-humour or peevishness; for though it breaks not out in paroxysms of outrage, nor bursts into clamour, turbulence, and bloodshed, it wears out happiness by slow corrosion, and small injuries incessantly repeated. It may be considered as the canker of life, that destroys its vigour and checks its improvement, that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

Peevishness, when it has been so far indulged as to outrun the motions of the will, and discover itself without premeditation, is a species of depravity in the highest degree disgusting and offensive, because no rectitude of intention nor softness of address, can ensure a moment's exemption from affront and indignity. While we are courting the favour of a peevish man, and exerting ourselves in the most diligent civility, an unlucky syllable displeases, an unheeded circumstance ruffles and exasperates; and in the moment when we congratulate ourselves upon having gained a friend, our endeavours are frustrated at once, and all our assiduity forgotten in the casual tumult of some trifling irritation.

This troublesome impatience is sometimes nothing more than the symptom of some deeper malady. He that is angry without daring to con-

fess his resentment, or sorrowful without the liberty of telling his grief, is too frequently inclined to give vent to the fermentations of his mind at the first passages that are opened, and to let his passions boil over upon those whom accident throws in his way. A painful and tedious course of sickness frequently produces such an alarming apprehension of the least increase of uneasiness, as keeps the soul perpetually on the watch, such a restless and incessant solicitude, as no care or tenderness can appease, and can only be pacified by the cure of the distemper, and the removal of that pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakness, is the captiousness of old age. When the strength is crushed, the senses dulled, and the common pleasures of life become insipid by repetition, we are willing to impute our uneasiness to causes not wholly out of our power, and please ourselves with fancying that we suffer by neglect, unkindness, or any evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented or repaired. We therefore revenge our pains upon those on whom we resolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greatest need of tenderness and assistance.

But though peevishness may sometimes claim our compassion, as the consequence or concomitant of misery, it is very often found, where nothing can justify or excuse its admission. It is frequently one of the attendants on the prosperous, and is employed by insolence in exacting homage, or by tyranny in harassing subjection. It is the offspring of *idleness or pride*; of idleness, anxious for trifles;

or pride unwilling to endure the least obstruction of her wishes. Those who have long lived in solitude indeed naturally contract this unsocial quality; because, having long had only themselves to please, they do not readily depart from their own inclinations; their singularities therefore are only blameable, when they have imprudently or morosely withdrawn themselves from the world; but there are others, who have, without any necessity, nursed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit submissiveness the condition of their favour, and suffering none to approach them, but those who never speak but to applaud, or move but to obey.

He that gives himself up to his own fancy, and converses with none but such as he hires to lull him on the down of absolute authority, to soothe him with obsequiousness, and regale him with flattery, soon grows too slothful for the labour of contest, too tender for the asperity of contradiction, and too delicate for the coarseness of truth; a little opposition offends, a little restraint enrages, and a little difficulty perplexes him; having been accustomed to see every thing give way to his humour, he soon forgets his own littleness, and expects to find the world rolling at his back, and all mankind employed to accommodate and delight him.

Tetrica had a large fortune bequeathed to her by an aunt, which made her very early independent, and placed her in a state of superiority to all about her. Having no superfluity of understanding, she was soon intoxicated by the flatteries of her maid, who informed her, that ladies, such as she, had no*thing to do* but take pleasure their own way; that

anted nothing from others, and had therefore ason to value their opinion; that money was thing; and that they who thought themill-treated, should look for better usage among equals.

arm with these generous sentiments, Tetrica forth into the world, in which she endeavourforce respect by haughtiness of mien and ience of language; but having neither birth, y, nor wit, in any uncommon degree, she sufsuch mortifications from those who thought elves at liberty to return her insults, as reduced rbulence to cooler malignity, and taught her actise her arts of vexation only where she hope to tyrannize without resistance. She ued from her twentieth to her fifty-fifth year nent all her inferiors with so much diligence, e has formed a principle of disapprobation, ds in every place something to grate her d disturb her quiet.

takes the air, she is offended with the heat the glare of the sun, or the gloom of the if she makes a visit, the room in which she eceived is too light, or too dark, or furh something which she cannot see with-on. Her tea is never of the right sort; on the China give her disgust. Where hildren, she hates the gabble of brats; are none, she cannot bear a place witheerfulness and rattle. If many servants house, she never fails to tell how Lord ruined by a numerous retinue; if few, ie story of a miser that made his comthemselves. She quarrelled with one

family, because she had an unpleasant
their windows; with another, because
leaped within two yards of her; and w
because she could not bear the noise of

Of milliners and mantua-makers she
verbial torment. She compels them t
work, then to unmake it, and contrive
other fashion; then changes her mind,
better as it was at first; then will have
provement. Thus she proceeds till n
recompense the vexation; they at la
clothes at her house, and refuse to serv
maid, the only being that can endure l
professes to take her own course, a
mistress talk. Such is the consequence
ness; it can be borne only when it is

It sometimes happens that too close
to minute exactness, or a too rigorous
amining every thing by the standard o
vitiates the temper, rather than improv
standing, and teaches the mind to d
with unhappy penetration. It is incid
to men of vigorous imagination to pleas
too much with futurities, and to fret b
expectations are disappointed which
have been formed. Knowledge an
often enemies to quiet, by suggesting
cellence, which men and the performa
cannot attain. But let no man rashl
that his unwillingness to be pleased
understanding, unless his superiority
less doubtful evidence; for though
may sometimes justly boast its descen

ing or from wit, it is much oftener of base extraction, the child of vanity and nursling of ignorance.

N° 75. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4. 1750.

Diligitur nemo, nisi cui Fortuna secunda est,
Quæ, simul intonuit, proxima quæque fugat.

OVID.

While smiling fortune spreads her golden ray,
All crowd around to flatter and obey;
But when she thunders from an angry sky,
Our friends, our flatterers, our lovers fly.

MISS A. W.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THE diligence with which you endeavour to cultivate the knowledge of nature, manners, and life, will perhaps incline you to pay some regard to the observations of one who has been taught to know mankind by unwelcome information, and whose opinions are the result, not of solitary conjectures, but of practice and experience.

I was born to a large fortune, and bred to the knowledge of those arts which are supposed to accomplish the mind, and adorn the person, of a woman. To these attainments, which custom and education almost forced upon me, I added some voluntary *acquisitions* by the use of books, and the

conversation of that species of men wl ladies generally mention with terror and under the name of scholars, but whom I ha a harmless and inoffensive order of beings much wiser than ourselves, but that they ceive as well as communicate knowledge, a inclined to degrade their own character by ly submission, than to overbear or oppress their learning or their wit.

From these men, however, if they are treatment encouraged to talk, something gained, which, embellished with elegancy a ened by modesty, will always add dignity a to female conversation; and from my acqu with the bookish part of the world, I deriv principles of judgment and maxims of p by which I was enabled to draw upon my general regard in every place of conc pleasure. My opinion was the great rul probation; my remarks were remembered who desired the second degree of fame; r was studied; my dress was imitated; m were handed from one family to another, by those who copied them as sent to ther my visits were solicited as honours; and mu boasted of an intimacy with Melissa, who l seen me by accident, and whose familia never proceeded beyond the exchange of a ment, or return of a courtesy.

I shall make no scruple of confessing th pleased with this universal veneration, beca ways considered it as paid to my intrinsick and inseparable merit, and very easily pe *myself*, that fortune had no part in my sup

When I looked upon my glass, I saw youth and beauty, with health that might give me reason to hope their continuance; when I examined my mind, I found some strength of judgment and fertility of fancy; and was told that every action was grace, and every accent was persuasion.

In this manner my life passed like a continual triumph amidst acclamations, and envy and courtship and caresses: to please Melissa was the general ambition, and every stratagem of artful flattery was practised upon me. To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them: for they prove, at least, our power, and shew that our favour is valued, since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood. But, perhaps, the flatterer is not often detected, for an honest mind is not apt to suspect, and no one exerts the power of discernment with much vigour when self-love favours the deceit.

The number of adorers, and the perpetual distraction of my thoughts by new schemes of pleasure, prevented me from listening to any of those who crowd in multitudes to give girls advice, and kept me unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-seventh year, when as I was towering in all the pride of uncontested excellency, with a face yet little impaired, and a mind hourly improving, the failure of a fund in which my money was placed, reduced me to a frugal competency, which allowed little beyond neatness and independence.

I bore the diminution of my riches without any outrages of sorrow or pusillanimity of dejection. *Indeed I did not know how much I had lost, for,*

having always heard and thought more of my wit and beauty, than of my fortune, it did not suddenly enter my imagination, that Melissa could sink beneath her established rank, while her form and her mind continued the same; that she could cease to raise admiration but by ceasing to deserve it, or feel any stroke but from the hand of time.

It was in my power to have concealed the loss, and to have married, by continuing the same appearance, with all the credit of my original fortune; but I was not so far sunk in my own esteem, as to submit to the baseness of fraud, or to desire ony other recommendation than sense and virtue. I therefore dismissed my equipage, sold those ornaments which were become unsuitable to my new condition, and appeared among those with whom I used to converse with less glitter, but with equal spirit.

I found myself received at every visit, with sorrow beyond what is naturally felt for calamities in which we have no part, and was entertained with condolence and consolation, so frequently repeated, that my friends plainly consulted, rather their own gratification, than my relief. Some from that time refused my acquaintance, and forbore, without any provocation, to repay my visits; some visited me, but after a longer interval than usual, and every return was still with more delay; nor did any of my female acquaintances fail to introduce the mention of my misfortunes, to compare my present and former condition, to tell me how much it must trouble me to want the splendour which I became so well, to look at pleasures which

I had formerly enjoyed, and to sink to a level with those by whom I had been considered as moving in a higher sphere, and who had hitherto approached me with reverence aud submission, which I was now no longer to expect.

Observations like these are commonly nothing better than covert insults, which serve to give vent to the flatulence of pride, but they are now and then imprudently uttered by honesty and benevolence, and inflict pain where kindness is intended. I will therefore, so far maintain my antiquated claim to politeness, as to venture the establishment of this rule, that no one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means proposed of alleviating. You have no right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by absurd and unseasonable compassion.

My endless train of lovers immediately withdrew, without raising any emotions. The greater part had indeed always professed to court, as it is termed, upon the square, had inquired my fortune, and offered settlements; these had undoubtedly a right to retire without censure, since they had openly treated for money, as necessary to their happiness, and who can tell how little they wanted any other portion? I have always thought the clamours of women unreasonable, who imagine themselves injured because the men who followed them upon the supposition of a greater fortune, reject them when they are discovered to have less. I have never known any lady, who did not think

and surely what is claimed by the possession of money is justly forfeited by its loss. She that has once demanded a settlement has allowed the importance of fortune; and when she cannot shew pecuniary merit, why should she think her cheapener obliged to purchase?

My lovers were not all contented with silent desertion. Some of them revenged the neglect which they had formerly endured by wanton and superfluous insults, and endeavours to mortify me, by paying, in my presence, those civilities to other ladies which were once devoted only to me. But, as it had been my rule to treat men according to the rank of their intellect, I had never suffered any one to waste his life in suspence, who could have employed it to better purpose, and had therefore no enemies but coxcombs, whose resentment and respect were equally below my consideration.

The only pain which I have felt from degradation, is the loss of that influence which I had always exerted on the side of virtue, in the defence of innocence, and the assertion of truth. I now find my opinions slighted, my sentiments criticised, and my arguments opposed by those that used to listen to me without reply, and struggle to be first in expressing their conviction.

The female disputants have wholly thrown off my authority; and if I endeavour to enforce my reasons by an appeal to the scholars that happen to be present, the wretches are certain to pay their court by sacrificing me and my system to a finer gown, and I am every hour insulted with contradiction by cowards, who could never find till lately that Melissa was liable to error.

There are two persons only whom I cannot charge with having changed their conduct with my change of fortune. One is an old curate that has passed his life in the duties of his profession, with great reputation for his knowledge and piety; the other is a lieutenant of dragoons. The parson made no difficulty in the height of my elevation to check me when I was pert, and instruct me when I blundered; and if there is any alteration, he is now more timorous lest his freedom should be thought rudeness. The soldier never paid me any particular address, but very rigidly observed all the rules of politeness, which he is now so far from relaxing, that whenever he serves the tea, he obstinately carries me the first dish, in defiance of the frowns and whispers of the table.

This, Mr. RAMBLER, is to *see the world*. It is impossible for those that have only known affluence and prosperity, to judge rightly of themselves or others. The rich and the powerful live in a perpetual masquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters; and we only discover in what estimation we are held, when we can no longer give hopes or fears.

I am, &c.

MELISSA.

N° 76. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1

——Silvis ubi passim
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,
Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit, unus ut
Error, sed variis illudit partibus.

HOR.

While mazy error draws mankind astray
From truth's sure path, each takes his devious
One to the right, one to the left recedes,
Alike deluded, as each fancy leads.

ELPHINST

It is easy for every man, whatever be hi
racter with others, to find reasons for este
himself; and therefore censure, contempt, o
viction of crimes, seldom deprive him of hi
favour. Those, indeed, who can see only ex
facts, may look upon him with abhorrence
when he calls himself to his own tribunal, h
every fault, if not absolutely effaced, yet so
palliated by the goodness of his intention, a
cogency of the motive, that very little g
turpitude remains; and when he takes a sur
the whole complication of his character, he
vers so many latent excellencies, so many v
that want but an opportunity to exert them
in act, and so many kind wishes for univers
piness, that he looks on himself as suffering u
under the infamy of single failings, while the
ral temper of his mind is unknown or unreg

It is natural to mean well, when only abst

ideas of virtue are proposed to the mind, and no particular passion turns us aside from rectitude; and so willing is every man to flatter himself, that the difference between approving laws and obeying them is frequently forgotten; he that acknowledges the obligations of morality, and pleases his vanity with enforcing them to others, concludes himself zealous in the cause of virtue, though he has no longer any regard to her precepts, than they conform to his own desires; and counts himself among her warmest lovers, because he praises her beauty, though every rival steals away his heart.

There are, however, great numbers who have little recourse to the refinements of speculation, but who yet live at peace with themselves, by means which require less understanding, or less attention. When their hearts are burdened with the consciousness of a crime, instead of seeking for some remedy within themselves, they look round upon the rest of mankind, to find others tainted with the same guilt: they please themselves with observing, that they have numbers on their side; and that though they are hunted out from the society of good men, they are not likely to be condemned to solitude.

It may be observed, perhaps without exception, that none are so industrious to detect wickedness, or so ready to impute it, as they whose crimes are apparent and confessed. They envy an unblemished reputation, and what they envy they are busy to destroy: they are unwilling to suppose themselves meaner and more corrupt than others, and therefore willingly pull down from their elevations those with whom they cannot rise to an

equality. No man yet was ever wicked without secret discontent; and according to the different degrees of remaining virtue or unextinguished reason, he either endeavours to reform himself, or corrupt others; either to regain the station which he has quitted, or prevail on others to imitate his defection.

It has always been considered as an alleviation of misery not to suffer alone, even when union and society can contribute nothing to resistance or escape; some comfort of the same kind seems to incite wickedness to seek associates, though indeed another reason may be given; for as guilt is propagated the power of reproach is diminished, and among numbers equally detestable every individual may be sheltered from shame, though not from conscience.

Another lenitive by which the throbs of the breast are assuaged, is, the contemplation, not of the same, but of different crimes. He that cannot justify himself by his resemblance to others, is ready to try some other expedient, and to inquire what will rise to his advantage from opposition and dissimilitude. He easily finds some faults in every human being, which he weighs against his own, and easily makes them preponderate while he keeps the balance in his own hand, and throws in or takes out at his pleasure, circumstances that make them heavier or lighter. He then triumphs in his comparative purity, and sets himself at ease, not because he can refute the charges advanced against him, but because he can censure his accusers with equal justice, and no longer fears the *arrows of* reproach, when he has stored his maga-

zine of malice with weapons equally sharp and equally envenomed.

This practice, though never just, is yet specious and artful, when the censure is directed against deviations to the contrary extreme. The man who is branded with cowardice may, with some appearance of propriety, turn all his force of argument against a stupid contempt of life, and rash precipitation into unnecessary danger. Every recession from temerity is an approch towards cowardice, and though it be confessed that bravery, like other virtues, stands between faults on either hand, yet the place of the middle point may always be disputed; he may therefore often impose upon careless understandings, by turning the attention wholly from himself, and keeping it fixed invariably on the opposite fault; and by shewing how many evils are avoided by his behaviour, he may conceal for a time those which are incurred.

But vice has not always opportunities or address for such artful subterfuges; men often extenuate their own guilt, only by vague and general charges upon others, or endeavour to gain rest to themselves, by pointing some other prey to the pursuit of censure.

Every whisper of infamy is industriously circulated, every hint of suspicion eagerly improved, and every failure of conduct joyfully published, by those whose interest it is, that the eye and voice of the publick should be employed on any rather than on themselves.

All these artifices and a thousand others equally vain and equally despicable, are incited by that conviction of the deformity of wickedness, from

distresses unfelt, or as the common-pl
solicitous for splendor of sentences and
remark. Yet it cannot be denied that
content must proceed from frequent ha
tho' it is evident that not more than one
can deserve the censure of being mor
learning than any other, yet at all time
must have encountered impediments,
mortified with contempt or harassed with

It is not necessary, however, to joi
ly in the outcry, or to condemn manki
with ignorance, or always envious of
lities. The miseries of the learned h
lated by themselves, and since they h
found exempt from that partiality wit
look upon their own actions and st
may conclude that they have not
deck their cause with the brightest or
strongest colours. The logician col
subtilties when they were to be emp
own defence; and the master of rhetc
against his adversary all the arts by
is embittered and indignation inflamed

To believe no man in his own cause,
ing and perpetual rule of distributive ju
therefore, in the controversy betwee
and their enemies, we have only the
party, of the party more able to del
derstandings and engage our passions,
termine our opinion by facts uncontes
dences on each side allowed to be gen

By this procedure, I know not whe
dents will find their cause promoted,
passion which they expect much incr

heir conduct be impartially surveyed: let them ɔe allowed no longer to direct attention at their ɔleasure, by expatiating on their own deserts; let ıeither the dignity of knowledge overawe the judgnent, nor the graces of elegance seduce it. It vill then, perhaps, be found, that they were not ble to produce claims to kinder treatment, but ɔrovoked the calamities which they suffered, and eldom wanted friends, but when they wanted virtue.

That few men celebrated for theoretick wisdom ive with conformity to their precepts, must be eadily confessed; and we cannot wonder that the ndignation of mankind rises with great vehemence gainst those who neglect the duties which they ppear to know with so strong conviction the neessity of performing. Yet since no man has power f acting equal to that of thinking, I know not vhether the speculatist may not sometimes incur ensures too severe, and by those who form ideas f his life from their knowledge of his books, be onsidered as worse than others, only because he vas expected to be better.—He, by those writings he heart is rectified, the appetites counteracted, nd the passions repressed, may be considered as not nprofitable to the great republick of humanity, even ho' his behaviour should not always exemplify his ules. His instructions may diffuse their influence to egions, in which it will not be inquired, whether he author be *albus an ater*, good or bad; to times vhen all his faults and all his follies shall be lost in orgetfulness, among things of no concern or imɔortance to the world; and he may kindle in housands and ten thousands that flame which burns *limly in himself*, through the fumes of passion

or the damps of cowardice. The vicious
may be considered as a taper, by which
lighted through the labyrinth of complica
sions; he extends his radiance further
heat, and guides all that are within vi
burns only those who make too near appr

Yet since good or harm must be receive
most part from those to whom we are f
known, he whose vices overpower his vi
the compass to which his vices can extend
reason to complain that he meets not with
or veneration, when those with whom h
his life are more corrupted by his pract
enlightened by his ideas. Admiratio
where acquaintance ceases; and his favo
distant, but his enemies at hand.

Yet many have dared to boast of negle
rit, and to challenge their age for crue
folly, of whom it cannot be alleged th
have endeavoured to increase the wisdom
of their readers. They have been at onc
gate in their lives and licentious in their
tions; have not only forsaken the paths
but attempted to lure others after them.
have smoothed the road of perdition, cove
flowers the thorns of guilt, and taught ter
sweeter notes, and softer blandishments.

It has been apparently the settled pu
some writers, whose powers and acquisitio
them high in the rank of literature, to se
on the side of wickedness; to recomm
bauchery and lewdness, by associating th
qualities most likely to dazzle the discern
attract the affections; and to shew innoc

goodness with such attendant weaknesses as necessarily expose them to contempt and derision.

Such naturally found intimates among the corrupt, the thoughtless, and the intemperate; passed their lives amidst the levities of sportive idleness, or the warm professions of drunken friendship; and fed their hopes with the promises of wretches, whom their precepts had taught to scoff at truth. But when fools had laughed away their sprightliness, and the languors of excess could no longer be relieved, they saw their protectors hourly drop away, and wondered and stormed to find themselves abandoned. Whether their companions persisted in wickedness or returned to virtue, they were left equally without assistance; for debauchery is selfish and negligent, and from virtue the virtuous only can expect regard.

It is said by Florus of Cataline, who died in the midst of slaughtered enemies, that his death had been illustrious, had it been suffered for his country. Of the wits who have languished away life under the pressures of poverty, or in the restlessness of suspense, caressed and rejected, flattered and despised, as they were of more or less use to those who stiled themselves their patrons, it might be observed, that their miseries would enforce compassions, had they been brought upon them by honesty and religion.

The wickedness of a loose and profane author is more atrocious than that of the giddy libertine or drunken ravisher, not only because it extends its effects wider, as a pestilence that taints the air is more destructive than poison infused in a draught, but because it is committed with cool deliberation,

By the instantaneous violence of desire, a good man may sometimes be surprised before reflection can come to his rescue; when the appetites have strengthened their influence by habit, they are not easily resisted or suppressed; but for the frigid villany of studious lewdness, for the calm malignity of laboured impiety, what apology can be invented? What punishment can be adequate to the crime of him who retires to solitude for the refinement of debauchery; who tortures his fancy, and ransacks his memory, only that he may leave the world less virtuous than he found it; that he may intercept the hopes of the rising generation; and spread snares for the soul with more dexterity!

What were their motives, or what their excuses, is below the dignity of reason to examine. If, having extinguished in themselves the distinction of right and wrong, they were insensible of the mischief which they promoted, they deserved to be hunted down by the general compact, as no longer partaking of social nature; if influenced by the corruption of patrons or readers, they sacrificed their own convictions to vanity or interest, they were to be abhorred with more acrimony than he that murders for pay; since they committed greater crimes without greater temptations.

Of him to whom much is given, much shall be required. Those whom God has favoured with superior faculties, and made eminent for quickness of intuition and accuracy of distinctions, will certainly be regarded as culpable in his eye, for defects and deviations which, in souls less enlightened, may be guiltless. But surely, none can think without horror on that man's condition, who has

been more wicked in proportion as he had more means of excelling in virtue, and used the light imparted from heaven only to embellish folly, and shed lustre upon crimes.

N° 78. SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1750.

—— Fors sola fatetur.
Quæ ntula sint hominum corpuscula.

JUV.

Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul how small a body holds.

DRYDEN.

CORPORAL sensation is known to depend so much upon novelty, that custom takes away from many things their power of giving pleasure or pain. Thus a new dress becomes easy by wearing it, and the palate is reconciled by degrees to dishes which at first disgusted it. That by long habit of carrying a burden we lose, in a great part, our sensibility of its weight, any man may be convinced by putting on for half an hour the armour of our ancestors; for he will scarcely believe that men would have had much inclination to marches and battles, encumbered and oppressed, as he will find himself, with the ancient panoply. Yet the heroes that overrun regions and stormed towns in iron accoutrements, he knows not to have been *bigger, and has* no reason to imagine them stronger

than the present race of men; he therefore must conclude, that their peculiar powers were conferred only by peculiar habits, and that their familiarity with the dress of war enabled them to move in it with ease, vigour, and agility.

Yet it seems to be the condition of our present state, that pain should be more fixed and permanent than pleasure. Uneasiness gives way by slow degrees, and is long before it quits its possession of the sensory; but all our gratifications are volatile, vagrant and easily dissipated. The fragrance of the jessamine bower is lost after the enjoyment of a few moments, and the Indian wanders among his native spices, without any sense of their exhalations. It is, indeed, not necessary to shew by many instances what all mankind confess, by an incessant call for variety, and restless pursuit of enjoyments, which they value only because unpossessed.

Something similar, or analogous, may be observed in effects produced immediately upon the mind; nothing can strongly strike or affect us, but what is rare or sudden. The most important events, when they become familiar, are no longer considered with wonder or solicitude, and that which first filled up our whole attention, and left no room for any other thought, is soon thrust aside into the remote repository of the mind, and lies among the lumber of the memory, overlooked and neglected. Thus far the mind resembles the body, but the similitude is at an end.

The manner in which external force acts on the body is very little subject to the regulation of the will; no man can at pleasure obtund or *exacerbate his senses*, prolong the agency of any

traced upon the eye, or any sound infused into the ear. But our ideas are more subjected to choice, we can call them before us, and command their stay, we can facilitate and promote their recurrence, we can either repress their intrusion or hasten their retreat. It is therefore the business of wisdom and virtue to select, among numberless objects striving for our notice, such as may enable us to exalt our reason, extend our views, and secure our happiness. But this choice is to be made with very little regard to rareness or frequency; for nothing is valuable because it is either rare or common, but because it is adapted to some useful purpose, and enables us to supply some deficiency of our nature.

Milton has judiciously represented the father of mankind, as seized with horror and astonishment at the sight of death, exhibited to him on the mount of vision. For surely, nothing can so much disturb the passions, or perplex the intellects of man, as the disruption of his union with visible nature; a separation from all that has hither to delighted or engaged him; a change not only of the place, but the manner of his being; an entrance into a state not simply which he knows not, but which perhaps he has not faculties to know; an immediate and perceptible communication with the supreme being, and, what is above all distressful and alarming, the final sentence, and unalterable allotment.

Yet we to whom the shortness of life has given frequent occasions of contemplating mortality, can without emotion see generations of men pass away, and are at leisure to establish modes of sorrow, and adjust the ceremonial of death. We can look *upon funeral pomp* as a common spectacle in which

we have no concern, and turn away from it to trifles and amusements, without dejection of look or inquietude of heart.

It is, indeed, apparent from the construction of the world, that there must be a time for other thoughts; and a perpetual meditation upon the last hour, however it may become the solitude of a monastery, is inconsistant with many duties of common life. But surely the remembrance of death ought to predominate in our minds, as an habitual and settled principle, always operating, though not always perceived; and our attention should seldom wander so far from our own condition, as not to be recalled and fixed by the sight of an event, which must soon, we know not how soon, happen likewise to ourselves, and of which, though we cannot appoint the time, we may secure the consequence.

Every instance of death may justly awaken our fears and quicken our vigilance, but its frequency so much weakens its effect, that we are seldom alarmed unless some close connection is broken, some scheme frustrated, or some hope defeated. Many therefore seem to pass on from youth to decrepitude without any reflection on the end of life, because they are wholly involved within themselves, and look on others only as inhabitants of the common earth, without any expectation of receiving good, or intention of bestowing it.

Events of which we confess the importance, excite little sensibility, unless they affect us more nearly than as sharers in the common interest of mankind; that desire which every man feels of being remembered and lamented, is often mortified when we remark how little concern is caused by

the eternal departure even of those who have passed their lives with publick honours, and been distinguished by extraordinary performances. It is not possible to be regarded with tenderness except by a few. That merit which gives greatness and renown, diffuses its influence to a wide compass, but acts weakly on every single breast; it is placed at a distance from common spectators, and shines like one of the remote stars, of which the light reaches us, but not the heat. The wit, the hero, the philosopher, whom their tempers or their fortunes have hindered from intimate relations, die, without any other effect than that of adding a new topick to the conversation of the day. They impress none with any fresh conviction of the fragility of our nature, because none have any particular interest in their lives, or was united to them by a reciprocation of benefits and endearments.

Thus it often happens, that those who in their lives were applauded and admired, are laid at last in the ground without the common honour of a stone; because by those excellencies with which many were delighted, none had been obliged, and, though they had many to celebrate they had none to love them.

Custom so far regulates the sentiments, at least of common minds, that I believe men may be generally observed to grow less tender as they advance in age. He who, when life was new, melted at the loss of every companion, can look in time, without concern, upon the grave into which his last friend was thrown, and into which himself is ready to fall; not that he is more willing to die than *formerly, but* that he is more familiar to the

death of others, and therefore is not alarmed so far as to consider how much nearer he approaches to his end. But this is to submit tamely to the tyranny of accident, and to suffer our reason to lie useless. Every funeral may justly be considered as a summons to prepare for that state, into which it shews us that we must some time enter; and the summons is more loud and piercing, as the event of which it warns us is at less distance. To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.

It has always appeared to me one of the most striking passages in the visions of Quevedo, which stigmatises those as fools who complain that they failed of happiness by sudden death. "How," says he, "can death be sudden to a being who al-"ways knew that he must die, and that the time "of his death was uncertain?"

Since business and gaiety are always drawing our attention away from a future state, some admonition is frequently necessary to recall it to our minds; and what can more properly renew the impression than the examples of mortality which every day supplies? The great incentive to virtue is the reflection that we must die; it will therefore be useful to accustom ourselves, whenever we see a funeral, to consider how soon we may be added to the number of those whose probation is past, and whose happiness or misery shall endure for ever.

79. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18. 1750.

Tam sæpe nostrum decipi Fabullum, quid
Miraris, Aule? semper bonus homo tiro est.

MART.

You wonder I've so little wit,
Friend John, so often to be bit.—
None better guard against a cheat
Than he who is a knave complete.

F. LEWIS.

JSPICION, however necessary it may be to our
e passage through ways beset on all sides by
ud and malice, has been always considered, when
exceeds the common measures, as a token of
ravity and corruption; and a Greek writer
sentences has laid down as a standing maxim, that
who believes not another on his oath, knows
nself to be perjured.

We can form our opinions of that which we
ow not, only by placing it in comparison with
nething that we know; whoever therefore is
errun with suspicion, and detects artifice and
atagem in every proposal, must either have learn-
by experience or observation the wickedness of
nkind, and been taught to avoid fraud by having
en suffered or seen treachery, or he must derive
judgment from the consciousness of his
n disposition, and impute to others the same
linations, which he feels predominant in him-
f.

To learn caution by turning our eyes u
and observing the arts by which negligenc
prised, timidity overborne, and credulity
requires either great latitude of converse a
acquaintance with business, or uncommon
of vigilance and acuteness of penetration.
therefore a young man, not distinguishe
gour of intellect, comes into the world full
ples and diffidence; makes a bargain wi
provisional limitations; hesitates in his a
a common question, lest more should be i
than he can immediately discover; has
reach in detecting the projects of his acqua
considers every caress as an act of hypoc
feels neither gratitude nor affection from
derness of his friends, because he believe
to have any real tenderness but for himself
ever expectations this early sagacity may
his future eminence or riches, I can sel
bear to consider him as a wretch incapab
nerosity or benevolence, as a villain early cc
beyond the need of common opportuni
gradual temptations.

Upon men of this class instruction and
tion are generally thrown away, because t
sider artifice and deceit as proofs of underst
they are misled at the same time by the t
seducers of the world, vanity and interest,
only look upon those who act with open
confidence, as condemned by their prin
obscurity and want, but as contemptible
rowness of comprehension, shortness of vi
slowness of contrivance.

The world has been long amused with the mendion of policy in public transcations, and of art in private affairs; they have been considered as the effects of great qualities, and as unattainable by men of the common level: yet I have not found many performances either of art or policy, that required such stupendous efforts of intellect, or might not have been effected by falshood and impudence, without the assistance of any other powers. To profess what he does not mean, to promise what he cannot perform, to flatter ambition with prospects of promotion, and misery with hopes of relief, to soothe pride with appearances of submission, and appease enmity by blandishments and bribes, can surely imply nothing more or greater than a mind devoted wholly to its own purposes, a face that cannot blush, and a heart that cannot feel.

These practices are so mean and base, that he who finds in himself no tendency to use them, cannot easily believe that they are considered by others with less detestation; he therefore suffers himself to slumber in false security, and becomes a prey to those who applaud their own subtilty; because they know how to steal upon his sleep, and exult in the success which they could never have obtained, had they not attempted a man better than themselves, who was hindered from obviating their stratagems, not by folly, but by innocence.

Suspicion is, indeed, a temper so uneasy and restless, that it is very justly appointed the concomitant of guilt. It is said, that no torture is equal to the inhibition of sleep long continued; a pain, to which the state of that man bears a very exact

analogy, who dares never give rest to his
and circumspection, but considers himsel
rounded by secret foes, and fears to en
children or his friend with the secret th
in his breast, and the anxieties that breal
face. To avoid, at this expence, those
which easiness and friendship might have
him, is surely to buy safety at too dear a
in the language of the Roman satirist, to
by losing all for which a wise man would

When in the diet of the German em
Camerarius relates, the princes were once
ing their felicity, and each boasting the ad
of his own dominions, one who possessed
not remarkable for the grandeur of its
the fertility of its soil, rose to speak, and
listened between pity and contempt, til
clared, in honour of his territories, that
travel through them without a guard,
was weary, sleep in safety upon the lap of
man whom he should meet; a comm
which would have been ill exchanged for
of palaces, pastures, or streams.

Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue
happiness: he that is already corrupt is
suspicious, and he that becomes suspici
quickly be corrupt. It is too common
learn the frauds by which ourselves have
men who are once persuaded that deceit
employed against them, sometimes think
arts justified by the necessity of defence.
they whose virtue is too well established
way to example, or be shaken by sophist
yet feel their love of mankind diminish

their esteem, and grow less zealous for the happiness of those by whom they imagined their own happiness endangered.

Thus we find old age, upon which suspicion has been strongly impressed by long intercourse with the world, inflexible and severe, not easily softened by submission, melted by complaint, or subdued by supplication. Frequent experience of counterfeited miseries and dissembled virtue, in time overcomes that disposition to tenderness and sympathy which is so powerful in our younger years; and they that happen to petition the old for compassion or assistance, are doomed to languish without regard, and suffer for the crimes of men who have formerly been found undeserving or ungrateful.

Historians are certainly chargeable with the depravation of mankind, when they relate without censure those stratagems of war by which the virtues of an enemy are engaged to his destruction. A ship comes before a port, weather-beaten and shattered, and the crew implore the liberty of repairing their breaches, supplying themselves with necessaries, or burying their dead. The humanity of the inhabitants inclines them to consent; the strangers enter the town with weapons concealed, fall suddenly upon their benefactors, destroy those that make resistance, and become masters of the place; they return home rich with plunder, and their success is recorded to encourage imitation.

But surely war has its laws, and ought to be conducted with some regard to the universal interest of man. Those may justly be pursued as enemies to the community of nature, who suffer *hostility to vacate* the unalterable laws of right,

and pursue their private advantage by means w
if once established, must destroy kindness, cu
from every man all hopes of assistance from
ther, and fill the world with perpetual susp
and implacable malevolence. Whatever is
gained ought to be restored, and those who
conquered by such treachery may be justly de
the protection of their native country.

Whoever commits a fraud is guilty not onl
the particular injury to him whom he dece
but of the diminution of that confidence w
constitutes not only the ease but the existenc
society. He that suffers by imposture has
often his virtue more impaired than his fort
But as it is necessary not to invite robbery
supineness, so it is our duty not to suppress
derness by suspicion; it is better to suffer w
than to do it, and happier to be sometimes che
than not to trust.

N° 80. SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1750.

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Silvæ laborantes——

HOR.

Behold yon mountain's hoary height,
Made higher with new mounts of snow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the lab'ring woods below.

DRYDEN.

As Providence has made the human soul an active being, always impatient for novelty, and struggling for something yet unenjoyed with unwearied progression, the world seems to have been eminently adapted to this disposition of the mind; it is formed to raise expectations by constant vicissitudes, and to obviate satiety by perpetual change.

Wherever we turn our eyes, we find something to revive our curiosity and engage our attention. In the dusk of the morning we watch the rising of the sun, and see the day diversify the clouds and open new prospects in its gradual advance. After a few hours, we see the shades lengthen, and the light decline, till the sky is resigned to a multitude of shining orbs different from each other in magnitude and splendour. The earth varies its appearance as we move upon it; the woods offer their shades, and the fields their harvests; the hill that-

ters with an extensive view, and the valey i
with shelter, fragrance, and flowers.

The poets have numbered among the fel
of the golden age, an exemption from the c
of seasons, and a perpetuity of spring; but
not certain that in this state of imaginary h
ness they have made sufficient provision fo
insatiable demand of new gratifications,
seems particularly to characterise the nat
man. Our sense of delight is in a great m
comparative, and arises at once from the sens
which we feel, and those which we remem
Thus ease after torment is pleasure for a
and we are very agreeably recreated, whe
body, chilled with the weather, is gradual
covering its natural tepidity; but the joy
when we have forgot the cold: we must fall
ease again, if we desire to rise above it, an
chase new felicity by voluntary pain. It is
fore not unlikely, that however the fancy m
amused with the description of regions in wh
wind is heard but the gentle zephyr, and no
are displayed but valleys enamelled with
ing flowers, and woods waving their pe
verdure, we should soon grow weary of un
ity, find our thoughts languish for want of
subjects, call on heaven for our wonted ro
seasons, and think ourselves liberally recom
for the inconveniencies of summer and winte
new perceptions of the calmness and mildn
the intermediate variations.

Every season has its particular power of st
the mind. The nakedness and asperity

winter world always fills the beholder with pensive and profound astonishment; as the variety of the scene is lessened, its grandeur is increased; and the mind is swelled at once by the mingled ideas of the present and the past, of the beauties which have vanished from the eyes, and the waste and desolation that are now before them.

It is observed by Milton, that he who neglects to visit the country in spring, and rejects the pleasures that are then in their first bloom and fragrance, is guilty of sullenness against nature. If we allot different duties to different seasons, he may be charged with equal disobedience to the voice of nature, who looks on the bleak hills and leafless woods, without seriousness and awe. Spring is the season of gaiety, and winter of terror; in spring, the heart of tranquillity dances to the melody of the groves, and the eye of benevolence sparkles at the sight of happines and plenty; in the winter, compassion melts at universal calamity, and the tear of softness starts at the wailings of hunger, and the cries of the creation in distress.

Few minds have much inclination to indulge heaviness and sorrow, nor do I recommend them beyond the degree necessary to maintain in its full vigour that habitual sympathy and tenderness, which in a world of so much misery, is necessary to the ready discharge of our most important duties. The winter therefore is generally celebrated as the proper season for domestick merriment and gaiety. We are seldom invited by the votaries of pleasure to look abroad for any other purpose, than that we may shrink back with more satisfaction to our coverts, and when we have

heard the howl of the tempest, and felt the gripe of the frost, congratulate each other with more gladness upon a close room, an easy chair, a large fire, and a smoking dinner.

Winter brings natural inducements to jollity and conversation. Differences, we know, are never so effectually laid asleep, as by some common calamity: An enemy unites all to whom he threatens danger. The rigour of winter brings generally to the same fire-side those who, by the opposition of inclinations, or difference of employment, move in various directions through the other parts of the year; and when they have met, and find their mutual interest to remain together, they endear each other by mutual compliances, and often wish for the continuance of the social season, with all its bleakness and all its severities.

To the men of study and imagination the winter is generally the chief time of labour. Gloom and silence produce composure of mind and concentration of ideas; and the privation of external pleasure naturally causes an effort to find entertainment within. This is the time in which those whom literature enables to find amusements for themselves, have more than common convictions of their own happiness. When they are condemned by the elements to retirement, and debarred from most of the diversions which are called in to assist the flight of time, they can find new subjects of inquiry, and preserve themselves from that weariness which hangs always flagging upon the vacant mind.

It cannot indeed be expected of all to be poets and philosophers; it is necessary that the greater

part of mankind should be employed in the minute business of common life; minute indeed, not if we consider its influence upon our happiness, but if we respect the abilities necessary to conduct it. These must necessarily be more dependent on accident for the means of spending agreeably those hours which their occupations leave unengaged, or nature obliges them to allow to relaxation. Yet even on these I would willingly impress such a sense of the value of time, as may incline them to find out for their careless hours amusements of more use and dignity than the common games, which not only weary the mind without improving it, but strengthen the passions of envy and avarice and often lead to fraud and to profusion, to corruption and to ruin. It is unworthy of a reasonable being to spend any of the little time allotted us, without some tendency, either direct or oblique to the end of our existence. And though every moment cannot be laid out in the formal and regular improvement of our knowledge, or in the stated practice of a moral or religious duty, yet none should be so spent as to exclude wisdom or virtue, or pass without possibility of qualifying us more or less for the better employment of those which are to come.

It is scarcely possible to pass an hour in honest conversation, without being able when we rise from it, to please ourselves with having given or received some advantages; but a man may shuffle cards, or rattle dice, from noon to midnight, without tracing any new idea in his mind, or being able to recollect the day by any other token than

his gain or loss, and a confused remembrance of agitated passions and clamorous altercations.

However, as experience is of more weight than precept, any of my readers, who are contriving how to spend the dreary months before them, may consider which of their past amusements fills them now with the greatest satisfaction, and resolve to repeat those gratifications of which the pleasure is most durable.

N° 81. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1750.

Discite Justitiam moniti——

VIRG.

Hear, and be just.

AMONG questions which have been discussed without any approach to decision, may be numbered the precedency or superior excellence of one virtue to another, which has long furnished a subject of dispute to men whose leisure sent them out into the intellectual world in search of employment, and who have, perhaps, been sometimes withheld from the practice of their favourite duty, by zeal for its advancement and diligence in its celebration.

The intricacy of this dispute may be alleged as a proof of that tenderness for mankind which Providence has, I think, universally displayed, by *making* attainments easy in proportion as they are

necessary. That all the duties of morality ought to be practised, is without difficulty discoverable, because ignorance or uncertanty would immediately involve the world in confusion and distress; but which duty ought to be most esteemed we may continue to debate, without inconvenience, so all be diligently performed as there is opportunity or need: for upon practice, not upon opinion, depends the happiness of mankind; and controversies merely speculative are of small importance in themselves, however they may have sometimes heated a disputant, or provoked a faction.

Of the divine author of our religion it is impossible to peruse the evangelical histories, without observing how little he favoured the vanity of inquisitiveness; how much more rarely he condescended to satisfy curiosity, than to relieve distress; and how much he desired that his followers should rather excel in goodness than in knowledge. His precepts tend immediately to the rectification of the moral principles, and the direction of daily conduct, without ostentation, without art, at once irrefragable and plain, such as well-meaning simplicity may readily conceive, and of which we cannot mistake the meaning, but when we are afraid to find it.

The measure of justice precribed to us, in our transactions with others, is remarkably clear and comprehensive: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them;" a law by which every claim of right may be immediately adjusted, as far as the conscience requires to be informed; a law, of which every man may find the

exposition in his own breast, and which may be observed without any other qualificatio: honesty of intention and purity of will.

Over this law, indeed, some sons of so: have been subtle enough to throw mists, have darkened their own eyes. To perpl universal principle, they have inquired wh man, conscious to himself of unreasonable be bound to gratify them in another. But there needed no long deliberation to conclu the desires which are to be considered b the measure of right, must be such as we a and that we ought to pay no regard to th pectations in others which we condemn selves, and which, however they may intru our imagination, we know it our duty t and suppress.

One of the most celebrated cases whic been produced as requiring some skill in th tion of conscience to adapt them to this gr is that of a criminal asking mercy of his who cannot but know, that if he was in t of the supplicant, he should desire that which he now denies. The difficulty of phism will vanish, if we remember that the are in reality, on one side the criminal, the other the community, of which the ma is only the minister, and by which he is in with the publick safety. The magistrate fore, in pardoning a man unworthy of par trays the trust with which he is invested away what is not his own, and, apparent to others what he would not that others sh *to him.* Even the community, whose r

still greater to abitrary grants of mercy, is bound by those laws which regard the great republick of mankind, and cannot justify such forbearance as may promote wickedness, and lessen the general confidence and security, in which all have an equal interest, and which all are therefore bound to maintain. For this reason the state has not a right to erect a general sanctuary for fugitives, or give protection to such as have forfeited their lives by crime, against the laws of common morality equally acknowledged by all nations; because no people can, without infraction of the universal league of social beings, incite, by prospects of impunity and safety, those practices in another dominion, which they would themselves punish in their own.

One occasion of uncertainty and hesitation, in those by whom this great rule has been commented and dilated, is the confusion of what the exacter casuists are careful to distinguish, debts of *justice* and debts of *charity*. The immediate and primary intention of this precept, is to establish a rule of justice; and I know not whether invention or sophistry can start a single difficulty to retard its application, when it is thus expressed and explained,—'Let every man allow the claim of right in another, 'which he should think himself entitled to make 'in the like circumstances.'

The discharge of the debts of *charity*, or duties which we owe to others, not merely as required by justice, but as dictated by benevolence, admits in its own nature greater complication of circumstances and greater latitude of choice. Justice is indispensably and universally necessary, and what is necessary must always be limited, uniform, and

distinct. But beneficence, though in ge equally enjoined by our religion, and equally ful to the conciliation of the divine favour, i for the most part, with regard to its single elective and voluntary. We may certainly, out injury to our fellow-beings, allow in the c bution of kindness something to our affection change the measure of our liberality accordi our opinions and prospects, our hopes and This rule therefore is not equally determinat absolute with respect to offices of kindness acts of liberality, because liberality and kin absolutely determined, would lose their na for how could we be called tender or chari for giving that which we are positively forb to withhold?

Yet even in adjusting the extent of our ficence, no other measure can be taken thar precept affords us, for we can only know others suffer or want, by considering hov should be affected in the same state; nor c proportion our assistance by any other rule that of doing what we should then expect others. It indeed generally happens that the and receiver differ in their opinions of gener the same patiality to his own interest incline to large expectations, and the other to sparin tributions. Perhaps the infirmity of huma ture will scarcely suffer a man groaning unde pressure of distress, to judge rightly of the ness of his friends, or think they have done en till his deliverance is completed; not the what we might wish, but what we could de *from others*, we are obliged to grant, t

we can easily know how much we might
t is impossible to determine what we
ıope.
n all inquiries concerning the practice of
y and occasional virtues, it is safest for
ɔt oppressed with superstitious fears to de-
against their own inclinations, and secure
ɾes from deficiency, by doing more than
lieve strictly necessary. For of this every
y be certain, that, if he were to exchange
ns with his dependant, he should expect
ıan, without the exertion of his ardour,
will prevail upon himself to perform; and
ason has no settled rule, and our passions
ing to mislead us, it is surely the part of a
n to err on the side of safety.

2. SATURDAY, DEC. 29, 1750.

ia Castor emit, sic fiet ut omnia vendat.
MART.
ɔ buys without discretion, buys to sell.

TO THE RAMBLER.

not be necessary to solicit your good-will
formal preface, when I have informed
at I have long been known as the most la-
and *zealous* virtuoso that the present age has

had the honour of producing, and that inconveniencies have been brought upon me by an unextinguishable ardour of curiosity, and an unshaken perseverance in the acquisition of the productions of art and nature.

It was observed, from my entrance into the world, that I had something uncommon in my disposition, and that there appeared in me very early tokens of superior genius. I was always an enemy to trifles; the playthings which my mother bestowed upon me I immediately broke, that I might discover the method of their structure and the causes of their motions; of all the toys with which children are delighted I valued only my coral, and as soon as I could speak, asked, like Pieresc, innumerable questions which the maids about me could not resolve. As I grew older I was more thoughtful and serious, and instead of amusing myself with puerile diversions, made collections of natural rarities, and never walked into the fields without bringing home stones of remarkable forms, or insects of some uncommon species. I never entered an old house, from which I did not take away the painted glass, and often lamented that I was not one of that happy generation who demolished the convents and monasteries, and broke windows by law.

Being thus early possessed by a taste for solid knowledge, I passed my youth with very little disturbance from passions and appetites, and having no pleasure in the company of boys or girls, who talked of plays, politicks, fashions, or love, I carried on my inquiries with incessant diligence, and had amassed more stones, mosses, and shells, than

are to be found in many celebrated collections, at an age in which the greatest part of young men are studying under tutors; or endeavouring to recommend themselves to notice by their dress, their air, and their levities.

When I was two and twenty years old, I became, by the death of my father, possessed of a small estate in land, with a very large sum of money in the publick funds, and must confess that I did not much lament him, for he was a man of mean parts, bent rather upon growing rich than wise. He once fretted at the expence of only ten shillings, which he happened to overhear me offering for the sting of a hornet, though it was a cold moist summer, in which very few hornets had been seen. He often recommended to me the study of physick, in which, said he, you may at once gratify your curiosity after natural history, and increase your fortune by benefiting mankind. I heard him, Mr. Rambler, with pity, and as there was no prospect of elevating a mind formed to grovel, suffered him to please himself with hoping that I should some time follow his advice. For you know that there are men, with whom, when they have once settled a notion in their heads, it is to very little purpose to dispute.

Being now left wholly to my own inclinations, I very soon enlarged the bounds of my curiosity, and contented myself no longer with such rarities as required only judgment and industry, and when once found, might be had for nothing. I now turned my thoughts to exoticks and antiques, and became so well known for my generous patronage of ingenious men, that my levee was crowded with visitants,

some to see my museum, and others to incr
treasures, by selling me whatever they had b
from other countries.

I had always a contempt for the narrow
conception, which contents itself with cult
some single corner of the field of science ;
the whole region into my view, and wished i
greater extent. But no man's power can b
to his will. I was forced to proceed b
degrees, and to purchase what chance or k
happened to present. I did not however p
without some design, or imitate the indiscr
those who begin a thousand collections, an
none. Having been always a lover of geo
I determined to collect the maps drawn in t
and barbarous times, before any regular sur
just observations ; and have, at a great e
brought together a volume, in which, perha
a single country is laid down according to
situation, and by which, he that desires t
the errors of the ancient geographers may be
informed.

But my ruling passion is patriotism ; m
care has been to procure the products of o
country ; and as Alfred received the tribut
Welch in wolves heads, I allowed my ten
pay their rents in butterflies, till I had ex
the papilionaceous tribe. I then directed
the pursuit of other animals, and obtained
easy method, most of the grubs and insects
land, air, or water can supply. I hav
species of earthworms not known to the nat
have discovered a new ephemera, and ca
four wasps that were taken torpid in their

rs. I have, from my own ground, the
t blade of grass upon record, and once ac-
, as a half year's rent for a field of wheat, an
ntaining more grains than had been seen be-
pon a single stem.

: of my tenants so much neglected his own
t, as to supply me, in a whole summer, with
wo horse-flies, and those of little more than
mmon size; and I was upon the brink of
; for arrears, when his good fortune threw a
mole in his way, for which he was not only
en, but rewarded.

:se, however, were petty acquisitions, and
it a small expence; nor should I have ventured
k myself among the virtuosi without better
. I have suffered nothing worthy the regard
ise man to escape my notice: I have ran-
l the old and the new world, and been
y attentive to past ages and the present. For
ustration of ancient history, I can shew a
:, of which the inscription, though it is not
:gible, appears from some broken remains of
tters, to have been Tuscan, and therefore
ly engraved before the foundation of Rome.
: two pieces of porphyry found among the
of Ephesus, and three letters broken off by a
d traveller from the monuments of Perse-
a piece of stone which paved the Areopagus
hens, and a plate without figures or charac-
which was found at Corinth, and which I
ore believe to be that metal which was once
before gold. I have sand gathered out of
ranicus; a fragment of Trajan's bridge over
nube; some of the mortar which cemented

the watercourse of Tarquin; a horseshoe b
the Flaminian way; and a turf with fi
dug from the field of Pharsalia.

I do not wish to raise the envy of uns
collectors, by too pompous a display of r
tifick wealth, but cannot forbear to obse
there are few regions of the globe whicl
honoured with some memorial in my
The Persian monarchs are said to have bo
greatness of their empire, by being serve
tables with drink from the Ganges and the
I can shew one vial, of which the water
merly an icicle on the crags of Caucasus,
ther that contains what once was snow o
of Atlas; in a third is dew brushed from
in the gardens of Ispahan; and, in anoth
that has rolled in the Pacifick ocean. I fl
self that I am writing to a man who will
the honour which my labours have procu
country; and therefore I shall tell you tha
can, by my care, boast of a snail that ha
upon the wall of China, a humming bir
an American princess wore in her ears, t
of an elephant who carried the queen of S
skin of an ape that was kept in the pala
great Mogul, a ribbon that adorned o
maids of a Turkish sultana, and a scyn
wielded by a soldier of Abas the great.

In collecting antiquities of every
have been careful to chuse only by intri
and real usefulness, without regard
opinions. I have therefore a lock of
hair in a box turned from a piece of th
and keep in the same drawers, sand

the coffin of king Richard, and a commision signed by Henry the seventh. I have equal veneration for the ruff of Elizabeth and the shoe of Mary of Scotland; and should lose, with like regret, a tobacco-pipe of Raleigh, and a stirrup of king James. I have paid the same price for a glove of Lewis, and a thimble of queen Mary; for a fur cap of the Czar, and a boot of Charles of Sweden.

You will easily imagine that these accumulations were not made without some diminution of my fortune, for I was so well known to spare no cost, that at every sale some bid against me for hire, some for sport, and some for malice; and if I asked the price of any thing, it was sufficient to double the demand. For curiosity, trafficking thus with avarice, the wealth of India had not been enough; and I, by little and little, transferred all my money from the funds to my closet: here I was inclined to stop, and live upon my estate in literary leisure, but the sale of the Harleian collection shook my resolution: I mortgaged my land, and purchased thirty medals, which I could never find before. I have at length bought till I can buy no longer, and the cruelty of my creditors has seized my repository; I am therefore condemned to disperse what the labour of an age will not reassemble. I submit to that which cannot be opposed, and shall, in a short time, declare a sale. I have, while it is yet in my power, sent you a pebble, picked up by Tavernier on the banks of the Ganges; for which I desire no other recompence than that you will recommend my catalogue to the publick.

N° 83. TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1751.

Nisi utile est quod facias stulte est gloria.

PHAED.

All useless science is an empty boast.

THE publication of the letter in my last paper has naturally led me to the consideration of thirst after curiosities, which often draws contempt and ridicule upon itself, but which is perhaps no otherwise blameable, than as it wants those circumstantial recommendations which add lustre even to moral excellencies, and are absolutely necessary to the grace and beauty of indifferent actions.

Learning confers so much superiority on those who possess it, that they might probably have escaped all censure had they been able to agree among themselves; but as envy and competition have divided the republick of letters into factions, they have neglected the common interest; each has called in foreign aid, and endeavoured to strengthen his own cause by the frown of power, the hiss of ignorance, and the clamour of popularity. They have all engaged in feuds, till by mutual hostilities they demolished those outworks which veneration had raised for their security, and exposed themselves to barbarians, by whom every region of science is equally laid waste.

Between men of different studies and professions, *may be* observed a constant reciprocation of re-

proaches. The collector of shells and stones derides the folly of him who pastes leaves and flowers upon paper, pleases himself with colours that are perceptibly fading, and amasses with care what cannot be preserved. The hunter of insects stands amazed that any man can waste his short time upon lifeless matter, while many tribes of animals yet want their history. Every one is inclined not only to promote his own study, but to exclude all others from regard, and having heated his imagination with some favourite pursuit, wonders that the rest of mankind are not seized with the same passion.

There are, indeed, many subjects of study which seem but remotely allied to useful knowledge, and of little importance to happiness or virtue; nor is it easy to forbear some sallies of merriment, or expressions of pity, when we see a man wrinkled with attention, and emaciated with solicitude, in the investigation of questions, of which, without visible inconvenience, the world may expire in ignorance. Yet it is dangerous to discourage well-intended labours, or innocent curiosity; for he who is employed in searches, which by any deduction of consequences tend to the benefit of life, is surely laudable, in comparision of those who spend their time in counteracting happiness, and filling the world with wrong and danger, confusion and remorse. No man can perform so little as not to have reason to congratulate himself on his merits, when he beholds the multitudes that live in total idleness, and have never yet endeavoured to be useful.

It is impossible to determine the limits of inquiry, or to foresee what consequences a new dis-

[illegible] may produce. He who suffers [illegible] faculties to lie torpid, has a chance, what[ever] his employment of doing good to his fello[w] [illegible]. The man that first ranged the w[ild] [illegible] of medicinal springs, or climbed the [illegible] for culinary plants, has undoubtedly [illegible] the gratitude of posterity, how much soever [illegible] quaint miscarriages might excite the scorn [illegible] contemporaries. If what appears little be u[n]- [illegible] despised, nothing greater can be attain[ed] [illegible] all that is great was at first little, and ros[e] [illegible] present bulk by gradual accessions and acc[u]- [illegible]ed labours.

Those who lay out time or money in asse[m]- matter for contemplation, are doubtless ent[i]- some degree of respect, though in a flight of [illegible] it be easy to ridicule their treasure, or [illegible] of sullenness to despise it. A man who thin[ks] on the particular object before him, goes n[o] much illuminated by having enjoyed the p[ro]- of handling the tooth of a shark, or the p[aw] white-bear; yet there is nothing more wo[r]- admiration to a philosophical eye than th[e] ture of animals, by which they are qual[i]- support life in the elements or climates t[o] they are appropriated; and of all natur[al] it must be generally confessed, that the[y] evidences of infinite wisdom, bear their[s] to the supreme reason, and excite in the[m] raptures of gratitude and new incentive

To collect the productions of art, an[d] of mechanical science or manual abilit[ies] tionally useful, even when the things th[em]- *of small* importance, because it is a[n]

tageous to know how far the human powers have proceeded, and how much experience has found to be within the reach of diligence. Idleness and timidity often despair without being overcome, and forbear attempts for fear of being defeated; and we may promote the invigoration of faint endeavours, by shewing what has been already performed. It may sometimes happen, that the greatest efforts of ingenuity have been exerted in trifles; yet the same principles and expedients may be applied to more valuable purposes, and the movements, which put into action machines of no use but to raise the wonder of ignorance, may be employed to drain fens, or manufacture metals, to assist the architect, or preserve the sailor.

For the utensils, arms, or dresses of foreign nations, which make the greatest part of many collections, I have little regard, when they are valued only because they are foreign, and can suggest no improvement of our own practice. Yet they are not all equally useless, nor can it be always safely determined, which should be rejected or retained; for they may sometimes unexpectedly contribute to the illustration of history, and to the knowledge of the natural commodities of the country, or of the genius and customs of its inhabitants.

Rarities there are of yet a lower rank, which owe their worth merely to accident, and which can convey no information, nor satisfy any rational desire.

Such are many fragments of antiquity, as urns and pieces of pavement; and things held in veneration for having been once the property of some *eminent person,* as the armour of King Henry

or for having been used on some remarkal
casion, as the lantern of Guy Faux. The
preservation of these seems to be a thing indi
nor can I perceive why the possession o
should be coveted. Yet, perhaps, even this
sity is implanted by nature; and when
Tully confessing of himself, that he could r
bear at Athens to visit the walks and houses
the old philosophers had frequented or inh
and recollected the reverence which every
civil and barbarous, has paid to the ground
merit has been buried, I am afraid to declare
the general voice of mankind, and am incli
believe, that this regard, which we involu
pay to the meanest relique of a man great an
trious, is intended as an incitement to labo
an encouragement to expect the same rew
it be sought by the same virtues.

The virtuoso therefore cannot be said
wholly useless; but perhaps he may be son
culpable for confining himself to business be
genius, and losing in petty speculations,
hours by which, if he had spent them in
studies, he might have given new light to
tellectual world. It is never without grief,
find a man capable of ratiocination or invent
listing himself in this secondary class of lea
for when he has once discovered a method
tifying his desire of eminence by expence
than by labour, and known the sweets of
blest at once with the ease of idleness and
putation of knowledge, he will not ea
brought to undergo again the toil of think
leave his toils and trinkets for arguments a

ciples,—arguments which require circumspection and vigilance, and principles which cannot be obtained but by the drudgery of meditation. He will gladly shut himself up for ever with his shells and medals, like the companions of Ulysses, who having tasted the fruit of Lotos, would not even by the hope of seeing their own country be tempted again to the dangers of the sea.

Ἀλλ' αὐτοῦ βούλοιτο μετ' ἀνδράσι Λωτοφάγοισι,
Λωτὸν ἐρεπτόμενος μένεμεν νοστοῦ τε λάθεσθαι.

——Whose taste
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts
Nor other home nor other care intend;
But quits his house, his country, and his friends.
POPE.

Collections of this kind are of use to the learned, as heaps of stones and piles of timber are necessary to the architect. But to dig the quarry or to search the field, requires not much of any quality beyond stubborn perseverance; and though genius must often lie unactive without this humble assistance, yet this can claim little praise, because every man can afford it.

To mean understandings, it is sufficient honour to be numbered amongst the lowest labourers of learning; but different abilities must find different tasks. To hew stone, would have been unworthy of Palladio; and to have rambled in search of shells and flowers, had but ill suited with the capacity of Newton.

N° 84. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5

Cunarum fueras motor, CHARIDEME, *mearu*
Et pueri custos, assiduusque comes.
Jam mihi nigrescunt tonsa sudaria barba,—
Sed tibi non crevit noster villicus horret :
Te dispensator, te domus ipsa pavet.
Corripis, observas, quereris suspiria ducis,
Et vix a ferulis abstinet ira manum.

MART.

You rock'd my cradle, were my guide
In youth, still tending by my side.
But now, dear sir, my beard is grown,
Still I'm a child to thee alone.
Our steward, butler, cook and all
You fright, nay e'en the very wall ;
You pry, and frown, and growl, and chide,
And scarce will lay the rod aside.

F. LI

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

You seem in all your papers to be an to tyranny, and to look with impartialit the world ; I shall therefore lay my case you, and hope by your decision to be from unreasonable restraints, and enabled sify myself against the accusations which s peevishness produce against me.

At the age of five years I lost my moth

my father not being qualified to superintend the education of a girl, committed me to the care of his sister, who instructed me with the authority, and not to deny her what she may justly claim, with the affection of a parent. She had not very elevated sentiments or extensive views, but her principles were good, and her intentions pure; and though some may practise more virtues, scarce any commit fewer faults.

Under this good lady I learned all the common rules of decent behaviour, and standing maxims of domestick prudence; and might have grown up by degrees to a country gentlewoman, without any thoughts of ranging beyond the neighbourhood, had not Flavia come down, last summer, to visit her relations in the next village. I was taken, of course, to compliment the stranger; and was, at the first sight, surprised at the unconcern with which she saw herself gazed at by company whom she had never known before; at the carelessness with which she received compliments, and the readiness with which she returned them. I found she had something which I perceived myself to want, and could not but wish to be like her, at once easy and officious, attentive and unembarrassed. I went home, and for four days could think and talk of nothing but Miss Flavia; though my aunt told me, that she was a forward flirt, and thought herself wise before her time.

In a little time she repaid my visit, and raised in my heart a new confusion of love and admiration. I soon saw her again, and still found new charms in her air, conversation, and behaviour. You who have perhaps seen the world, may have observed,

that formality soon ceases between you
I know not how others are affect
occasions, but I found myself irresis
ed to friendship and intimacy, by the fa
plaisance and airy gaiety of Flavia ; i
few weeks I became her favourite, and
was passed with me, that she could ga
remony and visit.

As she came often to me, she neces
some hours with my aunt, to whom sh
respect, by low courtesies, submissive
and soft acquiescence ; but as I becam
more accustomed to her manners, I disc
her civility was general ; that there w
degree of deference shewn by her to cir
and appearances ; that many went aw
by her humility, whom she despised in
that the influence of far the greatest pa
with whom she conversed ceased with
sence ; and that sometimes she did not
the names of them whom, without any
insincerity or false commendation, her h
lity had sent away with very high thoug
own importance.

It was not long before I perceive
aunt's opinion was not of much weight
deliberations, and that she was looked
as a woman of narrow sentiments, witl
ledge of books, or observations on m
had hitherto considered my aunt, as ent
wisdom and experience to the highes
and could not forbear to wonder that
much younger should venture to suspe

ror or ignorance ; but my surprise was without uneasiness, and being now accustomed to think Flavia always in the right, I readily learned from her to trust my own reason, and to believe it possible, that they who had lived longer might be mistaken.

Flavia had read much, and used so often to converse on subjects of learning, that she put all the men in the country to flight, except the old parson, who declared himself much delighted with her company, because she gave him opportunities to recollect the studies of his younger years, and by some mention of ancient story had made him rub the dust off his Homer, which had lain unregarded in his closet. With Homer, and a thousand other names familiar to Flavia, I had no acquaintance, but began, by comparing her accomplishments with my own, to repine at my education, and wish that I had not been so long confined to the company of those from whom nothing but housewifery was to be learned. I then set myself to peruse such books as Flavia recommended, and heard her opinion of their beauties and defects. I saw new worlds hourly bursting upon my mind, and was enraptured at the prospect of diversifying life with endless entertainment.

The old lady finding that a large screen, which I had undertaken to adorn with turkey-work against winter, made very slow advances, and that I had added in two months but three leaves to a flowered apron then in the frame, took the alarm, and with all the zeal of honest folly exclaimed against my new acquaintance, who had filled me with idle notions, and turned my head with books.

But she had now lost her authority
to find innumerable mistakes in her
improprieties in her language;
thought myself no longer bound to
gard to one who knew little beyo
and her dairy, and who professed
nothing more is required of a wom
that the house is clean, and that th
bed and rise at a certain hour.

She seemed however to look upo
ducing me, and to imagine, that w
ence was withdrawn, I should return
ance; she therefore contented herse
hints and gentle admonitions, interm
histories of the miscarriages of wit, a
ments of pride. But since she h
though Flavia is departed, I still per
scheme, she has at length lost her
snatches my book out of my hand,
if she finds me writing, burns Flav
fore my face when she can seize them
to lock me up, and to complain to
my perverseness. If women, she sa
know their duty and their interest,
careful to acquaint themselves with
and many a penny might be saved;
mistress of the house is scribbling an
vants are junketing, and linen is
She then takes me round the rooms,
worked hangings and chairs of tents
whether all this was done with a per

I cannot deny that I sometimes la
times am sullen; but she has not deli
be much moved either with my mirth

if she did not think the interest of the family endangered by this change of my manners. She had for some years marked out young Mr. Surely, an heir in the neighbourhood, remarkable for his love of fighting cocks, as an advantageous match; and was extremely pleased with the civilities which he used to pay me, till under Flavia's tuition I learned to talk of subjects which he could not understand. This, she says, is the consequence of female study; girls grow too wise to be advised, and too stubborn to be commanded; but she is resolved to see who shall govern, and will thwart my humour till she breaks my spirit.

These menaces, Mr. Rambler, sometimes make me quite angry; for I have been sixteen these ten weeks, and think myself exempted from the dominion of a governess, who has no pretensions to more sense or knowledge than myself. I am resolved, since I am as tall and as wise as other women, to be no longer treated like a girl. Miss Flavia has often told me, that ladies of my age go to assemblies and routes, without their mothers and their aunts; I shall therefore, from this time, leave asking advice, and refuse to give accounts. I wish you would state the time at which young ladies may judge for themselves, which I am sure you cannot but think ought to begin before sixteen; if you are inclined to delay it longer, I shall have very little regard to your opinion.

My aunt often tells me of the advantages of experience, and of the deference due to seniority; and both she, and all the antiquated part of the world, talk of the unreserved obedience which they paid to the commands of their parents, and

the undoubting confidence with which they listened to their precepts; of the terrors which they felt at a frown, and the humility with which they supplicated forgiveness whenever they had offended. I cannot but fancy that this boast is too general to be true, and that the young and the old were always at variance. I have, however, told my aunt, that I will mend whatever she will prove to be wrong; but she replies, that she has reasons of her own, and that she is sorry to live in an age when girls have the impudence to ask for proofs.

I beg once again, Mr. Rambler, to know whether I am not as wise as my aunt; and whether, when she presumes to check me as a baby, I may not pluck up a spirit and return her insolence. I shall not proceed to extremities without your advice, which is therefore impatiently expected by

MYRTILLA.

P. S. Remember I am past sixteen.

N° 85. TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1751.

Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus,
Contemptæque jacent, et sine luce faces.
OVID.

At busy hearts in vain love's arrows fly;
Dim, scorn'd, and impotent, his torches lie.

MANY writers of eminence in physick have laid out their diligence upon the consideration of those distempers to which men are exposed by particular states of life, and very learned treatises have been produced upon the maladies of the camp, the sea, and the mines. There are, indeed, few employments which a man accustomed to anatomical inquiries and medical refinements, would not find reasons for declining as dangerous to health, did not his learning or experience inform him, that most every occupation, however inconvenient or formidable, is happier and safer than a life of sloth.

The necessity of action is not only demonstrable from the fabrick of the body, but evident from observation of the universal practice of mankind; who for the preservation of health, in those whose rank or wealth exempts them from the necessity of lucrative labour, have invented sports and diversions, though not of equal use to the world with manual trades, yet of equal fatigue to those who practise them, and differing only from the drudgery of the husbandman or manufacturer, as they are acts of choice, and therefore performed without the

painful sense of compulsion. The huntsm early, pursues his game through all the and obstructions of the chase, swims riv scales precipices, till he returns home no les sed than the soldier, and has perhaps somet curred as great hazard of wounds or deatl he has no motive to incite his ardour neither subject to the commands of a gene dreads any penalties for neglect and disobe he has neither profit nor honour to expect perils and his conquests, but toils with hope of mural or civick garlands, and m tent himself with the praise of his tenants a panions.

But such is the constitution of man, bour may be styled its own reward; nor external incitements be requisite, if it be c ed how much happiness is gained, and ho misery escaped, by frequent and violent a of the body.

Ease is the utmost that can be hoped sedentary and unactive habit; ease, a neut between pain and plessure. The dance o the bound of vigour, readiness of enterpr defiance of fatigue, are reserved for him tha his nerves and hardens his fibres, that k limbs pliant with motion, and by frequer sure fortifies his frame against the comm dents of cold and heat.

With ease, however, if it could be secure would be content; but nothing terrestria kept at a stand. Ease, if it is not ris pleasure will be falling towards pain; an *ever hope* the dreams of speculation may su

observing the proportion between nutriment and labour, and keeping the body in a healthy state by supplies exactly equal to its waste, we know that, in effect, the vital powers unexcited by motion, grow gradually languid; that as their vigour fails, obstructions are generated; and that from obstructions proceed most of those pains which wear us away slowly with periodical tortures, and which, though they sometimes suffer life to be long, condemn it to be useless, chain us down to the couch of misery, and mock us with the hopes of death.

Exercise cannot secure us from that dissolution to which we are decreed; but while the soul and body continue united, it can make the association pleasing, and give probable hopes that they shall be disjoined by an easy separation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diseases are from heaven, and chronical from ourselves; the dart of death indeed falls from heaven, but we poison it by our own misconduct; to die is the fate of man, but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly.

It is necessary to that perfection of which our present state is capable, that the mind and body should both be kept in action; that neither the faculties of the one nor of the other be suffered to grow lax or torpid for want of use; that neither health be purchased by voluntary submission to ignorance, nor knowledge cultivated at the expence of that health, which must enable it either to give pleasure to its possessor, or assistance to others. It is too frequently the pride of students to despise those amusements and recreations, which give to the rest of mankind strength of limbs and cheerful-

ness of heart. Solitude and contemplation are i deed seldom consistent with such skill in comm exercises or sports as is necessary to make the practised with delight, and no man is willing to c that of which the necessity is not pressing and in mediate, when he knows that his aukwardness mu make him ridiculous.

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,
Indoctusque pilæ, discive, trochive quiescit,
Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ.

HOR.

He that's unskiful will not toss a ball,
Nor run, nor wrestle, for he fears the fall;
He justly fears to meet deserv'd disgrace,
And that the ring will hiss the baffled ass.

CREECH.

Thus the man of learning is often resigned, al most by his own consent, to languor and pain and while in the prosecution of his studies he suf fers the weariness of labour, is subject by his cours of life to the maladies of idleness.

It was, perhaps, from the observation of thi mischievous omission in those who are employe about intellectual objects, that Locke has, in h System of Education, urged the necessity of atrad to men of all ranks and professions; that when th mind is weary with its proper task, it may be r laxed by a slighter attention to some mechanic operation; and that while the vital functions a resuscitated and awakened by vigorous motion, th understanding may be restrained from that va rance and dissipation by which it relieves itself aft *a long* intenseness of thought, unless some allur

ment be presented that may engage application without anxiety.

There is so little reason for expecting frequent conformity to Locke's precept, that it is not necessary to inquire whether the practice of mechanical arts might not give occasion to petty emulation, and degenerate ambition; and whether, if our divines and physicians were taught the lathe and the chizzel, they would not think more of their tools than their books: as Nero neglected the care of his empire for his chariot and his fiddle. It is certainly dangerous to be too much pleased with little things; but what is there which may not be perverted? Let us remember how much worse employment might have been found for those hours, which a manual occupation appears to engross; let us compute the profit with the loss, and when we reflect how often a genius is allured from his studies, consider likewise that perhaps by the same attractions he is sometimes with-held from debauchery, or recalled from malice, from ambition, from envy, and from lust.

I have always admired the wisdom of those by whom our female education was instituted, for having contrived, that every woman of whatever condition should be taught some arts of manufacture, by which the vacuities of secluse and domestick leisure may be filled up. These arts are more necessary, as the weakness of their sex and the general system of life debar ladies from many employments whieh, by diversifying the circumstances of men, preserve them from being cankered by the rust of their own thoughts. I know not how much of the virtue and happiness of the world may

be the consequence of this judicious regulation. Perhaps, the most powerful fancy might be unable to figure the confusion and slaughter that would be produced by so many piercing eyes and vivid understandings, turned loose at once upon mankind, with no other business than to sparkle and intrigue, to perplex and to destroy.

For my part, whenever chance brings within my observation a knot of misses busy at their needles, I consider myself as in the school of virtue; and though I have no extraordinary skill in plain work or embroidery, look upon their operations with as much satisfaction as their governess, because I regard them as providing a security against the most dangerous ensnarers of the soul, by enabling themselves to exclude idleness from their solitary moments, and with idleness her attendant train of passions, fancies, and chimeras, fears, sorrows, and desires. Ovid and Cervantes will inform them that love has no power but over those whom he catches unemployed; and Hector in the Iliad, when he sees Andromache overwhelmed with terrors, sends her for consolation to the loom and the distaff.

It is certain, that any wild wish or vain imagination never takes such firm possession of the mind, as when it is found empty and unoccupied. The old peripatetick principle, that Nature abhors a vacuum, may be properly applied to the intellect, which will embrace any thing, however absurd or criminal, rather than be wholly without an object. Perhaps every man may date the predominance of those desires that disturb his life and contaminate his conscience, from some unhappy hour when too *much leisure* exposed him to their incursions; for

he has lived with little observation either on himself or others, who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious.

N° 86. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1751.

Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus et aure.
HOR.

By fingers, or by ear, we numbers scan.
ELPHINSTON.

One of the ancients has observed, that the burden of government is increased upon princes by the virtues of their immediate predecessors. It is, indeed, always dangerous to be placed in a state of unavoidable comparison with excellence, and the danger is still greater when that excellence is consecrated by death; when envy and interest cease to act against it, and those passions by which it was at first vilified and opposed, now stand in its defence, and turn their vehemence against honest emulation.

He that succeeds a celebrated writer, has the same difficulties to encounter; he stands under the shade of exalted merit, and is hindered from rising to his natural height, by the interception of those beams which should invigorate and quicken him. He applies to that attention which is already engaged, and unwilling to be drawn off from certain

satisfaction; or perhaps to an attention already wearied, and not to be recalled to the same object.

One of the old poets congratulates himself that he has the untrodden regions of Parnassus before him, and that his garland will be gathered from plantations which no writer had yet culled. But the imitator treads a beaten walk, and with all his diligence can only hope to find a few flowers or branches untouched by his predecessor, the refuse of contempt, or the omissions of negligence. The Macedonian conqueror, when he was once invited to hear a man that sung like a nightingale, replied with contempt, "that he had heard the nightin-"gale herself;" and the same treatment must every man expect, whose praise is that he imitates another.

Yet, in the midst of these discouraging reflexions, I am about to offer to my reader some observations upon Paradise Lost, and hope, that, however I may fall below the illustrious writer who has so long dictated to the commonwealth of learning, my attempt may not be wholly useless. There are in every age, new errors to be rectified, and new prejudices to be opposed. False taste is always busy to mislead those that are entering upon the regions of learning; and the traveller, uncertain of his way, and forsaken by the sun, will be pleased to see a fainter orb arise on the horizon, that may rescue him from total darkness, though with weak and borrowed lustre.

Addison, though he has considered this poem under most of the general topicks of criticism, has *barely* touched upon the versification; not proba-

bly because he thought the art of numbers unworthy of his notice, for he knew with how minute attention the ancient criticks considered the disposition of syllables, and had himself given hopes of some metrical observations upon the great Roman poet; but being the first who undertook to display the beauties, and point out the defects of Milton, he had many objects at once before him, and passed willingly over those which were most barren of ideas and required labour, rather than genius.

Yet versification, or the art of modulating his numbers, is indispensably necessary to a poet. Every other power by which the understanding is enlightened, or the imagination enchanted, may be exercised in prose. But the poet has this peculiar superiority, that to all the powers which the perfection of every other composition can require, he adds the faculty of joining musick with reason, and of acting at once upon the senses and the passions. I suppose there are few who do not feel themselves touched by poetical melody, and who will not confess that they are more or less moved by the same thoughts, as they are conveyed by different sounds, and more affected by the same words in one order than in another. The perception of harmony is indeed conferred upon men in degrees very unequal, but there are none who do not perceive it, or to whom a regular series of proportionate sounds cannot give delight.

In treating on the versification of Milton I am desirous to be generally understood, and shall therefore studiously decline the dialect of grammarians, though, indeed, it is always difficult, and sometimes scarcely possible, to deliver the precepts of an art,

In others the accent is equally upon two s
but upon both weak.

——a r.ce
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness *infinite*, both when we wake
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of slee

In the first pair of syllables the accent may
from the rigour of exactness, without any u
ing diminution of harmony, as may be o
in the lines already cited, and more remark
this,

——Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent! and thou the day.

But, excepting in the first pair of sy
which may be considered as arbitrary, a po
not having the invention or knowledge of
has more need to allure his audience by
cadences should seldom suffer more than or
ration from the rule in any single verse.

There are two lines in this passage more r
ably unharmonious:

——This delicious place,
For us too large; *where thy* abundance wan
Partakers, and uncrop'd *falls* to the ground.

Here the third pair of syllables in the fir
fourth pair in the second verse, have their
retrograde or inverted; the first syllable
strong or acute, and the second weak.
triment which the measure suffers by his in

of the accents is sometimes less perceptible, when the verses are carried one into another, but is remarkably striking in this place, where the vicious verse concludes a period; and is yet more offensive in rhyme, when we regularly attend to the flow of every single line. This will appear by reading a couplet in which Cowley, an author not sufficiently studious of harmony, has committed the same fault:

——his harmless life
Does with substantial blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of peace *cover* him round.

In these the law of metre is very grossly violated by mingling combinations of sound directly opposite to each other, as Milton expresses in his sonnet, by committing short and long, and setting one part of the measure at variance with the rest. The ancients, who had a language more capable of variety than ours, had two kinds of verse,—the Iambick, consisting of short and long syllables alternately, from which our heroick measure is derived, and the Trochaick, consisting in a like alternation of long and short. These were considered as opposites, and conveyed the contrary images of speed and slowness: to confound them therefore, as in these lines, is to deviate from the established practice. But where the senses are to judge, authority is not necessary, the ear is sufficient to detect dissonance, nor should I have sought auxiliaries on such an occasion against any name but that of Milton.

Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aur

HO

The slave to envy, anger, wine or love,
The wretch of sloth, its excellence shall p
Fierceness itself shall bear its rage away.
When list'ning calmly to th' instructive

FR

THAT few things are so liberally bes squandered with so little effect, as goc has been generally observed; and m positions have been advanced concernin sons of this complaint; and the means ing it. It is indeed an important and quiry; for little would be wanting to t ness of life, if every man could conform tc as soon as he was shewn it.

This perverse neglect of the most sal cepts, and stubborn resistance of the most persuasion, is usually imputed to him by counsel is received; and we often hear it ed as a sign of hopeless depravity, th good advice was given, it has wrought mation.

Others, who imagine themselves to hav sagacity and deeper penetration, have *that* the inefficacy of advice is usually th

the counsellor, and rules have been laid down, by which this important duty may be successfully performed. We are directed by what tokens to discover the favourable moment at which the heart is disposed for the operation of truth and reason, with what address to administer, and with what vehicles to disguise *the cathartick of the soul.*

But, notwithstanding this specious expedient, we find the world yet in the same state; advice is still given, but still received with disgust; nor has it appeared, that the bitterness of the medicine has been yet abated, or its power increased, by any methods of preparing it.

If we consider the manner in which those who assume the office of directing the conduct of others execute their undertaking, it will not be very wonderful that their labours, however zealous or affectionate, are frequently useless. For what is the advice that is commonly given? A few general maxims, enforced with vehemence, and inculcated with importunity, but failing for want of particular reference and immediate application.

It is not often that any man can have so much knowledge of another, as is necessary to make instruction useful. We are sometimes not ourselves conscious of the original motives of our actions, and when we know them, our first care is to hide them from the sight of others, and often from those most diligently, whose superiority either of power or understanding may entitle them to inspect our lives; it is therefore very probable, that he who endeavours the cure of our intellectual maladies, mistakes their cause; and that his prescriptions

avail nothing, because he knows not which of the passions or desires is vitiated.

Advice, as it always gives a temporary appearance of superiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is most necessary or most judicious. But for the same reason every one is eager to instruct his neighbours. To be wise or to be virtuous, is to buy dignity and importance at a high price; but when nothing is necessary to elevation but detection of the follies or the faults of others, no man is so insensible to the voice of fame as to linger on the ground.

——Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ore.
VIRG.

New ways I must attempt, my grovelling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
DRYDEN.

Vanity is so frequently the apparent motive of advice, that we, for the most part, summon our powers to oppose it, without any very accurate inquiry whether it is right. It is sufficient that another is growing great in his own eyes at our expence, and assumes authority over us without our permission; for many would contentedly suffer the consequences of their own mistakes, rather than the insolence of him who triumphs as their deliverer.

Is is indeed, seldom found, that any advantages are enjoyed with that moderation which the uncertainty of all human good so powerfully enforces; and therefore the adviser may justly suspect that he has enflamed the opposition which he laments by *arrogance* and superciliousness. He may suspect,

but needs not hastily to condemn himself, for he can rarely be certain that the softest language, or the most humble diffidence, would have escaped resentment, since scarcely any degree of circumspection can prevent or obviate the rage with which the slothful, the impotent, and the unsuccessful, vent their discontent upon those that excel them. Modesty itself, if it is praised, will be envied; and there are minds so impatient of inferiority, that their gratitude is a species of revenge, and they return benefits, not because recompence is a pleasure, but because obligation is a pain.

The number of those whom the love of themselves has thus far corrupted, is perhaps not great; but there are few so free from vanity, as not to dictate to those who will hear their instructions with a visible sense of their own beneficence; and few to whom it is not unpleasing to receive documents, however tenderly and cautiously delivered, or who are not willing to raise themselves from pupillage, by disputing the propositions of their teacher.

It was the maxim, I think, of Alphonsus of Arragon, that dead counsellors are safest. The grave puts an end to flattery and artifice, and the information that we receive from books is pure from interest, fear, or ambition. Dead counsellors are likwise most instructive, because they are heard with patience and with reverence. We are not unwilling to believe that man wiser than ourselves, from whose abilities we may receive advantage, without any danger of rivalry or opposition, and who affords us the light of his experience, without hurting our eyes by flashes of insolence.

By the consultation of books, whether of dead or living authors, many temptations to petulance and opposition, which occur in oral conferences, are avoided. An author cannot obtrude his advice unasked, nor can be often suspected of any malignant intention to insult his readers with his knowledge or his wit. Yet so prevalent is the habit of comparing ourselves with others, while they remain within the reach of our passions, that books are seldom read with complete impartiality, but by those from whom the writer is placed at such a distance that his life or death is indifferent.

We see that volumes may be perused, and perused with attention, to little effect; and that maxims of prudence, or principles of virtue, may be treasured in the memory without influencing the conduct. Of the numbers that pass their lives among books, very few read to be made wiser or better, apply any general reproof of vice to themselves, or try their own manners by axioms of justice. They purpose either to consume those hours for which they can find no other amusement, to gain or preserve that respect which learning has always obtained; or to gratify their curiosity with knowledge, which, like treasures buried and forgotten, is of no use to others or themselves.

"The preacher (says a French author) may "spend an hour in explaining and enforcing a pre- "cept of religion, without feeling any impression "from his own performance, because he may have "no further design than to fill up his hour." A student may easily exhaust his life in comparing

d moralists, without any practical regard
:y or religion; he may be learned not to
:o reason; he may regard only the ele-
ıtile, justness of argument, and accuracy
d; and may enable himself to criticise
ment, and dispute with subtlety, while
use of his volumes is unthought of, his
ıaffected, and his life is unreformed.

ɔugh truth or virtue are thus frequently
ɔy pride, obstinacy, or folly, we are not
o desert them; or whoever can furnish
:h they hitherto have not employed, may
:m to gain some hearts which would have
ıy other method of attack. Every man
has some arts of fixing the attention pe-
himself, by which, honestly exerted, he
:fit mankind; for the arguments for
life fail of their due influence, not be-
have been considered and confuted, but
ıey have been passed over without consi-

To the position of Tully, that if Vir-
be seen, she must be loved, may be
at if Truth could be heard, she must be

N° 88. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1751.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti;
Audebit quæcunque minus splendoris habebunt,
Aut sine pondere erunt, honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco, quamvis invita recedant,
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ.

HOR.

But he that hath a curious piece design'd
When he begins must take a censor's mind,
Severe and honest; and what words appear
Too light and trivial, or to weak to bear
The weighty sense, nor worth the reader's care,
Shake off; though stubborn, they are loth to move,
And though we fancy, dearly though we love.

CREECH.

"THERE is no reputation for genius," says Quintilian, "to be gained by writing on things, "which, however necessary, have little splen- "dour or shew. The height of a building at- "tracts the eye, but the foundations lie with- "out regard. Yet since there is not any way to "the top of science but from the lowest parts, I "shall think nothing unconnected with the art "of oratory, which he that wants cannot be an "orator."

Confirmed and animated by this illustrious precedent, I shall continue my inquiries into Milton's art of versification. Since, however minute the

employment may appear, of analysing lines into syllables, and whatever ridicule may be incurred by a solemn deliberation upon accents and pauses, it is certain, that without this petty knowledge no man can be a poet; and that from the proper disposition of single sounds, results the harmony that adds force to reason, and gives grace to sublimity; that shackles attention, and governs passions.

That verse may be melodious and pleasing, it is necessary, not only that the words be so ranged, as that the accent may fall in its proper place, but that the syllables themselves be so chosen, as to flow smoothly into one another. This is to be effected by a proportionate mixture of vowels and consonants, and by tempering the mute consonants with liquids and semivowels. The Hebrew grammarians have observed, that it is impossible to pronounce two consonants without the intervention of a vowel, or without some emission of the breath between one and the other; this is longer and more perceptible, as the sounds of the consonants are less harmonically conjoined, and, by consequence, the flow of the verse is longer interrupted.

It is pronounced by Dryden, that a line of monosyllables is almost always harsh. This, with regard to our language, is evidently true, not because monosyllables cannot compose harmony, but because our monosyllables being of Teutonick original, or formed by contraction, commonly begin and end with consonants, as,

——————Every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste.

The difference of harmony arising principall from the collocation of vowels and consonant will be sufficiently conceived, by attending to th following passages.

Immortal Amarant—there grows
And flow'rs aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of heav'n
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;
With these that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams.

The same comparison that I propose to b made between the fourth and sixth verses of thi passage, may be repeated between the last lines o the following quotations.

Under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich in-lay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem.

Here in close recess,
With flowers, garlands and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espous'd Eve first deck'd her nuptial bed;
And heavenly choirs the hymenean sung.

Milton, whose ear had been accustomed, not only to the musick of the ancient tongues, which, however vitiated by our pronunciation, excel all that are now in use, but to the softness of the Italian, the most mellifluous of all modern poetry, seems fully convinced of the unfitness of our language for smooth versification, and is therefore pleased with an opportunity of calling in a softer word to his assistance; for this reason, and I believe for this only, he sometimes indulges himself

n a long series of proper names, and introduces hem where they add little but musick to his poem.

——— The richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Gerion's sons
Call *El Dorado.*——————

The moon the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands.

He has indeed been more attentive to his syllales than to his accents, and does not often offend y collisions of consonants, or openings of vowels pon each other, at least not more often than other riters who have had less important or complicated subjects to take off their care from the calence of their lines.

The great peculiarity of Milton's versification, ompared with that of later poets, is the elision of ne vowel before another, or the suppression of the ast syllable of a word ending with a vowel, when vowel begins the following word. As,

Knowledge—
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

This licence, though now disused in English oetry, was practised by our old writers, and is llowed in many other languages ancient and modern; and therefore the criticks on Paradise Lost ave, without much deliberation, commended Milon for continuing it. But one language cannot ommunicate its rules to another. We have al-

ready tried and rejected the hexameter of the ancients, the double close of the Italians, and the alexandrine of the French; and the elision of vowels, however graceful it may seem to other nations, may be very unsuitable to the genius of the English tongue.

There is no reason to believe, that we have negligently lost part of our vowels, and that the silent *e* which our ancestors added to most of our monosyllables, was once vocal. By this detruncation of our syllables, our language is overstocked with consonants, and it is more necessary to add vowels to the beginning of words than to cut them off from the end.

Milton therefore seems to have somewhat mistaken the nature of our language, of which the chief defect is ruggedness and asperity, and has left our harsh cadences yet harsher. But his elisions are not equally to be censured; in some syllables they may be allowed, and perhaps in a few may be safely imitated. The abscission of a vowel is undoubtedly vicious when it is strongly sounded, and makes, with its associate consonant, a full and audible syllable.

———What he gives,
Spiritual, may to purest spirits be found
No ingrateful food, and food like these pure
Intelligential substances require.

Fruits,——Hesperian fables true,
If true, here *only*, and of delicious taste.

———Evening now approach'd,
For we have *also* our evening and our morn.

Of guests he makes them slaves,
Inhospita*bly* kills their infant males.

And vital vir*tue* infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass——

God made *thee* of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him.

I believe every reader will agree, that in all those passages, though not equally in all, the musick is injured, and in some the meaning obscured. There are other lines in which the vowel is cut off, but it is so faintly pronounced in common speech, that the loss of it in poetry is scarcely perceived; and therefore such compliance with the measure may be allowed.

Nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things;
Abomina*ble*, inutter*able*; and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd——

——From the shore
They view'd the vast immeasura*ble* abyss.

Impenetra*ble*, impal'd with circling fire.

To none communica*ble* in earth or heav'n.

Yet even these contractions increase the roughness of a language too rough already; and though in long poems they may be sometimes suffered, it never can be faulty to forbear them.

Milton frequently uses in his poems the hypermetrical or redundant line of eleven syllables.

——Thus it shall befal
Him who to worth in woman over trust*ing*
Lets her will rule——

I also err'd in over much admir*ing*.

Verses of this kind occur almost in every page; but though they are not unpleasing or dissonant, they ought not to be admitted into heroick poetry, since the narrow limits of our language allow us no other distinction of epick and tragick measures, than is afforded by the liberty of changing at will the terminations of the dramatick lines, and bringing them by that relaxation of metrical rigour nearer to prose.

N° 89. TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1751.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

HORACE.

Wisdom at proper times is well forgot.

Locke, whom there is no reason to suspect of being a favourer of idleness or libertinism, has advanced, that whosoever hopes to employ any part of his time with efficacy and vigour, must allow some of it to pass in trifles. It is beyond the powers of humanity to spend a whole life in profound study and intense meditation; and the most rigorous exacters of industry and seriousness have appointed hours for relaxation and amuse*ment*.

It is certain that, with or without our consent, many of the few moments allotted us will slide imperceptibly away; and that the mind will break, from confinement to its stated task, into sudden excursions. Severe and connected attention is preserved but for a short time; and when a man shuts himself up in his closet, and bends his thoughts to the discussion of any abstruse question, he will find his faculties continually stealing away to more pleasing entertainments. He often perceives himself transported, he knows not how, to distant tracks of thought, and return to his first object as from a dream, without knowing when he forsook it, or how long he has been abstracted from it.

It has been observed, that the most studious are not always the most learned. There is, indeed, no great difficulty in discovering that this difference of proficiency may arise from the difference of intellectual powers, of the choice of books, or the convenience of information. But I believe it likewise frequently happens, that the most recluse are not the most vigorous prosecutors of study. Many impose upon the world, and many upon themselves, by an appearance of severe and exemplary diligence, when they in reality, give themselves up to the luxury of fancy, please their minds with regulating the past, or planning out the future; place themselves at will in varied situations of happiness, and slumber away their days in voluntary visions. In the journey of life some are left behind, because they are naturally feeble and slow: some because they miss the way, and *many because* they leave it by choice, and instead

of pressing onward with a steady pace, delight themselves with momentary deviations, turn aside to pluck every flower, and repose in every shade.

There is nothing more fatal to a man whose business is to think, than to have learned the art of regaling his mind with those airy gratifications. Other vices or follies are restrained by fear, reformed by admonition, or rejected by the conviction which the comparison of our conduct with that of others may in time produce. But this invisible riot of the mind, this secret prodigality of being, is secure from detection, and fearless of reproach. The dreamer retires to his apartment, shuts out the cares and interruptions of mankind, and abandons himself to his own fancy; new worlds rise up before him, one image is followed by another, and a long succession of delights dances round him. He is at last called back to life by nature, or by custom, and enters peevish into society, because he cannot model it to his own will. He returns from his idle excursions with the asperity, though not with the knowledge, of a student, and hastens again to the same felicity with the eagerness of a man bent upon the advancement of some favourite science. The infatuation strengthens by degrees, and, like the poison of opiates, weakens his powers, without any external symptom of malignity.

It happens, indeed, that these hypocrites of learning are in time detected, and convinced, by disgrace and disappointment, of the difference between the labour of thought and the sport of musing. But this discovery is often not made till it is too late to recover the time that has been fooled

away. A thousand accidents may, indeed, awaken drones to a more early sense of their danger and their shame. But they who are convinced of the necessity of breaking from this habitual drowsiness, too often relapse in spite of their resolution: for these ideal seducers are always near, and neither any particularity of time nor place is necessary to their influence: they invade the soul without warning, and have often charmed down resistance, before their approach is perceived or suspected.

This captivity, however, it is necessary for every man to break, who has any desire to be wise or useful, to pass his life with the esteem of others, or to look back with satisfaction from his old age upon his earlier years. In order to regain liberty, he must find the means of flying from himself; he must, in opposition to the Stoick precept, teach his desires to fix upon external things; he must adopt the joys and the pains of others, and excite in his mind the want of social pleasures and amicable communication.

It is perhaps not impossible to promote the cure of this mental malady, by close application to some new study, which may pour in fresh ideas, and keep curiosity in perpetual motion. But study requires solitude, and solitude is a state dangerous to those who are too much accustomed to sink into themselves. Active employment, or public pleasure, is generally a necessary part of this intellectual regimen, without which, though some remission may be obtained, a complete cure will scarcely be effected.

This is a formidable and obstinate disease of the *intellect; of* which, when it has once become radi-

cated by time, the remedy is one of the hardest tasks of reason and of virtue. Its slight attacks, therefore, should be watchfully opposed; and he that finds the frigid and narcotick infection beginning to seize him, should turn his whole attention against it, and check it at the first discovery by proper counteraction.

The great resolution to be formed, when happiness and virtue are thus formidably invaded, is that no part of life be spent in a state of neutrality or indifference; but that some pleasure be found for every moment that is not devoted to labour; and that, whenever the necessary business of life grows irksome or disgusting, an immediate transition be made to diversion and gaiety.

After the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practised in free and easy conversation; where suspicion is banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwilligness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than desire to be pleased.

There must be a time in which every man trifles; and the only choice that nature offers us, is, to trifle in company or alone. To join profit with pleasure, has been an old precept among men who have had very different conceptions of profit. All have agreed, that our amusements should not terminate wholly in the present moment, but contribute *more* or less to future advantage. He that

amuses himself among well chosen companions, can scarcely fail to receive from the most careless and obstreperous merriment which virtue can allow, some useful hints; nor can converse on the most familiar topicks, without some casual information. The loose sparkles of thoughtless wit may give new light to the mind, and the gay contention for paradoxical positions rectify the opinions.

This is the time in which those friendships that give happiness or consolation, relief or security, are generally formed. A wise and good man is never so amiable as in his unbended and familiar intervals. Heroic generosity, or philosophical discoveries, may compel veneration and respect; but love always implies some kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that levity and cheerfulness which disencumbers all minds from awe and solitude, invites the modest to freedom, and exalts the timorous to confidence. This easy gaiety is certain to please, whatever be the character of him that exerts it: if our superiors descend from their elevation, we love them for lessening the distance at which we are placed below them; and inferiors, from whom we can receive no lasting advantage, will always keep our affections, while their sprightliness and mirth contribute to our pleasure.

Every man finds himself differently affected by the sight of fortresses of war, and palaces of pleasure. We look on the height and strength of the bulwarks with a kind of gloomy satisfaction; for we cannot think of defence, without admitting *images of danger*; but we range delighted and

jocund, through the gay apartments of the palace, because nothing is impressed by them on the mind but joy and festivity. Such is the difference between great and amiable characters: with protectors we are safe; with companions we are happy.

N° 90. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1751.

In tenui labor.

VIRG.

What toil in slender things?

It is very difficult to write on the minuter parts of literature, without failing either to please or instruct. Too much nicety of detail disgusts the greatest part of readers; and to throw a multitude of particulars under general heads, and lay down rules of extensive comprehension, is to common understandings of little use. They who undertake these subjects are therefore always in danger, as one or other inconvenience arises to their imagination, of frighting us with rugged science, or amusing us with empty sound.

In criticising the work of Milton, there is indeed opportunity to intersperse passages that can hardly fail to relieve the languors of attention; and since, in examining the variety and choice of the pauses with which he has diversified his numbers, it will

y to exhibit the lines in which they are
ıd, perhaps, the remarks may be well
ed by the examples, and the irksomeness
ıtical disquisitions somewhat alleviat-

formed his scheme of versification by the
reece and Rome, whom he proposed to
his models, so far as the difference of
ge from theirs would permit the imita-
ere are indeed many inconveniencies in-
rom our heroick measure compared with
mer and Virgil; inconveniences, which
roach to Milton not to have overcome,
ey are in their own nature insuperable;
t which he has struggled with so much
ligence, that he may at least be said to
ved success.

cameter of the ancients may be consider-
isting of fifteen syllables, so melodiously
that, as every one knows who has exa-
poetical authors, very pleasing and sono-
k measures are formed from the frag-
ıe heroick. It is indeed scarce possible
hem in such a manner, but that *invenias*
eti membra poetæ, some harmony will still
d the due proportions of sound will al-
liscovered. This measure therefore al-
ıt variety of pauses, and great liberties of
; one verse with another, because where-
e was interrupted, either part singly was
But the ancients seem to have confined
ege to hexameters; for in their other
though longer than the English heroick,

those who wrote after the refinements of ve
tion, venture so seldom to change their p
that every variation may be supposed rather
pliance with necessity than the choice of
ment.

Milton was constrained within the narrow
of a measnre not very harmonious in the u
perfection; the single parts, therefore, into
it was to be sometimes broken by pauses,
in danger of losing the very form of verse.
has, perhaps, notwithstanding all his care,
times happened.

As harmony is the end of poetical measur
part of a verse ought to be so separated fro
rest as not to remain still more harmoniou
prose, or to shew, by the disposition of the
that it is part of a verse. This rule in t
hexameter might be easily observed, but in E
will very frequently be in danger of violatio
the order and regularity of accents cannot w
perceived in a succesion of fewer than three
bles, which will confine the English poet t
five pauses; it being supposed, that, when h
nects one line with another, he should never
a full pause at less distance than that of three
bles from the beginning or end of a verse.

That this rule should be universally and
pensibly established, perhaps cannot be gr
something may be allowed to variety, and
thing to the adaptation of the numbers to th
ject; but it will be found generally necessar
the ear will seldom fail to suffer by its negl

Thus when a single syllable is cut off fro
rest, it must either be united to the line with

the sense connects it, or be sounded alone. If it be united to the other line, it corrupts its harmony; if disjoined, it must stand alone, and with regard to musick be superfluous; for there is no harmony in a single sound, because it has no proportion to another.

Hypocrites austerely talk,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure; and commands to some, leaves free to all,

When two syllables likewise are abscinded from the rest, they evidently want some associate sounds to make them harmonious.

——Eyes——
——more wakeful than to drouze,
Charmed with Arcadian pipe, the past'ral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. *Meanwhile*
To re-salute the world with sacred light
Leucothea wak'd.

He ended, and the sun gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd: *he blew*
His trumpet.

First in the east his glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heaven's high road; *the gray*
Dawn, and the pleiades, before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence.

The same defect is perceived in the following ine, where the pause is at the second syllable from he beginning.

The
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had
To rapture, 'till the savage clamour dro
Both harp and voice; nor could the mus
Her son. So fail not thou who thee imp

When the pause falls upon the third
the seventh, the harmony is better pre
as the third and seventh are weak syllab
riod leaves the ear unsatisfied, and in
of the remaining part of the verse.

He with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulp
Confounded though immor*tal.* But his
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now th
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments *him.*

God,——with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace. So sung
The glorious train ascend*ing.*

It may be, I think, established as a
pause which concludes a period should
the most part upon a strong syllable, as
and sixth: but those pauses which or
the sense may be placed upon the weak
the rest in the third line of the first pa
fies the ear better than in the fourth
close of the second quotation better t
third.

The evil soo
Drawn back, redounded (as a flood) on t

From whom it *sprung*; impossible to mix
With *blessedness*.

—What we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides,
Tending to *wild*.

The path and bow'rs doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness, with ease, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist *us*.

The rest in the fifth place has the same inconenience as in the seventh and third, that the syllable is weak.

Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish to graze, the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each *other*: nor stood much in awe
Of men, but fled *him*, or with count'nance grim
Glar'd on him passing.

The noblest and most majestick pauses which ur versification admits, are upon the fourth and ixth syllables, which are both strongly sounded in pure and regular verse, and at either of which he line is so divided, that both members particiate of harmony.

But now at last the sacred influence
Of light *appears*, and from the walls of heav'n
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimm'ring *dawn*: here nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and chaos to retire.

But far above all others, if I can give any cre to my own ear, is the rest upon the sixth syllab which taking in a complete compass of soun such as is sufficient to constitute one of our lyri measures, makes a full and solemn close. Sor passages which conclude at this stop, I could nev read without some strong emotions of delight admiration.

Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd
Thou with th' eternal Wisdom did'st converse,
Wisdom thy sister; and with her did'st play
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial *song*.

Or other worlds they seem'd or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowr'y vales,
Thrice happy isles! But who dwelt happy there,
He staid not to in*quire*.

He blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since, perhaps,
When GOD descended: and, perhaps, once more
To sound at gen'ral *doom*.

If the poetry of Milton be examined, with r gard to the pauses and flow of his verses into ea other, it will appear that he has performed all th our language would admit; and the comparison his numbers with those who have cultivated t same manner of writing, will shew that he exc led as much in the lower as the higher parts his art, and that his skill in harmony was not l than his invention or his learning.

N° 91. TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1751.

Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici,
Expertus metuit.

HOR.

To court the great ones, and to sooth their pride,
Seems a sweet task to those that never try'd;
But those that have, know well that danger's near.

CREECH.

THE SCIENCES having long seen their votaries labouring for the benefit of mankind without reward, put up their petition to Jupiter for a more equitable distribution of riches and honours. Jupiter was moved at their complaints, and touched with the approaching miseries of men, whom the Sciences, wearied with perpetual ingratitude, were now threatening to forsake, and who would have been reduced by their departure to feed in dens upon the mast of trees, to hunt their prey in deserts, and to perish under the paws of animals stronger and fiercer than themselves.

A synod of the celestials was therefore convened, in which it was resolved, that Patronage should descend to the assistance of the Sciences. Patronage was the daughter of Astrea, by a mortal father, and had been educated in the school of Truth by the goddesses, whom she was now appointed to protect. She had from her mother that dignity of aspect, which struck terror into false merit, and from her mistress that reserve which

made her only accessible to those whom the Sciences brought into her presence.

She came down, with the general acclamation of all the powers that favour learning. Hope danced before her, and Liberality stood at her side ready to scatter, by her direction, the gifts which Fortune, who followed her, was commanded to supply. As she advanced towards Parnassus, the cloud which had long hung over it was immediately dispelled. The shades, before withered with drought, spread their original verdure, and the flowers that had languished with chilness brightened their colours, and invigorated their scents; the Muses tuned their harps, and exerted their voices; and all the concert of nature welcomed her arrival.

On Parnassus she fixed her residence, in a palace raised by the Sciences, and adorned with whatever could delight the eye, elevate the imagination, or enlarge the understanding. Here she dispersed the gifts of Fortune, with the impartiality of Justice, and the discernment of Truth. Her gate stood always open, and Hope sat at the portal, inviting to entrance all whom the Sciences numbered in their train. The court was therefore thronged with innumerable multitudes, of whom, though many returned disappointed, seldom any had confidence to complain; for Patronage was known to neglect few, but for want of the due claims to her regard. Those, therefore, who had solicited her favour without success, generally withdrew from publick notice, and either diverted their attention to meaner employments, or endea-

voured to supply their deficiencies by closer application.

In time, however, the number of those who had miscarried in their pretensions grew so great, that they became less ashamed of their repulses; and instead of hiding their disgrace in retirement, began to besiege the gates of the palace, and obstruct the entrance of such as they thought likely to be more caressed. The decisions of Patronage who was but half a goddess, had been sometimes erroneous; and though she always made haste to rectify her mistakes, a few instances of her fallibility encouraged every one to appeal from her judgment to his own, and that of his companions, who were always ready to clamour in the common cause, and elate each other with reciprocal applause.

Hope was a steady friend to the disappointed, and Impudence incited them to accept a second invitation, and lay their claim before Patronage. They were again, for the most part, sent back with ignominy, but found Hope not alienated, and Impudence more resolutely zealous; they therefore contrived new expedients, and hoped at last to prevail by their multitudes, which were always increasing, and their perseverance, which Hope and Impudence forbade them to relax.

Patronage having been long a stranger to the heavenly assemblies, began to degenerate towards terrestrial nature, and forget the precepts of Justice and Truth. Instead of confining her friendship to the Sciences, she suffered herself, by little and little, to contract an acquaintance with Pride, the son of Falsehood, by whose embraces she had

two daughters, Flattery and Caprice. Flattery was nursed by Liberality, and Caprice by Fortune, without any assistance from the lessons of the Sciences.

Patronage began openly to adopt the sentiments and imitate the manners of her husband, by whose opinion she now directed her decisions, with very little heed to the precepts of Truth; and, as her daughters continually gained upon her affections, the Sciences lost their influence, till none found much reason to boast of their reception, but those whom Caprice or Flattery conducted to her throne.

The throngs who had so long waited and so often been dismised for want of recommendation from the Sciences, were delighted to see the power of those rigorous goddesses tending to its extinction. Their patronesses now renewed their encouragements. Hope smiled at the approach of Caprice, and Impudence was always at hand to introduce her clients to Flattery.

Patronage had now learned to procure herself reverence by ceremonies and formalities; and instead of admiting her petitioners to an immediate audience, ordered the antichamber to be erected, called among mortals the *Hall of Expectation*. Into this hall the entrance was easy to those whom Impudence had consigned to Flattery, and it was therefore crowded with a promiscuous throng, assembled from every corner of the earth, pressing forward with the utmost eagerness of desire, and agitated with all the anxieties of competition.

They entered this general receptable with ardour and alacrity, and made no doubt of speedy access, under the conduct of Flattery, to the presence of Patronage. But it generally happened that they were here left to their destiny; for the inner doors were committed to Caprice, who opened and shut them, as it seemed, by chance, and rejected or admitted without any settled rule of distinction. In the mean time, the miserable attendants were left to wear out their lives in alternate exultation and dejection, delivered up to the sport of Suspicion, who was always whispering into their ear designs against them which were never formed, and of Envy, who diligently pointed out the good fortune of one or other of their competitors. Infamy flew round the hall, and scattered mildews from her wings with which every one was stained; Reputation followed her with slower flight, and endeavoured to hide the blemishes with paint, which was immediately brushed away, or separated of itself, and left the stains more visible; nor were the spots of Infamy ever effaced, but with limpid water effused by the hand of Time from a well which sprung up beneath the throne of Truth.

It frequently happened that Science, unwilling to lose the ancient prerogative of recommending to Patronage, would lead her followers into the Hall of Expectation; but they were soon discouraged from attending, for not only Envy and Suspicion incessantly tormented them, but Impudence considered them as intruders, and incited Infamy to blacken them. They therefore quickly retired, but seldom without some spots which they could

scarcely wash away, and which shewed that they had once waited in the Hall of Expectation.

The rest continued to expect the happy moment, at which Caprice should beckon them to approach; and endeavoured to propitate her, not with Homerical harmony, the representation of great actions, or the recital of noble sentiments, but with soft and voluptuous melody, intermingled with the praises of Patronage and Pride, by whom they were heard at once with pleasure and contempt.

Some were indeed admitted by Caprice, when they least expected it, and heaped by Patronage with the gifts of Fortune; but they were from that time chained to her footstool, and condemned to regulate their lives by her glances and her nods; they seemed proud of their manacles, and seldom complained of any drudgery, however servile, or any affront, however contemptuous; yet they were often, notwithstanding the obedience, seized on a sudden by Caprice, divested of their ornaments, and thrust back into the Hall of Expectation.

Here they mingled again with the tumult, and all, except a few whom experience had taught to seek happiness in the regions of liberty, continued to spend hours, and days, and years, courting the smile of Caprice by the arts of Flattery; till at length new crowds pressed in upon them, and drove them forth at different outlets into the habitations of Disease, and Shame, and Poverty, and Despair, where they passed the rest of their lives in narratives of promises and breaches of faith, of joys and sorrows, of hopes and disappointments.

The Sciences, after a thousand indignities, re-red from the palace of Patronage, and having ıng wandered over the world in grief and distress, ıere led at last to the cottage of Independence, he daughter of Fortitude; where they were aught by Prudence and Parsimony to support hemselves in dignity and quiet.

N°92. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1751.

Jam nunc minaci murmur corneum
Perstringis aures, jam litui strepunt.

HOR.

Lo! now the clarion's voice I hear,
Its threat'ning murmurs pierce mine ear;
And in thy lines with brazen breath
The trumpet sounds the charge of death.

FRANCIS.

[T has been long observed, that the idea of beau-y is vague and undefined, different in different ninds, and diversified by time or place. It has ıeen a term hitherto used to signify that which leases us we know not why, and in our approba-ion of which we can justify ourselves only by the oncurrence of numbers, without much power of nforcing our opinion upon others by any argu-ıent, but example and authority. It is, in-eed, so little subject to the examinations of rea-ɔn, that Paschal supposes it to end where demon-:ration begins, and maintains, that without in-

congruity and absurdity we cannot speak of geometrical beauty.

To trace all the sources of that various pleasure which we ascribe to the agency of beauty, or to disentangle all the perceptions involved in its idea, would perhaps, require a very great part of the life of Aristotle or Plato. It is, however, in many cases, apparent that this quality is merely relative and comparative; that we pronounce things beautiful because they have something which we agree, for whatever reason, to call beauty, in a greater degree than we have been accustomed to find it in other things of the same kind; and that we transfer the epithet as our knowledge increases, and appropriate it to higher excellence when higher excellence comes within our view.

Much of the beauty of writing is of this kind; and therefore Boileau justly remarks, that the books which have stood the test of time, and been admired through all the changes which the mind of man has suffered from the various revolutions of knowledge, and the prevalence of contrary customs, have a better claim to our regard than any modern can boast, because the long continuance of their reputation proves that they are adequate to our faculties, and agreeable to nature.

It is, however, the task of criticism to establish principles; to improve opinion into knowledge; and to distinguish those means of pleasing which depend upon known causes and rational deduction, from the nameless and inexplicable elegancies which appeal wholly to the fancy, from which we feel delight, but know not how they produce it, and *which* may well be termed the enchantresses of the

soul. Criticism reduces those regions of literature under the dominion of science, which have hitherto know only the anarchy of ignorance, the caprices of fancy, and the tyranny of prescription.

There is nothing in the art of versifying so much exposed to the power of imagination as the accommodation of the sound to the sense, or the representation of particular images, by the flow of the verse in which they are expressed. Every student has innumerable passages, in which he, and perhaps he alone, discovers such resemblances; and since the attention of the present race of poetical readers seems particularly turned upon this species of elegance, I shall endeavour to examine how much these conformities have been observed by the poets, or directed by the criticks; how far they can be established upon nature and reason, and on what occasions they have been practised by Milton.

Homer, the father of all poetical beauty, has been particularly celebrated by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, as *he that, of all the poets, exhibited the greatest variety of sound*: "For there are," says he, "innumerable passages, in which length of "time, bulk of body, extremity of passion, and "stillness of repose; or in which, on the con"trary, brevity, speed, and eagerness, are evidently "marked out by the sound of the syllables. Thus "the anguish and slow pace with which the blind "Polypheme groped out with his hands the en"trance of his cave, are perceived in the cadence "of the verses which describe it.

Κυκλωψ δε στεναχων τε και ωδινων οδυνησι,
Χειρι ψηλαφεων——

Meantime the Cyclop raging with his wound
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round.

POPE.

The critick then proceeds to shew, that the efforts of Achilles struggling in his armour against the current of a river, sometimes resisting and sometimes yielding, may be perceived in the elisions of the syllables, the slow succession of the feet, and the strength of the consonants.

Δινηυ δ' αμφ' Αχιληα κυκωμενον ιφθιμα κυμα
Ωθει δ' εν σακει πιπτων ροθιον ὑδωρ
Εσχε γηριξασθαι.———

So oft the surge, in wat'ry mountains spread,
Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head,
Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
And still indignant bounds above the waves,
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Wash'd from beneath him, slides the slimy soil.

POPE.

When Homer describes the crush of men dashed against a rock, he collects the most unpleasing and harsh sounds.

Συν δε δυω μαρψας, ωϛε σκυλακας προτι γαιη
Κοπτ' εν δ' εγκεφαλος χαμαδις ρ'εε, δευε δε γαιαν.

———His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band,
And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor:
The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore:

And when he would place before the eye some*thing* dreadful and astonishing, he makes choice of

the strongest vowels, and the letters of most difficult utterance.

Τῃ δ' ἐπι μεν Γοργω βλοσυρωπις ἐστεφανωτο
Δεινον δερκομενη· περι δε Δειμος τε Φοβος τε.

Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd th' expressive shield.

POPE.

Many other examples Dionysius produces; but these will sufficiently shew, that either he was fanciful, or we have lost the genuine pronunciation; for I know not whether, in any one of these instances, such similitude can be discovered. It seems, indeed, probable, that the veneration with which Homer was read, produced many suppositious beauties; for though it is certain, that the sound of many of his verses very justly corresponds with the things expressed, yet when the force of his imagination, which gave him full possession of every object, is considered, together with the flexibility of his language, of which the syllables might be often contracted or dilated at pleasure, it will seem unlikely that such conformity should happen less frequently even without design.

It is not however to be doubted, that Virgil, who wrote amidst the light of criticism, and who owed so much of his success to art and labour, endeavoured, among other excellencies, to exhibit this similitude; nor has he been less happy in this than in the other graces of versification. This felicity of his numbers was, at the revival of learning, displayed with great elegance by Vida, in his Art of Poetry.

Haud satis est illis utcunque claudere versum.—
Omnia sed numeris vocum concordibus aptant,
Atque sono quæcunque canunt imitantur, & apt
Verborum facie, & quæsito carminis ore.
Nam diversa opus est veluti dare versibus ora,-
Hic melior motuque pedum, & pernicibus alis,
Molle viam tacito lapsu per levia radit:
Ille autem membris, ac mole ignavius ingens
Incedit tardo molimine subsidendo.

Ecce aliquis subit egregio pulcherrimus ore,
Cui lætum membris Venus omnibus afflat honore
Contra alius rudis, informes ostendit & artus,
Hirsutumque supercilium, ac caudam sinuosam,
Ingratus visu, sonitu illætabilis ipso.——
Ergo ubi jam nautæ spumas salis ære ruentes
Incubuere mari, videas spumare reductis
Convulsum remis, rostrisque stridentibus æquor.
Tunc longe sale saxa sonant, tunc & freta venti
Incipiunt agitata tumescere: littore fluctus
Illidunt rauco, atque refracta remurmurat unda
Ad scopulos, cumulo insequitur præruptus a
mons.———
Cum vero ex alto speculatus cærula Nereus
Leniit in morem stagni, placidæque paludis,
Labitur uncta vadis abies, natat uncta carina.
Verba etiam res exiguas angusta sequuntur,
Ingentesque juvant ingentia: cuncta gigante
Vasta decent, vultus immanes, pectora lata,
Et magni membrorum artus, magna ossa la
Atque adeo, siquid geritur molimine magn
Adde moram, & pariter tecum quoque verb
Segnia: seu quando vi multa gleba coactis
Æternum frangenda bidentibus, æquore se
Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum.
At mora si fuerit damno, properare jubeb
Si se forte cava extulerit mala vipera terr
Tolle moras, cape saxa manu, cape robo

Ferte citi flammas, date tela, repellite pestem.
Ipse etiam versus ruat, in præcepisque feratur,
Immenso cum præcipitans ruit Oceano nox,
Aut cum perculsus graviter procumbit, humi bos,
Cumque etiam requies rebus datur, ipsa quaque ultro
Carmina paulisper cursu cessare videbis
In medio interrupta: quierunt cum freta ponti,
Postquam auræ posuere, quiescere protinus ipsum
Cernere erit, mediisque incœptis sistere versum.
Quid dicam, senior cum telum imbelle sine ictu
Invalidus jacit, & defectis viribus æger?
Num quoque tum versus segni pariter pede languet:
Sanguis hebet, frigent effœtæ in corpore virus.
Fortem autem juvenem deceat prorumpere, in arces,
Evertisse domos, præfractaque quadrupedantum
Pectora pectoribus perrumpere, sternere turres
Ingentes, totoque ferum dare funera campo.

'Tis not enough his verses to complete,
In measure, number, or determin'd feet.
To all proportion'd terms he must dispense,
And make the sound a picture of the sense:
The correspondent words exactly frame,
The look, the features, and the mien the same.
With rapid feet and wings, without delay,
This swiftly flies, and smoothly skims away:
This blooms with youth and beauty in his face,
And Venus breathes on ev'ry limb a grace;
That, of rude form, his uncouth members shows,
Looks horrible, and frowns with his rough brows;
His monstrous tale in many a fold and wind,
Voluminous and vast, curls up behind:
At once the image and the lines appear,
Rude to the eye, and frightful to the ear.
Lo! when the sailors steer the pond'rous ships,
And plough, with brazen beaks, the foamy deeps,

Incumbent on the main that roars around,
Beneath the lab'ring oars the waves resound;
The prows wide echoing thro' the dark profound.
To the loud call each distant rock replies:
Tost by the storm the tow'ring surges rise;
While the hoarse ocean beats the sounding shore,
Dash'd from the strand, the flying waters roar.
Flash at the shock, and gath'ring in a heap,
The liquid mountains rise, and overhang the deep.
But when blue Neptune from his car surveys
And calms at one regard the raging seas,
Stretch'd like a peaceful lake the deep subsides,
And the pitch'd vessel o'er the surface gildes,
When things are small, the terms should still be so;
For low words please us, when the theme is low.
But when some giant, horrible and grim,
Enormous in his gait, and vast in every limb,
Stalks tow'ring on; the swelling words must rise
In just proportion to the monster's size.
If some large weight his huge arms strive to shove,
The verse too labours; the throng'd words scarce move.
When each stiff clod beneath the pond'rous plough
Crumbles and breaks, th' encumber'd lines must flow.
Nor less when pilots catch the friendly gales,
Unfurl their shrouds, and hoist the wide-stretch'd sails.
But if the poem suffers from delay,
Let the lines fly precipitate away,
And when the viper issues from the brake,
Be quick; with stones, and brands, and fire, attack
His rising crest, and drive the serpent back.
When night descends, or stunn'd by num'rous strokes,
And groaning, to the earth drops the vast ox;
The line too sinks with correspondent sound,
Flat with the steer, and headlong to the ground.

When the wild waves subside and tempests cease,
And hush the roarings of the sea to peace;
So oft we see the interrupted strain
Stop'd in the midst—and with the silent main
Pause for a space—at last it glides again.
When Priam strains his aged arms, to throw
His unavailing jav'lin at the foe:
(His blood congeal'd, and ev'ry nerve unstrung)
Then with the theme complies the artful song;
Like him, the solitary numbers flow,
Weak, trembling, melancholy, stiff, and slow.
Not so young Pyrrhus, who with rapid force
Beats down embattled armies in his course.
The raging youth on trembling Ilion falls,
Bursts her strong gates, and shakes her lofty walls,
Provokes his flying courser to the speed,
In full career to charge the warlike steed;
He piles the field with mountains of the slain;
He pours, he storms, he thunders thro' the plain.

PITT.

From the Italian gardens Pope seems to have transplanted this flower, the growth of happier climates, into a soil less adapted to its nature, and less favourable to its increase.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows.
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud billows lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

From these lines, laboured with great attention, and celebrated by a rival wit, may be judged what can be expected from the most diligent endeavours after this imagery of sound. The verse intended to represent the whisper of the vernal breezes must be confessed not much to excel in softness or volubility; and the smooth stream runs with a perpetual clash of jarring consonants. The noise and turbulence of the torrent is, indeed, distinctly imaged, for it requires very little skill to make our language rough; but in these lines, which mention the effort of Ajax, there is no particular heaviness, obstruction or delay. The swiftness of Camilla is rather contrasted than exemplified; why the verse should be lengthened to express speed, will not easily be discovered. In the dactyls used for that purpose by the ancients, two short syllables were pronounced with such rapidity, as to be equal only to one long; they, therefore, naturally exhibited the act of passing through a long space in a short time. But the Alexandrine, by its pause in the midst, is a tardy and stately measure; and the word *unbending*, one of the most sluggish and slow which our language affords, cannot much accelerate its motion.

These rules and these examples have taught our present criticks to inquire very studiously and minutely into sounds and cadences. It is, therefore, useful to examine with what skill they have proceeded; what discoveries they have made; and whether any rules can be established which may guide us hereafter in such researches.

N° 93. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1751.

—Experiar quid concedatur in illos
Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.
JUV.

More safely truth to urge her claim presumes,
On names now found alone on books and tombs.

THERE are few books on which more time is spent by young students, than on treatises which deliver the characters of authors; nor any which oftener deceive the expectation of the reader, or fill his mind with more opinions which the progress of his studies and the increase of his knowledge oblige him to resign.

Baillet has introduced his collection of the decisions of the learned, by an enumeration of the prejudices which mislead the critick, and raise the passions in rebellion against the judgment. His catalogue, though large, is imperfect; and who can hope to complete it? The beauties of writing have been observed to be often such as cannot in the present state of human knowledge be evinced by evidence, or drawn out into demonstrations; they are therefore wholly subject to the imagination, and do not force their effects upon a mind preoccupied by unfavourable sentiments, nor overcome the counter-action of a false principle or of stubborn partiality.

To convince any man against his will is hard, but to please him against his will is justly pronounced by Dryden to be above the reach of hu-

man abilities. Interest and passion will hold out long against the closest siege of diagrams and syllogisms, but they are absolutely impregnable to imagery and sentiment, and will for ever bid defiance to the most powerful strains of Virgil or Homer, though they may give way in time to the batteries of Eucild or Archimedes.

In trusting therefore to the sentence of a critick, we are in danger not only from that vanity which exalts writers too often to the dignity of teaching what they are yet to learn, from that negligence which sometimes steals upon the most vigilant caution, and that fallibility to which the condition of nature has subjected every human understanding; but from a thousand extrinsick and accidental causes, from every thing which can excite kindness or malevolence, veneration or contempt.

Many of those who have determined with great boldness, upon the various degrees of literary merit, may be justly suspected of having passed sentence, as Seneca remarks of Claudius,

Una tantum parte audita,
Sæpe et nulla,

without much knowledge of the cause before them: for it will not be easily imagined of Langbane, Borrichitus, or Rapin, that they had very accurately perused all the books which they praise or censure; or that, even if nature and learning had qualified them for judges, they could read for ever with the attention necessary to just criticism. Such performances, however, are not wholly without their use; for they are commonly just echoes to

the voice of fame, and transmit the general suffrage of mankind when they have no particular motives to suppress it.

Criticks, like the rest of mankind, are very frequently misled by interest. The bigotry with which editors regard the authors whom they illustrate or correct, has been generally remarked. Dryden was known to have written most of his critical dissertations only to recommend the work upon which he then happened to be employed; and Addison is suspected to have denied the expediency of poetical justice, because his own *Cato* was condemned to perish in a good cause.

There are prejudices which authors, not otherwise weak or corrupt, have indulged without scruple; and perhaps some of them are so complicated with our natural affections, that they cannot easily be disentangled from the heart. Scarce any can hear with impartiality a comparison between the writers of his own and another country; and though it cannot, I think, be charged equally on all nations that they are blinded with this literary patriotism, yet there are none that do not look upon their authors with the fondness of affinity, and esteem them as well for the place of their birth, as for their knowledge or their wit. There is, therefore, seldom much respect due to comparative criticism, when the competitors are of different countries, unless the judge is of a nation equally indifferent to both. The Italians could not for a long time believe, that there was any learning beyond the mountains; and the French seem generally persuaded, that there are no wits or reasoners equal to their own. I can scarcely

conceive that if Scaliger had not considered himself as allied to Virgil, by being born in the same country, he would have found his works so much superior to those of Homer, or have thought the controversy worthy of so much zeal, vehemence, and acrimony.

There is, indeed, one prejudice, and only one, by which it may be doubted whether it is any dishonour to be sometimes misguided. Criticism has so often given occasion to the envious and ill natured of gratifying their malignity, that some have thought it necessary to recommend the virtue of candour without restriction, and to preclude all future liberty of censure. Writers possessed with this opinion are continually enforcing civility and decency, recommending to criticks the proper diffidence of themselves, and inculcating the veneration due to celebrated names.

I am not of opinion that these professed enemies of arrogance and severity have much more benevolence or modesty than the rest of mankind; or that they feel in their own hearts any other intention than to distinguish themselves by their softness and delicacy. Some are modest because they are timorous, and some are lavish of praise because they hope to be repaid.

There is indeed some tenderness due to living writers, when they attack none of those truths which are of importance to the happiness of mankind, and have committed no other offence than that of betraying their own ignorance or dulness. I should think it cruelty to crush an insect who had provoked me only by buzzing in my ear; and would not willingly interrupt the dream of harm

less stupidity, or destroy the jest which makes its author laugh. Yet I am far from thinking this tenderness universally necessary; for he that writes may be considered as a kind of general challenger, whom every one has a right to attack; since he quits the common rank of life, steps forward beyond the lists, and offers his merit to the publick judgment. To commence author is to claim praise, and no man can justly aspire to honour but at the hazard of disgrace.

But whatever be decided concerning contemporaries, whom he that knows the treachery of the human heart, and considers how often we gratify our own pride or envy under the appearance of contending for elegance and propriety, will find himself not much inclined to disturb; there can surely be no exemptions pleaded to secure them from criticism who can no longer suffer by reproach, and of whom nothing now remains but their writings and their names. Upon these authors the critick is undoubtedly at full liberty to exercise the strictest severity, since he endangers only his own fame, and like Æneas, when he drew his sword in the infernal regions, encounters phantoms which cannot be wounded. He may indeed pay some regard to established reputation; but he can by that show of reverence consult only his own security, for all other motives are now at an end.

The faults of a writer of acknowledged excellence are more dangerous, because the influence of his example is more extensive; and the interest of learning requires that they should be discovered and stigmatized, before they have the sanction of

antiquity conferred upon them, and become cedents of indisputable authority.

It has, indeed, been advanced by Addiso one of the characteristicks of a true critick, he points out beauties rather than faults. B is rather natural to a man of learning and g to apply himself chiefly to the study of w who have more beauties than faults to be dis ed; for the duty of criticism is neither to d ciate nor dignify by partial representations, b hold out the light of reason, whatever it ma cover; and to promulgate the determinatio truth, whatever she shall dictate.

N° 94. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1

——Bonus atque fidus
Judex—per obstantes catervas
Explicuit sua victor arma.

HOR.

Perpetual magistrate is he
Who keeps strict justice full in sight;
Who bids the crowd at awful distance gaze,
And virtue's arms victoriously displays.

FRANC

THE resemblance of poetick numbers, t subject which they mention or describe, m considered as general or particular; as c ing in the flow and structure of a whole

age taken together, or as comprised in the sound f some emphatical and descriptive words, or in he cadence and harmony of single verses.

The general resemblance of the sound to the ense is to be found in every language which ad- mits of poetry, in every author whose force of ancy enables him to impress images strongly on is own mind, and whose choice and variety of nguage readily supply him with just represen- tations. To such a writer it is natural to change is measure with his subject, even without any ffort of the understanding, or intervention of he judgment. To revolve jollity and mirth ecessarily tunes the voice of a poet to gay and prightly notes, as it fires his eye with vivacity ; nd reflection on gloomy situations and disastrous vents, will sadden his numbers, as it will cloud is countenance. But in such passages there is nly the similitude of pleasure to pleasure, and of rief to grief, without any immediate application o particular images. The same flow of joyous ersification will celebrate the jollity of marriage, nd the exultation of triumph ; and the same lan- uor of melody will suit the complaints of an ab- ent lover, as of a conquered king.

It is scarcely to be doubted, that on many oc- asions we make the musick which we imagine our- elves to hear ; that we modulate the poem by ur own disposition, and ascribe to the numbers he effects of the sense. We may observe in life, hat it is not easy to deliver a pleasing message in n unpleasing manner, and that we readily asso- iate beauty and deformity with those whom for ny reason we love or hate. Yet it would be too

daring to declare that all the celebrated adaptations of harmony are chimerical: that Homer had no extraordinary attention to the melody of his verse when he described a nuptial festivity;

Νυμφας δ' εκ θαλαμων, δαιδων υπολαμπομενων,
Ηγινεον ανα αστυ, πολυς δ' υμεναιος ορωρει;

Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite;
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed;
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound.

POPE:

that Vida was merely fanciful, when he supposed Virgil endeavouring to represent, by uncommon sweetness of numbers, the adventitious beauty of Æneas;

Os, humerosque Deo similis; namque ipse decoram
Cæsariem nato genitrix lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflarat honores.

The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had formed his curling locks, and made his temples shine;
And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face.

DRYDEN:

or that Milton did not intend to exemplify the *harmony* which he mentions:

Fountains! and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs! warbling tune his praise.

That Milton understood the force of sounds well adjusted, and knew the compass and variety of the ancient measures, cannot be doubted, since he was both a musician and a critick; but he seems to have considered these conformities of cadence, as either not often attainable in our language, or as petty excellencies unworthy of his ambition; for it will not be found that he has always assigned the same cast of numbers to the same objects. He has given in two passages very minute descriptions of angelic beauty; but though the images are nearly the same, the numbers will be found upon comparison very different.

And now a stripling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to ev'ry limb
Suitable grace diffus'd; so well he feign'd;
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore,
Of many a colour'd plume sprinkled with gold.

Some of the lines of this description are remarkably defective in harmony, and therefore by no means correspondent with that symmetrical elegance and easy grace which they are intended to exhibit. The failure, however, is fully compensated by the representation of Raphael, which equally delights the ear and imagination.

A seraph wing'd: six wings he wore to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his bre
With regal ornament: the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs, with downy gold,
And colours dipp'd in heaven: the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky tinctur'd grain! like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fil
The circuit wide.——

The adumbration of particular and distinct i
ages by an exact and perceptible resemblance
sound, is sometimes studied, and sometimes cas
Every language has many words formed in im
tion of the noises which they signify. Such
Stridor, *Balo*, and *Beatus* in *Latin*, and in *Eng*
to *growl*, to *buzz*, to *hiss*, and to *jarr*. Word
this kind give to verse the proper similitude
sound, without much labour of the writer,
such happiness is therefore rather to be attribu
to fortune than skill; yet they are sometii
combined with great propriety, and undenia
contribute to enforce the impression of the id
We hear the passing arrow in this line of Virg

Et fugit horrendum stridens elapsa sagitta;

Th' impetuous arrow whizzes on the wing.

and the creaking of hell-gates, in the descript
by Milton;

Open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors; and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder.

But many beauties of this kind, which the moderns, and perhaps the ancients, have observed, seem to be the product of blind reverence acting upon fancy. Dionysius himself tells us, that the sound of Homer's verses sometimes exhibits the idea of corporeal bulk. Is not this a discovery nearly approaching to that of the blind man, who, after long inquiry into the nature of the scarlet colour, found that it represented nothing so much as the clangour of a trumpet? The representative power of poetick harmony consists of sound and measure; of the force of the syllables singly considered, and of the time in which they are pronounced. Sound can resemble nothing but sound, and time can measure nothing but motion and duration.

The criticks, however, have struck out other similitudes; nor is there any irregularity of numbers which credulous admiration cannot discover to be eminently beautiful. Thus the propriety of each of these lines has been celebrated by writers whose opinion the world has reason to regard:

Vertitur interea cœlum, & ruit oceano nox.——

Meantime the rapid heav'ns roll'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night.

Sternitur, exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos.

Down drops the beast, nor needs a second wound;
But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground.

Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.——

The mountains labour, and a mouse is born.
ROSCOMMON.

If all these observations are just, there must be some remarkable conformity between the sudden succession of night to day, the fall of an ox under a blow, and the birth of a mouse from a mountain; since we are told of all these images, that they are very strongly impressed by the same form and termination of the verse.

We may however, without giving way to enthusiasm, admit, that some beauties of this kind may be produced. A sudden stop at an unusual syllable may image the cessation of action, or the pause of discourse; and Milton has very happily imitated the repetitions of an echo:

I fled, and cried out *death*:
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded *death*.

The measure of time in pronouncing may be varied so as very strongly to represent, not only the modes of external motion, but the quick or slow succession of ideas, and consequently the passions of the mind. This at least was the power of the spondaick and dactylick harmony, but our language can reach no eminent diversities of sound. We can indeed sometimes, by encumbering and retarding the line, shew the difficulty of a progress made by strong efforts and with frequent interruptions, or mark a slow and heavy motion. Thus Milton has imaged the toil of Satan struggling *through* chaos;

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on; with difficulty and labour he—

Thus he has described the leviathans, or whales:

Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait.

But he has at other times neglected such representations, as may be observed in the volubility and levity of these lines, which express an action tardy and reluctant:

Descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,
With what confusion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then.

In another place, he describes the gentle glide of ebbing waters in a line remarkable rough and halting;

Tripping ebb; that stole
With soft foot tow'rds the deep, who now had stopp'd
His sluices.

It is not indeed to be expected, that the sound should always assist the meaning, but it ought never to counteract it; and therefore Milton has here certainly committed a fault like that of the player, who looked on the earth when he implored the heavens, and to the heavens when he addressed the earth.

Those who are determined to find in Milton an assemblage of all the excellencies which have ex-

nobled all other poets, will perhaps be
that I do not celebrate his versification
terms; for there are readers who discov
this passage,

So stretch'd out huge in length the arch fie

a *long* form is described in a *long* line;
truth is, that length of body is only me
a *slow* line, to which it has only the re
of time to space, of an hour to a maypol

The same turn of ingenuity might perf
ders upon the description of the ark:

Then from the mountains hewing timber t
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk;
Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, ar

In these lines the poet apparently designs
attention upon bulk: but this is effecte
enumeration, not by the measure; for w
logy can there be between modulations
and corporeal dimensions?

Milton, indeed, seems only to have
this species of embellishment so far as
ject it when it came unsought; which wc
happen to a mind so vigorous, employec
subject so various and extensive. He ha
a greater and a nobler work to perform;
sentiment of moral or religious truth, a
age of life or nature, would have been ch
for a thousand echoes of the cadence to t
and he who had undertaken to *vindicate th*
God to man, might have been accused of n

his cause, had he lavished much of his attention upon syllables and sounds.

N° 95. TUESDAY, FEBUARY 12, 1751.

Parcus deorum cultor, & infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro; nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos.

HOR.

A fugitive from heav'n and prayer,
I mock'd at all religious fear.
Deep scienc'd in the mazy lore
Of mad philosophy; but now
Hoist sail, and back *my* voyage plow
To that blest harbour which I left before.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THERE are many diseases both of the body and mind, which it is far easier to prevent than to cure, and therefore I hope you will think me employed in an office not useless neither to learning or virtue, if I describe the symptoms of an intellectual malady, which, though at first it seizes only the passions, will, if not speedily remedied, infect the reason, and from blasting the blossoms of knowledge, proceed in time to canker the root.

I was born in the house of Discord. My parents were of unsuitable ages, contrary tempers, and different religions, and therefore employed the spirit and acuteness which nature had very liberally bestowed upon both, in hourly disputes, and incessant contrivances to detect each other in the wrong; so that from the first exertions of reason I was bred a disputant, trained up in all the arts of domestick sophistry, initiated in a thousand low stratagems, nimble shifts, and sly concealments; versed in all the turns of altercation, and acquainted with the whole discipline of fending and proving.

It was necessarily my care to preserve the kindness of both the controversists, and therefore I had very early formed the habit of suspending my judgment, of hearing arguments with indifference, inclining as occasion required to either side, and of holding myself undetermined between them, till I knew for what opinion I might conveniently declare.

Thus, Sir, I acquired very early the skill of disputation; and as we naturally love the arts in which we believe ourselves to excel, I did not let my abilities lie useless, nor suffer my dexterity to be lost for want of practice. I engaged in perpetual wrangles with my school-fellows, and was never to be convinced or repressed by any other arguments than blows, by which my antogonists commonly determined the controversy, as I was, like the Roman orator, much more eminent for eloquence than courage.

At the university I found my predominant ambition completely gratified by the study of logick. I impressed upon my memory a thousand axioms

and ten thousand distinctions, practised every form of syllogism, passed all my days in the schools of disputation, and slept every night with Smiglesius on my pillow.

You will not doubt but such a genius was soon raised to eminence by such application; I was celebrated in my third year for the most artful opponent that the university could boast, and became the terror and envy of all the candidates for philosophical reputation.

My renown, indeed, was not purchased but at the price of all my time and all my studies. I never spoke but to contradict, nor declaimed but in defence of a position universally acknowledged to be false, and therefore worthy, in my opinion, to be adorned with all the colours of false representation, and strengthened with all the art of fallacious subtilty.

My father who had no other wish than to see his son richer than himself, easily concluded that I should distinguish myself among the professors of the law; and therefore, when I had taken my first degree, dispatched me to the Temple with a paternal admonition, that I should never suffer myself to feel shame, for nothing but modesty could retard my fortune.

Vitiated, ignorant, and heady as I was, I had not yet lost my reverence for virtue, and therefore could not receive such dictates without horror; but however was pleased with his determination of my course of life, because he placed me in the way that leads soonest from the prescribed walks of discipline and education, to the open fields of liberty *and choice.*

I was now in the place where every one catches the contagion of vanity, and soon began to distinguish myself by sophisms and paradoxes. I declared war against all received opinions and established rules, and levelled my batteries particularly against those universal principles which had stood unshaken in all the vicissitudes of literature, and are considered as the inviolable temples of truth, or the impregnable bulwarks of science.

I applied myself chiefly to those parts of learning which have filled the world with doubt and perplexity, and could readily produce all the arguments relating to matter and motion, time and space, identity and infinity.

I was equally able and equally willing to maintain the system of Newton or Descartes, and favoured occasionally the hypothesis of Ptolemy, or that of Copernicus. I sometimes exalted vegetables to sense, and sometimes degraded animals to mechanism.

Nor was I less inclined to weaken the credit of history, or perplex the doctrines of polity. I was always of the party which I heard the company condemn.

Among the zealots of liberty I could harangue with great copiousness upon the advantages of absolute monarchy, the secrecy of its counsels, and the expedition of its measures; and often celebrated the blessings produced by the extinction of parties, and preclusion of debates.

Among the assertors of regal authority, I never failed to declaim with republican warmth upon the original charter of universal liberty, the corrup-

tion of courts, and the folly of voluntary submission to those whom nature has levelled with ourselves.

I knew the defects of every scheme of government, and the inconveniencies of every law. I sometimes shewed how much the condition of mankind would be improved, by breaking the world into petty sovereignties, and sometimes displayed the felicity and peace which universal monarchy would diffuse over the earth.

To every acknowledged fact I found innumerable objections; for it was my rule, to judge of history only by abstracted probability, and therefore I made no scruple of bidding defiance to testimony. I have more than once questioned the existence of Alexander the Great; and having demonstrated the folly of erecting edifices like the pyramids of Egypt, I frequently hinted my suspicion that the world had been long deceived, and that they were to be found only in the narratives of travellers.

It had been happy for me could I have confined my scepticism to historical controversies, and philosophical disquisitions; but having now violated my reason, and accustomed myself to inquire not after proofs, but objections, I had perplexed truth with falsehood, till my ideas were confused, my judgment embarrassed, and my intellects distorted. The habit of considering every proposition as alike uncertain, left me no test by which any tenet could be tried; every opinion presented both sides with equal evidence, and my fallacies began to operate upon my own mind in more important inquiries. It was at last the sport of my vanity to weaken the obligations of moral duty, and efface the distinc-

of good and evil, till I had deadened the
onviction, and abandoned my heart t
uations of uncertainty, without anchc
iout compass, without satisfaction of cur
peace of conscience, without principl
son, or motives of action.

Such is the hazard of repressing the first p
ons of truth, of spreading for diversion the
f sophistry, and engaging reason against it
leterminations.

The disproportions of absurdity grow less a
visible, as we are reconciled by degrees to the
mity of a mistress; and falsehood, by long
assimilated to the mind, as poison to the l

I had soon the mortification of seeing m
versation courted only by the ignorant or w
by either boys who were enchanted by nove
wretches, who having long disobeyed virt
reason, were now desirous of my assistanc
throne them.

Thus alarmed, I shuddered at my own
tion, and that pride by which I had been
contributed to reclaim me. I was wear
tinual irresolution, and a perpetual equip
mind; and ashamed of being the favouri
who were scorned and shunned by the r
kind.

I therefore retired from all tempt
pute, prescribed a new regimen to my
ing, and resolved, instead of rejecting
ed opinions which I could not prov
though not adopt all which I coul
I forbore to heat my imagination
controversies, to discuss questions

certain, and refrained steadily from gratifying my vanity by the support of falsehood.

By this method I am at length recovered from my argumental delirium, and find myself in the state of one awakened from the confusion and tumult of a feverish dream. I rejoice in the new possession of evidence and reality, and step on from truth to truth with confidence and quiet.

I am, SIR, &c.

PERTINAX.

N°96. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1751.

Quod si Platonis musa personat verum,
Quod quisque discit, immemor recordatur.

BOETHIUS.

Truth in Platonick ornaments bedeck'd,
Inforc'd we love, unheeding recollect.

IT is reported of the Persians, by an ancient writer, that the sum of their education consisted in teaching youth "to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak truth."

The bow and the horse were easily mastered, but it would have been happy if we had been informed by what arts veracity was cultivated, and by what preservatives a Persian mind was secured against the temptations to falsehood.

There are indeed, in the present corr
mankind, many incitements to forsake tr
need of palliating our own faults, and the
ence of imposing on the ignorance or cre
others so frequently occur; so many i
evils are to be avoided, and so many pres
fications obtained, by craft and delusion,
few of those who are much entangled in
spirit and constancy sufficient to support
the steady practice of open veracity.

In order that all men may be taught
truth, it is necessary that all likewise shoul
hear it; for no species of falsehood is
quent than flattery, to which the coward i
ed by fear, the dependent by interest,
friend by tenderness: Those who are ne
vile nor timorous, are yet desirous t
pleasure; and while unjust demands of p
tinue to be made, there will always be son
hope, fear, or kindness, will dispose to pa

The guilt of falsehood, is very widely e
and many whom their conscience can
charge with stooping to a lie, have viti
morals of others by their vanity, and pa
the vice which they believe themselves to

Truth is, indeed, not often welcome fo
sake; it is generally unpleasing, because
to our wishes and opposite to our practice
our attention naturally follows our interest
unwillingly what we are afraid to know,
forget what we have no inclination to impr
our memories.

For this reason many arts of instruct
been invented, by which the reluctance agai

may be overcome; and as physick is given to children in confections, precepts have been hidden under a thousand appearances, that mankind may be bribed by pleasure to escape destruction.

While the world was yet in its infancy, TRUTH came among mortals from above, and FALSEHOOD from below. TRUTH was the daughter of JUPITER and WISDOM; FALSEHOOD was the progeny of FOLLY impregnated by the wind. They advanced with equal confidence to seize the dominion of the new creation, and as their enmity and their force were well known to the celestials, all the eyes of heaven were turned upon the contest.

TRUTH seemed conscious of superior power and juster claim, and therefore came on towering and majestick, unassisted and alone; REASON indeed always attended her, but appeared her follower, rather than companion. Her march was slow and stately, but her motion was perpetually progressive, and when once she had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

FALSEHOOD always endeavoured to copy the mien and attitudes of TRUTH, and was very successful in the arts of mimickry. She was surrounded, animated, and supported by innumerable legions of appetites and passions; but, like other feeble commanders, was obliged often to receive law from her allies. Her motions were sudden, irregular, and violent; for she had no steadiness nor constancy. She often gained conquests by hasty incursions, which she never hoped to keep by her own strength; but maintained by the help of the

is, whom she generally found resolute an
il.

sometimes happened that the antagonists me
ll opposition. In these encounters, FALSE-
D always invested her head with clouds, and
manded FRAUD to place ambushes about her
ier left hand she bore the shield of IMPUDENCE
l the quiver of SOPHISTRY rattled on he
oulder. All the passions attended at her call
ANITY clapped her wings before, and OBSTIN
CY supported her behind. Thus guarded an
ssisted, she sometimes advanced against TRUTH
and sometimes waited the attack; but always en
deavoured to skirmish at a distance, perpetuall
shifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in dif
ferent directions; for she certainly found that he
strength failed, whenever the eye of TRUTH darte
full upon her.

TRUTH had the awful aspect though not t
thunder of her father; and when the long co
tinuance of the contest brought them near to
another, FALSEHOOD let the arms of SOPHIS
fall from her grasp, and, holding up the shiel
IMPUDENCE with both her hands, sheltered h
amongst the passions.

TRUTH, though she was often wounded, r
recovered in a short time; but it was comm
the slightest hurt, received by FALSEHO
spread its malignity to the neighbouring pa
to burst open again when it seemed to ha
cured.

FALSEHOOD, in a short time, found by e
that her superiority consisted only in the
her course, and the changes of her post

therefore ordered SUSPICION to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to cross the way of TRUTH, who, as she never varied her point, but moved constantly upon the same line, was easily escaped by the oblique and desultory movements, the quick retreats, and active doubles, which FALSEHOOD always practised, when the enemy began to raise terror by her approach.

By this procedure FALSEHOOD every hour encroached upon the world, and extended her empire through all climes and regions. Wherever she carried her victories she left the PASSIONS in full authority behind her; who were so well pleased with command, that they held out with great obstinacy when TRUTH came to seize their posts, and never failed to retard her progress, though they could not always stop it: They yielded at last with great reluctance, frequent rallies, and sullen submission; and always inclined to revolt when TRUTH ceased to awe them by her presence.

TRUTH, who, when she first descended from the heavenly palaces, expected to have been received by universal acclamation, cherished with kindness, heard with obedience, and invited to spread her influence from province to province, now found, that wherever she came, she must force her passage. Every intellect was precluded by PREJUDICE, and every heart pre-occupied by PASSION. She indeed advanced, but she advanced slowly; and often lost the conquests which she left behind her, by sudden insurrections of the appetites, that shook off their allegiance, and ranged themselves again under the banner of her enemy.

TRUTH, however, did not grow weaker by the

struggle, for her vigour was unconquerable; yet she was provoked to see herself thus baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom she looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but such as she owed to inconstancy, weakness and artifice. She therefore, in the anger of disappointment, called upon her father JUPITER to re-establish her in the skies, and leave mankind to the disorder and misery which they deserved, by submitting willingly to the usurpation of FALSEHOOD.

JUPITER compassionated the world too much to grant her request, yet was willing to ease her labours, and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to consult the muses by what methods she might obtain an easier reception, and reign without the toil of incessant war. It was then discovered, that she obstructed her own progress by the severity of her aspect, and the solemnity of her dictates; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceased to fear her, since by giving themselves up to FALSEHOOD they seldom made any sacrifice of their ease or pleasure, because she took the shape that was most engaging, and always suffered herself to be dressed and painted by DESIRE. The muses wove, in the loom of Pallas, a loose and changeable robe, like that in which FALSEHOOD captivated her admirers; with this they invested TRUTH, and named her FICTION. She now went out again to conquer with more success; for when she demanded entrance of the PASSIONS, they often mistook her for FALSEHOOD, and delivered up their charge: but when she had once taken possession, she was soon disrob-

l by REASON, and shone out, in her original rm, with native effulgence and resistless dignity.

N° 97. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1751.

Fœcunda culpæ secula nuptias
Primm inquinavere, & genus, & domos
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.

HOR.

Fruitful of crimes, this age first stain'd
Their hapless offspring, and profan'd
The nupital bed; from whence the woes
Which various and unnumber'd rose
From this polluted fountain head,
O'er Rome and o'er the nations spread.

FRANCIS.

THE reader is indebted for this day's entertainment to an author from whom the age has received greater favours, who has enlarged the knowledge f human nature, and taught the passions to move t the command of virtue.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

WHEN the SPECTATOR was first published n single papers, it gave me so much pleasure, hat it is one of the favourite amusements of

my age to recollect it; and when I reflect
foibles of those times, as described in that
work, and compare them with the vices now
ing among us, I cannot but wish that you
oftener take cognizance of the manners
better half of the human species, that if you
cepts and observations be carried down to pos
the SPECTATORS may shew to the rising g
tien what were the fashionable follies of
grandmothers, the RAMBLER of their mo
and that from both they may draw instructi
warning.

When I read those SPECTATORS which to
tice of the misbehaviour of young wom
church, by which they vainly hope to attra
mirers, I used to pronounce such forward
women SEEKERS, in order to distinguish the
mark of infamy from those who had patien
decency to stay till they were sought.

But I have lived to see such a change
manners of women, that I would now be will
compound with them for that name, altho
then thought it disgraceful enough, if they
deserve no worse; since now they are to
nerally given up to negligence of dom
business, to idle amusements, and to wicked
ets, without any settled view at all but of squ
ing time.

In the time of the SPECTATOR, excepting
times an appearance in the ring, sometimes at
and chosen play, sometimes on a visit at the
of a grave relation, the young ladies con
themselves to be found employed in dom

duties; for then routes, drums, balls, assemblies, and such like markets for women, were not known.

Modesty and diffidence, gentleness and meekness, were looked upon as the appropriate virtues and characteristick graces of the sex. And if a forward spirit pushed itself into notice, it was exposed in print as it deserved.

The churches were almost the only places where single women were to be seen by strangers. Men went thither expecting to see them, and perhaps too much for that only purpose.

But some good often resulted, however improper might be their motives. Both sexes were in the way of their duty. The man must be abandoned indeed who loves not goodness in another; nor were the young fellows of that age so wholly lost to a sense of right, as pride and conceit has since made them affect to be. When therefore they saw a fair one, whose decent behaviour and cheerful piety shewed her earnest in her first duties, they had the less doubt, judging politically only, that she would have a conscientious regard to her second.

With what ardour have I seen watched for, the rising of a kneeling beauty; and what additional charms has devotion given to her recommunicated features?

The men were often the better for what they heard. Even a Saul was once found prophesying among the prophets whom he had set out to destroy. To a man thus put in good humour by a pleasing object, religion itself looked more amiable. The MEN SEEKERS of the SPECTATOR's time loved the *holy* place for the object's sake.

and loved the object for her suitable behaviour in it. Reverence mingled with their love, and they thought that a young lady of such good principles must be addressed only by the man who at least made a show of good principles, whether his heart was yet quite right or not.

Nor did the young lady's behaviour, at any time of the service, lessen this reverence. Her eyes were her own, her ears the preacher's. Women are always most observed when they seem themselves least to observe, or to lay out for observation. The eye of a respectful lover loves rather to receive confidence from the withdrawn eye of the fair-one, than to find itself obliged to retreat.

When a young gentleman's affection was thus laudably engaged, he pursued its natural dictates; keeping then was a rare, at least a secret and scandalous vice, and a wife was the summit of his wishes. Rejection was now dreaded, and pre-engagement apprehended. A woman whom he loved, he was ready to think must be admired by all the world. His fears, his uncertainties, increased his love.

Every inquiry he made into the lady's domestick excellence, which, when a wife is to be chosen, will surely not be neglected, confirmed him in his choice. He opens his heart to a common friend, and honestly discovers the state of his fortune. His friend applies to those of the young lady, whose parents, if they approve his proposals, disclose them to their daughter.

She perhaps is not an absolute stranger to the *passion of* the young gentleman. Hie eyes, his

assiduities, his constant attendance at a church, whither, till of late, he used seldom to come, and a thousand little observances that he paid her, had very probably first forced her to regard, and then inclined her to favour him.

That a young lady should be in love, and the love of the young gentleman undeclared, is an heterodoxy which prudence, and even policy, must not allow. But thus applied to, she is all resignation to her parents—Charming resignation, which inclination opposes not.

Her relations applaud her for her duty; friends meet; points are adjusted; delightful perturbations, and hopes, and a few lover's fears, fill up the tedious space, till an interview is granted; for the young lady had not made herself cheap at publick places.

The time of interview arrives. She is modestly reserved; he is not confident. He declares his passion; the consciousness of her own worth, and his application to her parents, take from her any doubt of his sincerity; and she owns herself obliged to him for his good opinion. The inquiries of her friends into his character, have taught her that his good opinion deserves to be valued.

She tacitly allows of his future visits; he renews them; the regard of each for the other is confirmed; and when he presses for the favour of her hand, he receives a declaration of an entire acquiescence with her duty, and a modest acknowledgment of esteem for him.

He applies to her parents therefore for a near day; and thinks himself under obligation to them for the

cheerful and affectionate manner with which they receive his agreeable application.

With this prospect of future happiness, the marriage is celebrated Gratulations pour in from every quarter. Parents and relations on both sides, brought acquainted in the course of the courtship, can receive the happy couple with countenances illuminated, and joyful hearts.

The brothers, the sisters, the friends of one family, are the brothers, the sisters, the friends of the other. Their two families thus made one, are the world to the young couple.

Their home is the place of their principal delight, nor do they ever occasionally quit it but they find the pleasure of returning to it augmented in proportion to the time of their absence from it.

Oh Mr. RAMBLER, forgive the talkativeness of an old man! When I courted and married my Lætitia, then a blooming beauty, every thing passed just so! But how is the case now? The ladies, maidens, wives and widows, are engrossed by places of open resort and general entertainment, which fill every quarter of the metropolis, and being constantly frequented, make home irksome. Breakfasting-places, dining-places, routes, drums, concerts, balls, plays, operas, masquerades for the evening, and even for all night, and lately, publick sales of the goods of broken house-keepers, which the general dissoluteness of manners has contributed to make very frequent, come in as another seasonable relief to these modern time-killers.

In the summer there are in every country-town assemblies; Tunbridge, Bath, Cheltenham, Scarborough! What expence of dress and equipage is

required to qualify the frequenters for such emulous appearance?

By the natural infection of example, the lowest people have places of six-penny resort, and gaming-tables for pence. Thus servants are now induced to fraud and dishonesty, to support extravagance, and supply their losses.

As to the ladies who frequent those publick places, they are not ashamed to shew their faces wherever men dare go, nor blush to try who shall stare most impudently, or who shall laugh loudest on the publick walks.

The men who would make good husbands, if they visit those places, are frighted at wedlock, and resolve to live single, except they are bought at a very high price. They can be spectators of all that passes, and if they please, more than spectators, at the expence of others. The companion of an evening, and the companion for life, require very different qualifications.

Two thousand pounds in the last age, with a domestick wife, would go farther than ten thousand in this. Yet settlements are expected, that often, to a mercantile man especially, sink a fortune into uselessness; and pin-money is stipulated for, which makes a wife independent, and destroys love, by putting it out of a man's power to lay any obligation upon her, that might engage gratitude, and kindle affection. When to all this the card-tables are added, how can a prudent man think of marrying?

And when the worthy men know not where to find wives, must not the sex be left to the foplings, the coxcombs, the libertines of the age, whom

they help to make such? And
wretches marry to enjoy the conv
who render their company so che

And what, after all, is the b
gay coquette obtains by her flutte
proachable by every man, without
not say incense or adoration, bu
complaisance, every fop treats l
level, looks upon her light airs as i
on the watch to take the advanta
panions indeed, but no lovers; fo
ful, and timorous; and where an
lowers will she find a husband?

Set, dear Sir, before the youth
inconsiderate, the contempt as w
to which they are exposed. At c
women, not utterly thoughtless, v
of the justice of your censure, ar
your instruction.

But should your expostulatio
have no effect upon those who
fashionable folly, they may be re
mouths to their nieces (marriag
have entitled these to daughters)
meteors of a day, find themselve
stage of vanity by other flutterer
admired women cannot have m
many Bath seasons to blaze in;
faces, often seen, are less regarde
the proper punishment of showy
ing themselves so impoliticly che

I am, SIR,

Your sin

N° 98. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1751.

Quæ nec Sarmentus iniquas
Cæsaris ad mensas, nec vilis Gabba tulisset.

JUV.

Which not Sarmentus brook'd at Cæsar's board,
Nor grov'lling Gabba from his haughty lord.

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE RAMBLER.

MR. RAMBLER,

You have often endeavoured to impress upon your readers an observation of more truth than novelty, that life passes, for the most part, in petty transactions; that our hours glide away in trifling amusements and slight gratifications; and that there very seldom emerges any occasion that can call forth great virtue or great abilities.

It very commonly happens that speculation has no influence on conduct. Just conclusions and cogent arguments formed by laborious study, and diligent inquiry, are often reposited in the treasuries of memory, as gold in the miser's chest, useless alike to others and himself. As some are not richer for the extent of their possessions, others are not wiser for the multitude of their ideas.

You have truly described the state of human beings; but it may be doubted whether you have accommodated your precepts to your description; whether you have not generally considered your readers as influenced by the tragick passions, and

susceptible of pain or pleasure only from powerful agents, and from great events.

To an author who writes not for the improvement of a single art, or the establishment of a controverted doctrine, but equally intends the advantage and equally courts the perusal of all the classes of mankind, nothing can justly seem unworthy of regard, by which the pleasure of conversation may be increased, and the daily satisfactions of familiar life secured from interruption and disgust.

For this reason you would not have injured your reputation, if you had sometimes descended to the minuter duties of social beings, and enforced the observance of those little civilities and ceremonious delicacies, which, inconsiderable as they may appear to the man of science, and difficult as they may prove to be detailed with dignity, yet may contribute to the regulation of the world, by facilitating the intercourse between one man and another, and of which the French have sufficiently testified their esteem by terming the knowledge and practice of them *Scavior vivre*, the art of living.

Politeness is one of those advantages which we never estimate rightly but by the inconvenience of its loss. Its influence upon the manners is constant and uniform, so that, like an equal motion, it escapes perception. The circumstances of every action are so adjusted to each other, that we do not see where any error could have been committed, and rather acquiesce in its propriety, than admire its exactness.

But as sickness shews us the value of ease, a little familiarity with those who were never taught

to endeavour the gratification of others, but regulate their behaviour merely by their own will, will soon evince the necessity of established modes and formalities to the happiness and quiet of common life.

Wisdom and virtue are by no means sufficient, without the supplemental laws of good-breeding, to secure freedom from degenerating to rudeness, or self-esteem from swelling into insolence; a thousand incivilities may be committed, and a thousand offices neglected, without any remorse of conscience or reproach from reason.

The true effect of genuine politeness seems to be rather ease than pleasure. The power of delighting must be conferred by nature, and cannot be delivered by precept, or obtained by imitation; but though it be the privilege of a very small number to ravish and to charm, every man may hope by rules and caution not to give pain, and may therefore by the help of good breeding enjoy the kindness of mankind, though he should have no claim to higher distinctions.

The universal axiom in which all complaisance is included, and from which flow all the formalities which custom has established in civilised nations, is, That no man should give any preference to himself—a rule so comprehensive and certain, that, perhaps, it is not easy for the mind to image an incivility, without supposing it to be broken.

There are, indeed, in every place, some particular modes of the ceremonial part of good-breeding, which, being arbitrary and accidental, can be learned only by habitude and conversation; such are the forms of salutation, the different grada-

tions of reverence, and all the adjustments of place and precedence. These however, may be often violated without offence, if it be sufficiently evident, that neither malice nor pride contributed to the failure; but will not atone, however rigidly observed, for the tumour of insolence, or petulance of contempt.

I have, indeed, not found among any part of mankind, less real and rational complaisance, than among those who have passed their time in paying and receiving visits, in frequenting publick entertainments, in studying the exact measures of ceremony, and in watching all the variations of fashionable courtesy.

They, know, indeed, at what hour they may beat the door of an acquaintance, how many steps they must attend him towards the gate, and what interval should pass before his visit is returned; but seldom extend their care beyond the exterior and unessential parts of civility, nor refuse their own vanity any gratification, however expensive to the quiet of another.

Trypherus is a man remarkable for splendour and expence; a man, that, having been originally placed by his fortune and rank in the first class of the community, has acquired that air of dignity and that readiness in the exchange of compliments, which courts, balls, and levees, easily confer.

But Trypherus, without any settled purposes of malignity, partly by his ignorance of human nature, and partly by the habit of contemplating with great satisfaction his own grandeur and riches, is hourly giving disgust to those whom *chance* or expectation subject to his vanity.

To a man whsoe fortune confines him to a small house, he declaims upon the pleasure of spacious apartments, and the convenience of changing his lodging room in different parts of the year; tells him, that he hates confinement; and concludes, that if his chamber was less, he should never wake without thinking of a prison.

To Eucretas, a man of birth equal to himself, but of much less estate, he shewed his services of plate, and remarked that such thing, were indeed nothing better than costly trifles, but that no man must pretend to the rank of a gentleman without them; and that for his part, if his estate was smaller, he should not think of enjoying but increasing it, and would inquire out a trade for his eldest son.

He has, in imitation of some more acute observer than himself, collected a great many shifts and artifices by which poverty is concealed; and among the ladies of small fortune, never fails to talk of frippery and slight silks, and the convenience of a general mourning.

I have been insulted a thousand times with a catalogue of his pictures, his jewels, and his rarities, which, though he knows the humble neatness of my habitation, he seldom fails to conclude by a declaration, that wherever he sees a house meanly furnished, he despies the owner's taste, or pities his poverty.

This, Mr. Rambler, is the practice of Trypherus, by which he is become the terror of all who are less wealthy than himself, and has raised innumerable enemies without rivalry, and without malevolence.

Yet though all are not equally culpable with Trypherus, it is scarcely possible to find any man who does not frequently, like him, indulge his own pride by forcing others into a comparison with himself, when he knows the advantage is on his side, without considering that unecessarily to obtrude unpleasing ideas, is a species of oppression; and that it is little more criminal to deprive another of some real advantage, than to interrupt that forgetfulness of its absence which is the next happiness to actual possession.

I am, &c.

EUTROPIUS.

N° 99. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1751.

Scilicet ingeniis aliqua est concordia junctis,
Et servat studii fœdera quisque sui
Rusticus agricolam, miles fera bella gerentem,
Rectorem dubiæ navita puppis amat.

OVID.

Congenial passions souls together bind,
And ev'ry calling mingles with its kind:
Soldier unites with soldier, swain with swain,
The mariner with him that roves the main.

F. LEWIS.

It has been ordained by Providence, for the conservation of order in the immense variety of nature, and for the regular propagation of the several classes of life with which the elements are peopled, that every creature should be drawn by

some secret attraction to those of his own kind; and that not only the gentle and domestick animals, which naturally unite into companies, or cohabit by pairs, should continue faithful to their species; but even those ravenous and ferocious savages which Aristotle observes never to be gregarious, should range mountains and deserts in search of one another, rather than pollute the world with a monstrous birth.

As the perpetuity and distinction of the lower tribes of the creation require that they should be determined to proper mates by some uniform motive of choice, or some cogent principle of instinct; it is necessary likewise, that man, whose wider capacity demands more gratifications, and who feels in himself innumerable wants, which a life of solitude cannot supply, and innumerable powers to which it cannot give employment, should be led to suitable companions by particular influence; and among many beings of the same nature with himself, he may select some for intimacy and tenderness, and improve the condition of his existence, by superadding friendship to humanity, and the love of individuals to that of the species.

Other animals are so formed, that they seem to contribute very little to the happiness of each other, and know neither joy, nor grief, nor love, nor hatred, but as they are urged by some desire, immediately subservient either to the support of their own lives, or to the continuation of their race; they therefore seldom appear to regard any of the minuter discriminations which distinguish creatures of the same kind from one another.

boundless evaporation; he would languish
petual insensibility, and though he might,
in the first vigour of youth, amuse hims
the fresh enjoyments of life, yet, when c
should cease, and alacrity subside, he wou
don himself to the fluctuations of chance,
expecting help against any calamity, or fee
wish for the happiness of others.

To love all men is our duty, so far as it
a general habit of benevolence, and read
occasional kindness; but to love all eq
impossible; at least impossible without the
tion of those passions which now produce
pains and all our pleasures; without the d
not the abolition, of some of our faculti
the suppression of all our hopes and fears
thy and indifference.

The necessities of our condition require
sand offices of tenderness, which mere reg
the species will never dictate. Every m

ties; these form distinct interests, which are too frequently opposed to each other, and which they who have entered into the league of particular governments falsely think it virtue to promote, however destructive to the happiness of the rest of the world.

Such unions are again separated into subordinate classes and combinations, and social life is perpetually branched out into minuter subdivisions, till it terminates in the last ramifications of private friendship.

That friendship may at once be fond and lasting, it has been already observed in these papers, that a conformity of inclinations is necessary. No man can have much kindness for him by whom he doth not believe himself esteemed, and nothing so evidently proves esteem as imitation.

That benevolence is always strongest which arises from participation of the same pleasures, since we are naturally most willing to revive in our minds the memory of persons, with whom the idea of enjoyment is connected.

It is commonly, therefore, to little purpose that any one endeavours to ingratiate himself with such as he cannot accompany in their amusements and diversions. Men have been known to rise to favour and to fortune, only by being skilful in the sports with which their patron happened to be delighted, by concurring with his taste for some particular species of curiosities, by relishing the same wine, or applauding the same cookery.

Even those whom wisdom or virtue have placed above regard to such petty recommendations, must nevertheless be gained by similitude of manners.

The highest and noblest enjoyment of familiar life, the communication of knowledge and reciprocation of sentiments, must always presuppose a disposition to the same inquiry, and delight in the same discoveries.

With what satisfaction could the politician lay his schemes for the reformation of laws, or his comparisons of different forms of government, before the chemist, who has never accustomed his thoughts to any other object than salt and sulphur; or how could the astronomer, in explaining his calculations and conjectures, endure the coldness of a grammarian, who would lose sight of Jupiter and all his satellites, for a happy etymology of an obscure word, or a better explication of a controverted line.

Every man loves merit of the same kind with his own, when it is not likely to hinder his advancement or his reputation; for he not only best understands the worth of those qualities which he labours to cultivate, or the usefulness of the art which he practises with success, but always feels a reflected pleasure from the praises, which, though given to another, belong equally to himself.

There is indeed no need of research and refinement to discover that men must generally select their companions from their own state of life, since there are not many minds furnished for great variety of conversation, or adapted to multiplicity of intellectual entertainments.

The sailor, the academick, the lawyer, the mechanick, and the courtier, have all a cast of talk *peculiar* to their own fraternity; have fixed their attention upon the same events, have been engaged

ed in affairs of the same sort, and make use of allusions and illustrations which themselves only can understand.

To be infected with the jargon of a particular profession, and to know only the language of a single rank of mortals, is indeed sufficiently despicable. But as limits must be always set to the excursions of the human mind, there will be some study which every man more zealously prosecutes, some darling subject on which he is principally pleased to converse; and he that can most inform or best understand him, will certainly be welcomed with particular regard.

Such partiality is not wholly to be avoided, nor is it culpable, unless suffered so far to predominate as to produce aversion from every other kind of excellence, and to shade the lustre of dissimilar virtues. Those, therefore, whom the lot of life has conjoined, should endeavour constantly to approach towards the inclination of each other, invigorate every motion of concurring desire, and fan every spark of kindred curiosity.

It has been justly observed, that discord generally operates in little things; it is inflamed to its utmost vehemence by contrariety of taste, oftener than of principles; and might therefore commonly be avoided by innocent conformity, which, if it was not at first the motive, ought always to be the consequence of indissoluble union.

N° 100. SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1751.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.
PERSIUS.

Horace, with sly insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face;
Would raise a blush where secret vice he found,
And tickle while he gently prob'd the wound.
With seeming innocence the crowd beguil'd,
But made the desperate passes when he smil'd.
DRYDEN.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

As very many well-disposed persons, by the unavoidable necessity of their affairs, are so unfortunate as to be totally buried in the country, where they labour under the most deplorable ignorance of what is transacting among the polite part of mankind, I cannot help thinking, that, as a publick writer, you should take the case of these truly compassionable objects under your consideration.

These unhappy languishers in obscurity should be furnished with such accounts of the employments of people of the world, as may engage them in their several remote corners to a laudable imitation; or, at least, so far inform and prepare them, that if by any joyful change of situation *they* should be suddenly transported into the gay scene, they may not gape, and wonder, and stare,

and be utterly at a loss how to behave and make a proper appearance in it.

It is inconceivable how much the welfare of all the country towns in the kingdom might be promoted, if you would use your charitable endeavours to raise in them a noble emulation of the manners and customs of higher life.

For this purpose you should give a very clear and ample description of the whole set of polite acquirements; a complete history of forms, fashions, frolicks, of routs, drums, hurricanes, balls, assemblies, ridottos, masquerades, auctions, plays, operas, puppet shows and bear-gardens: of all those delights which profitably engage the attention of the most sublime characters, and by which they have brought to such amazing perfection the whole art and mystery of passing day after day, week after week, and year after year, without the heavy assistance of any one thing that formal creatures are pleased to call useful and necessary.

In giving due instructions through what steps to attain this summit of human excellence, you may add such irresistible arguments in its favour, as must convince numbers, who in other instances do not seem to want natural understanding, of the unaccountable error of supposing they were sent into the world for any other purpose but to flutter, sport, and shine. For, after all, nothing can be clearer than that an everlasting round of diversion, and the more lively and hurrying the better, is the most important end of human life.

It is really prodigious, so much as the world is *improved, that* there should in these days be per-

sons so ignorant and stupid as to think it necessary to misspend their time, and trouble their heads about any thing else than pursuing the present fancy, for what else is worth living for?

It is time enough surely to think of consequences when they come; and as for the antiquated notions of duty, they are not to be met with in any French novel, or any book one ever looks into, but derived almost wholly from the writings of authors who lived a vast many ages ago, and who, as they were totally without any idea of those accomplishments which now characterise people of distinction, have been for some time sinking apace into utter contempt. It does not appear that even their most zealous admirers, for some partisans of his own sort every writer will have, can pretend to say they were ever at one ridotto.

In the important article of diversions, the ceremonial of visits, the extatick delight of unfriendly intimacies and unmeaning civilities, they are absolutely silent. Blunt truth, and downright honesty, plain clothes, staying at home, hard work, few words, and those unenlivened with censure or double meaning, are what they recommend as the ornaments and pleasures of life. Little oaths, polite dissimulation, tea-table scandal, delightful indolence, the glitter of finery, the triumph of precedence, the enchantments of flattery, they seem to have had no notion of; and I cannot but laugh to think what a figure they would have made in a drawing room, and how frighted they would have looked at a gaming-table.

The noble zeal of patriotism, that disdains au*thority*, and tramples on laws for sport, was abso-

lutely the aversion of these tame wretches. Indeed one cannot discover any one thing they pretend to teach people, but to be wise and good; acquirements infinitely below the consideration of persons of taste and spirit who know how to spend their time to so much better purpose.

Among other admirable improvements, pray Mr. Rambler, do not forget to enlarge on the very extensive benefit of playing at cards on Sundays, a practice of such infinite use, that we may modestly expect to see it prevail universally in all parts of this kingdom.

To persons of fashion, the advantage is obvious; because, as for some strange reason or other, which no fine gentleman or fine lady has yet been able to penetrate, there is neither play, nor masquerade, nor bottle conjurer, nor any other thing worth living for, to be had on a Sunday: If it were not for the charitable assistance of whist or bragg, the genteel part of mankind must, one day in seven, necessarily suffer a total extinction of being.

Nor are the persons of high rank the only gainers by so salutary a custom, which extends its good influence, in some degree, to the lower orders of people; but were it quite general, how much better and happier would the world be than is even now?

'Tis hard upon poor creatures, be they ever so mean, to deny them those enjoyments and liberties which are equally open for all. Yet if servants are taught to go to church on this day, spend the part of it in reading or receiving instruction in a family way, and the rest in mere friendly conversation, the poor wretches would infallibly take

it into their heads, that they were obliged to be suber, modest, diligent, and faithful to their masters and mistresses.

Now surely no one of cammon prudence or humanity would wish their domesticks infected with such strange and primitive notions, or laid under such unmerciful restraints: All which may, in a great measure, be prevented by the prevalence of the good-humoured fashion that I would have you recommend, For when the lower kind of people see their betters, with a truly laudable spirit, insulting and flying in the face of those rude, ill-bred dictators, piety, and the laws, they are thereby excited and admonished, as far as actions can admonish and excite, and taught that they too have an equal right of setting them at a defiance in such instances as their particular necessities and inclinations may require; and thus is the liberty of the whole human species mightily improved and enlarged.

In short, Mr. Rambler, by a faithful representation of the numberless benefits of a modish life, you will have done your part in promoting what every body seems to confess the true purpose of human existence, perpetual dissipation.

By encouraging people to employ their whole attention on trifles, and make amusement their chief study, you will teach them how to avoid many very uneasy reflections.

All the soft feelings of humanity, the sympathies of friendship, all natural temptations to the care of a family, and solicitude about the good or ill of others, with the whole train of domestick *and social* affections, which create such daily

anxieties and embarrassments, will be happily stifled and suppressed in a round of perpetual delights; and all serious thoughts, but particularly that of *hereafter*, be banished out of the world; a most perplexing apprehesion, but luckily a most groundless one too, as it is so very clear a case, that nobody ever dies.

I am, &c.

CHARIESSA.

N° 101. TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1751.

Mella jubes Hyblæa tibi vel Hymettia nasci,
Et thyma Cecropiæ Corsica ponis api.

MART.

Alas! dear Sir, you try in vain,
Impossibilities to gain;
No bee from Corsica's rank juice,
Hyblæan honey can produce.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

HAVING by several years of continual study treasured in my mind a great number of principles and ideas, and obtained, by frequent exercise the power of applying them with propriety, and combining them with readiness, I resolved to quit the university, where I considered myself as a gem hidden in the mine, and to mingle in the *crowd of publick life*. I was naturally attracted

by the company of those who were of the same age with myself, and finding that my academical gravity contributed very little to my reputation, applied my faculties to jocularity and burlesque. Thus, in a short time, I had heated my imagination to such a state of activity and ebullition, that upon every occasion it fumed away in bursts of wit, and evaporations of gaiety. I became on a sudden the idol of the coffee-house, was in one winter solicited to accept the presidentship of five clubs, was dragged by violence to every new play, and quoted in every controversy upon theatrical merit; was in every publick place surrounded by a multitude of humble auditors, who retailed in other places of resort my maxims and my jests, and was boasted as their intimate and companion by many, who had no other pretensions to my acquaintance, than that they had drank chocolate in the same room.

You will not wonder, Mr. Rambler, that I mention my success with some appearance of triumph and elevation. Perhaps no kind of superiority is more flattering or alluring than that which is conferred by the powers of conversation, by extemporaneous sprightliness of fancy, copiousness of language, and fertility of sentiment. In other exertions of genius, the greater part of the praise is unknown and unenjoyed; the writer, indeed, spreads his reputation to a wider extent, but receives little pleasure or advantage from the diffusion of his name, and only obtains a kind of nominal sovereignty over regions which pay no tribute.

The colloquial wit has always his own radiance reflected on himself, and enjoys all the pleasure

which it bestows; he finds his power confessed by every one that approaches him, sees friendship kindling with rapture, and attention swelling into praise.

The desire which every man feels of importance and esteem, is so much gratified by finding an assembly, at his entrance, brightened with gladness and hushed with expectation, that the recollection of such distinctions can scarcely fail to be pleased whensoever it is innocent. And my conscience does not reproach me with any mean or criminal effects of vanity; since I always employed my influence on the side of virtue, and never sacrificed my understanding or my religion to the pleasure of applause.

There were many whom either the desire of enjoying my pleasantry, or the pride of being thought to enjoy it, brought often into my company; but I was caressed in a particular manner by Democharcs, a gentleman of a large estate, and a liberal disposition. My fortune being by no means exuberant, inclined me to be pleased with a friend who was willing to be entertained at his own charge. I became by daily invitations habituated to his table, and as he believed my acquaintance necessary to the character of elegance, which he was desirous of establishing, I lived in all the luxury of affluence, without expence or dependence, and passed my life in a perpetual reciprocation of pleasure, with men brought together by similitude of accomplishments, or desire of improvement.

But all power has its sphere of activity, beyond which it produces no effect. Democharcs being

called by his affairs into the country, imagined that he should increase his popularity by coming among his neighbours accompanied by a man whose ablities were so generally allowed. The report presently spread through half the country that Demochares was arrived, and had brought with him the celebrated Hilarius, by whom such merriment would be excited, as had never been enjoyed or conceived before. I knew, indeed, the purpose for which I was invited, and as men do not look diligently out for possible miscarriages, was pleased to find myself courted upon principles of interest, and considered as capable of reconciling factions, composing feuds, and uniting a while province in social happiness.

After a few days spent in adjusting his domestick regulations, Demochares invited all the gentlemen of his neighbourhood to dinner, and did not forget to hint how much my presence was expected to heighten the pleasure of the feast. He informed me what prejudices my reputation had raised in my favour, and represented the satisfaction with which he should see me kindle up the blaze of merriment, and should remark the various effects that my fire would have upon such diversity of matter.

This declaration, by which he intended to quicken my vivacity, filled me with solicitude. I felt an ambition of shining, which I never knew before; and was therefore embarrassed with an unsual fear of disgrace. I passed the night in planning out to myself the conversation of the *coming* day; recollected all my topicks of railery, *proposed* proper subjects of ridicule, prepared

smart replies to a thousand questions, acommodated answers to imaginary repartees, and formed a magazine of remarks, apophthegms, tales and illustrations.

The morning broke at last in the midst of these busy meditations. I rose with the palpitations of a champion on the day of combat; and notwithstanding all my efforts, found my spirits sunk under the weight of expectation. The company soon after began to drop in, and every one, at his entrance, was introduced to Hilarius. What conception the inhabitants of this region had formed of a wit, I cannot yet discover; but observed that they all seemed, after the regular exchange of compliments, to turn away disappointed; and that while we waited for dinner, they cast their eyes first upon me, and then upon each other, like a theatrical assembly waiting for a show.

From the uneasiness of this situation, I was relieved by the dinner; and as every attention was taken up by the business of the hour, I sunk quietly to a level with the rest of the company. But no sooner were the dishes removed, than, instead of cheerful confidence and familiar prattle, an universal silence again shewed their expectation of some unusual performance. My friend endeavoured to rouse them by healths and questions, but they answered him with great brevity, and immediately relapsed into their former taciturnity.

I had waited in hope of some opportunity to divert them, but could find no pass opened for a single sally; and who can be merry without an object of mirth? After a few faint efforts, which produced neither applause nor opposition, I was

content to mingle with the mass, to put round the glass in silence, and solace myself with my own contemplations.

My friend looked round him; the guests stared at one another; and if now and then a few syllables were uttered with timidity and hesitation, there was none ready to make any reply. All our faculties were frozen, and every minute took away from our capacity of pleasing, and disposition to be pleased. Thus passed the hours to which so much happiness was decreed; the hours which had by a kind of open proclamation, been devoted to wit, to mirth, and to Hilarius.

At last the night came, on, and the necessity of parting freed us from the persecutions of each other. I heard them, as they walked along the court murmuring at the loss of the day, and inquiring whether any man would pay a second visit to a house haunted by a wit.

Democharès, whose benevolence is greater than his penetration, having flattered his hopes with the secondary honour which he was to gain by my sprightliness and elegance, and the affection with which he should be followed for a perpetual banquet of gaiety, was not able to conceal his vexation and resentment, nor would easily be convinced, that I had not sacrificed his interest to sullenness and caprice, and studiously endeavoured to disgust his guests, and suppressed my powers of delighting, in obstinate and premeditated silence. I am informed that the reproach of their ill reception is divided by the gentlemen of the country between us; some being of opinion, that my *friend is* deluded by an impostor, who though he

has found some art of gaining his favour, is afraid to speak before men of more peneration; and others concluding, that I think only London the proper theatre of my abilities, and disdain to exert my genius for the praise of rusticks.

I believe, Mr. Rambler, that it has sometimes happened to others, who have the good or ill fortune to be celebrated for wits, to fall under the same censures upon the like occasions. I hope therefore that you will prevent any misrepresentations of such failures, by remarking, that invention is not wholly at the command of its possessor; that the power of pleasing is very often obstructed by the desire; that all expectation lessens surprize, yet some surprize is necessary to gaiety; and that those who desire to partake of the pleasure of wit must contribute to its production, since the mind stagnates without external ventilation, and that the effervescence of the fancy, which flashes into transport, can be raised only by the infusion of dissimilar ideas.

N° 102. SATURDAY, MARCH. 9. 1751.

Ipsa quoque assiduo labuntur tempora motu.
Non secus ac flumen: neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest; sed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior veniente, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur.

OVID.

With constant motion as the moments glide,
Behold in running life the rolling tide!
For none can stem by art, or stop by pow'r,
The flowing ocean, or the fleeting hour:
But wave by wave pursu'd arrives on shore,
And each impell'd behind impels before:
So time on time revolving we descry;
So minutes follow, and so minutes fly.

ELPHINSTON.

"LIFE," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the "progress of which we are perpetually chang- "ing our scenes. we first leave childhood behind "us, then youth, then the years of ripened man- "hood, then the better and more pleasing part "of old age." The perusal of this passage having incited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and on a sudden found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle *of winds,* and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told that we were launching out into the ocean of life; that we had already passed the streights of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on each other side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicuous eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who,

by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course: if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forget the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course.

Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight or terrors that embarrased their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with HOPE, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life.

Yet all that HOPE ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. HOPE, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in

making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life was the gulf of INTEMPERANCE, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which EASE spread couches of repose, and with shades where PLEASURE warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. REASON, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of PLEASURE, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

REASON was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulf of INTEMPERANCE, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom REASON was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the

points which shot out from the rocks of PLEASURE, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the gulf of INTEMPERANCE.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of PLEASURE. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of infancy, perish in the way and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of PLEASURE, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with

an admonition from some unknown Power, "Gaze "not idly upon others, when thou thyself art "sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquil- "lity, when thou and they are equally endanger- "ed?" I looked, and seeing the gulph of INTEMPERANCE before me, started and awaked.

N° 103. TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1751.

Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri,

JUV.

They search the secrets of the house, and so
Are worshipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know.

DRYDEN.

CURIOSITY is one of the permanent and certain characterstick of a vigorous intellect. Every advance into knowledge opens new prospects, and produces new incitements to further progress. All the attainments possible in our present state are evidently inadequate to our capacities of enjoyment; conquest serves no purpose but that of kindling ambition, discovery has no effect but of raising expectation; the gratification of one desire encourages another; and after all our labours, *studies*, and inquiries, we are continually at the *same distance* from the completion of our schemes,

have still some wish importunate to be satisfied, and some faculty restless and turbulent for want of its enjoyment.

The desire of knowledge, though often animated by extrinsick and adventitious motives, seems on many occasions to operate without subordination to any other principle; we are eager to see and hear, without intention of referring our observations to a farther end; we climb a mountain for a prospect of the plain; we run to the strand in a storm, that we may contemplate the agitation of the water; we range from city to city, though we profess neither architecture nor fortification; we cross seas only to view nature in nakedness, or magnificence in ruins; we are equally allured by novelty of every kind, by a desert or a palace, a cataract or a cavern, by every thing rude and every thing polished, every thing great and every thing little; we do not see a thicket but with some temptation to enter it, nor remark an insect flying before us but with an inclination to pursue it.

This passion is, perhaps regularly heightened in proportion as the powers of the mind are elevated and enlarged. Lucan therefore introduces Cæsar speaking with dignity suitable to the grandeur of his designs and the extent of his capacity, when he declares to the high-priest of Egypt, that he has no desire equally powerful with that of finding the origin of the Nile, and that he would quit all the projects of the civil war for a sight of those fountains which had been so long concealed. And Homer, when he would furnish the Sirens with a temptation, to which his hero, renowned for wisdom, might yield with disgrace, makes them

declare, that none ever departed from them but with increase of knowledge.

There is, indeed, scarce any kind of ideal acquirement which may not be applied to some use, or which may not at least gratify pride with occasional superiority; but whoever attends the motions of his own mind, will find, that upon the first appearance of an object, or the first start of a question, his inclination to a nearer view, or more accurate discussion, precedes all thoughts of profit, or of competition; and that his desires take wing by instantaneous impulse, though their flight may be invigorated, or their efforts renewed, by subsequent considerations. The gratification of curiosity rather frees us from uneasiness than confers pleasure; we are more pained by ignorance than delighted by instruction. Curiosity is the thirst of the soul; it inflames and torments us, and makes us taste every thing with joy, however otherwise insipid, by which it may be quenched.

It is evident that the earliest searchers after knowledge must have proposed knowledge only as their reward; and that Science, though perhaps the nursling of Interest, was the daughter of Curiosity: for who can believe that they who first watched the course of the stars, foresaw the use of their discoveries to the facilitation of commerce, or the mensuration of time? They were delighted with the splendour of the nocturnal skies, they found that the lights changed their places; what they admired they were anxious to understand, and in time traced their revolutions.

There are, indeed, beings in the form of men who appear satisfied with their intellectual possessions, and seem to live without desire of enlarging their conceptions; before whom the world passes without notice, and who are equally unmoved by nature or by art.

This negligence is sometimes only the temporary effect of a predominant passion; a lover finds no inclination to travel any path, but that which leads to the habitation of his mistress; a trader can spare little attention to common occurrences, when his fortune is endangered by a storm. It is frequently the consequence of a total immersion in sensuality: corporeal pleasures may be indulged till the memory of every other kind of happiness is obliterated: the mind, long habituated to a lethargick and quiescent state, is unwilling to wake to the toil of thinking; and though she may sometimes be disturbed by the obstusion of new ideas, shrinks back again to ignorance and rest.

But indeed, if we except them to whom the con- inual task of procuring the supports of life denies l opportunities of deviation from their own nar- w track, the number of such as live without the lour of inquiry is very small, though many con- it themselves with cheap amusements and waste ir lives in researches of no importance.

There is no snare more dangerous to busy and ursive minds, than the cobwebs of petty inquisi- iess, which entangle them in trivial employ- s and minute studies, and detain them in a le state, between the tediousness of total inac- , and the fatigue of laborious efforts, enchant at once with ease and novelty, and viciate

them with the luxury of learning. The necessity of doing something, and the fear of undertaking much, sinks the historian to a genealogist, the phisosopher to a journalist of the weather, and the mathematician to a constructer of dials.

It is happy when those who cannot content themselves to be idle, nor resolve to be industrious, are at least employed without injury to others; but it seldom happens that we can contain ourselves long in a neutral state, or forbear to sink into vice, when we are no longer soaring towards virtue.

Nugaculus was distinguished in his earlier years by an uncommon liveliness of imagination, quickness of sagacity, and extent of knowledge. When he entered into life, he applied himself with particular inquisitiveness to examine the various motives of human actions, the complicated influence of mingled affections, the different modifications of interest and ambition, and the various causes of miscarriage and success both in publick and private affairs.

Though his friends did not discover to what purpose all these observations were collected, or how Nugaculus would much improve his virtue or his fortune by an incessant attention to changes of countenance, bursts of inconsideration, sallies of passion, and all the other casualties by which he used to trace a character, yet they could not deny the study of human nature to be worthy of a wise man; they therefore flattered his vanity, applauded his discoveries, and listened with submissive modesty to his lectures on the uncertainty of inclination, the weakness of resolves, and the instability of temper, to his account of the various

motives which agitate the mind, and his ridicule of the modern dream of a ruling passion.

Such was the first incitement of Nugaculus to a close inspection into the conduct of mankind. He had no interest in view, and therefore no design of supplantation; he had no malevolence, and therefore detected faults without any intention to expose them; but having once found the art of engaging his attention upon others, he had no inclination to call it back to himself, but has passed his time in keeping a watchful eye upon every rising character and lived upon a small estate without any thought of increasing it.

He is, by continual application, become a general master of secret history, and can give an account of the intrigues, private marriages, competitions, and stratagems, of a half a century. He knows the mortgages upon every man's estate, the terms upon which every spendthrift raises his money, the real and reputed fortune of every lady, the jointure stipulated by every contract, and the expectations of every family from maiden aunts and childless acquaintances. He can relate the œconomy of every house, knows how much one man's cellar is robbed by his butler, and the land of another underlet by his steward; he can tell where the manor-house is falling, though large sums are yearly paid for repairs, and where the tenants are felling woods without the consent of the owner.

To obtain all this intelligence, he is inadvertently guilty of a thousand acts of treachery. He sees no man's servant without draining him of his trust; he enters no family without flattering the children into discoveries; he is a perpetual spy upon the

doors of his neighbours; and knows by long experience, at whatever distance, the looks of a creditor, a borrower, a lover, and a pimp.

Nugaculus is not ill-natured, and therefore his industry has not hitherto been very mischievous to others, or dangerous to himself; but since he cannot enjoy this knowledge but by discovering it, and, if he had no nother motive to loquacity, is obliged to traffick like the chymists, and purchase one secret with another, he is every day more hated as he is more known; for he is considered by great numbers as one that has their fame and their happiness in his power, and no man can much love him of whom he lives in fear.

Thus has an intention, innocent at first, if not laudable, the intention of regulating his own behaviour by the experience of others, by an accidental declension of minuteness, betrayed Nugaculus, not only to a foolish, but vicious waste of a life which might have been honourably passed in publick services or domestick virtues. He has lost his original intention, and given up his mind to employments that engross, but do not improve it.

N° 104. SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1751.

——Nihil est quod credere de se
Non possit——

JUVENAL.

None e'er rejects hyperboles of praise.

THE apparent insufficiency of every individual to his own happiness or safety, compels us to seek from one another assistance and support. The necessity of joint efforts to the execution of any great or extensive design, the variety of powers disseminated in the species, and the proportion between the defects and exellencies of different persons demand an interchange of help and communication of intelligence, and by frequent reciprocations of beneficence unite mankind in society and friendship.

If it can be imagined that there ever was a time when the inhabitants of any country were in a state of equality, without distinction of rank or peculiarity of possessions, it is reasonable to believe that every man was then loved in proportion as he could contribute by his strength, or his skill, to the supply of natural wants; there was then little room for peevish dislike or capricious favour: the affection admitted into the heart was rather esteem than tenderness; and kindness was only purchased by benefits. But when by force or policy, by wisdom or by fortune, property and superiority were introduced and established, so that many

were condemned to labour for the support of a few, then they whose possessions swelled above their wants naturally laid out their superfluities upon pleasure; and those who could not gain friendship by necessary offices endeavoured to promote their interest by luxurious gratifications, and to create need which they might be courted to supply.

The desires of mankind are much more numerous than their attainments, and the capacity of imagination much larger than actual enjoyment. Multitudes are therefore unsatisfied with their allotment; and he that hopes to improve his condition by the favour of another, and either finds no room for the exertion of great qualities, or perceives himself excelled by his rivals, will by other expedients endeavour to become agreeable where he cannot be important, and learn, by degrees, to number the art of pleasing among the most useful studies and most valuable acquisitions.

This art, like others, is cultivated in proportion to its usefulness, and will always flourish most where it is most rewarded; for this reason we find it practised with great assiduity under absolute governments, where honours and riches are in the hands of one man, whom all endeavour to propitiate, and who soon becomes so much accustomed to compliance and officiousness, as not easily to find in the most delicate address that novelty which is necessary to procure attention.

It is discovered by a very few experiments, that no man is much pleased with a companion who *does not* increase, in some respect, his fondness of *himself;* and therefore, he that wishes rather to be

led forward to prosperity by the gentle hand of favour, than to force his way by labour and merit, must consider with more care how to display his patron's exellencies than his own; that whenever he approaches, he may fill the imagination with pleasing dreams, and chase away disgust and weariness by a perpetual succession of delightful images.

This may, indeed, sometimes be effected by turning the attention upon advantages which are really possessed, or upon prospects which reason spreads before hope; for whoever can deserve or require to be courted, has generally, either from nature or from fortune, gifts, which he may review with satisfaction, and of which, when he is artfully recalled to the contemplation, he will seldom be displeased.

But those who have once degraded their understanding to an application only to the passions, and who have learned to derive hope from any other sources than industry and virtue, seldom retain dignity and magnanimity sufficient to defend them against the constant recurrence of temptation to falsehood. He that is too desirous to be loved will soon learn to flatter, and when he has exhausted all the variations of honest praise, and can delight no longer with the civility of truth, he will invent new topicks of panegyrick, and break out into raptures at virtues and beauties conferred by himself.

The drudgeries of dependance would, indeed, be aggravated by hopelessness of success, if no indulgence was allowed to adulation. He that will obstinately confine his patron to hear only these commendations which he deserves, will soon be forced to give way to others that regale him with

more compass of musick. The greatest human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity. We always think ourselves better than we are, and are generally desirous that others should think us still better than we think ourselves. To praise us for actions or dispositions which deserve praise, is not to confer a benefit, but to pay a tribute. We have always pretensions to fame, which, in our own hearts, we know to be disputable, and which we are desirous to strengthen by a new suffrage; we have always hopes which we suspect to be fallacious, and of which we eagerly snatch at every confirmation.

It may indeed be proper to make the first approaches under the conduct of truth, and to secure credit to future encomiums, by such praise as may be ratified by the conscience; but the mind once habituated to the luciousness of eulogy, becomes, in a short time, nice and fastidious, and, like a vitiated palate, is incessantly calling for higher gratifications.

It is scarcely credible to what degree discernment may be dazzled by the mist of pride, and wisdom infatuted by the intoxication of flattery; or how low the genius may descend by successive gradations of servility, and how swiftly it may fall down the precipice of falsehood. No man can, indeed, observe, without indignation, on what names both of ancient and modern times, the utmost exuberance of praise has been lavished, and by what hands it has been bestowed. It has never yet been found, that the tyrant, the plunderer, the oppressor, the most hateful of the hateful, the most profligate of the profligate, have been denied any ce-

lebrations which they were willing to purchase, or that wickedness and folly have not found correspondent flatterers through all their subordinations, except when they have been associated with avarice or poverty, and have wanted either inclination or ability to hire a panegyrist.

As there is no character so deformed as to fright away from it the prostitutes of praise, there is no degree of encomiastick veneration which pride has refused. The emperors of Rome suffered themselves to be worshipped in their lives with altars and sacrifices; and in an age more enlightened, the terms peculiar to the praise and worship of the Supreme Being, have been applied to wretches whom it was the reproach of humanity to number among men, and whom nothing but riches or power hindered those that read or wrote their deifications, from hunting into the toils of justice, as disturbers of the peace of nature.

There are indeed many among the poetical flatterers, who must be resigned to infamy without vindication, and whom we must confess to have deserted the cause of virtue for pay: they have commited, against full conviction, the crime of obliterating the distinctions between good and evil, and instead of opposing the encroachments of vice, have incited her progress and celebrated her conquests. But there is a lower class of sycophants, whose understanding has not made them capable of equal guilt. Every man of high rank is surrounded with numbers, who have no other rule of thought or action, than his maxims and his conduct; whom the honour of being numbered

his acquaintance, reconciles to all his vices and all his absurdities; and who easily persuade themselves to esteem him, by whose regard they consider themselves as distinguished and exalted.

It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themselves within the sphere of greatness. Stupidity is soon blinded by the splendour of wealth, and cowardice is easily fettered in the shackles of dependance. To solicit patronage is, at least, in the event, to set virtue to sale. None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood; few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without corruption.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.